



WHICH?

THE BRIDE: A LIABILITY OR AN ASSET?

BY CORINNE LOWE

N EARLY two thousand years ago, Catullus wrote a wedding-hymn in which he addressed these words to the bride: "Bear over the threshold with a good omen your golden feet." Those two lines in the old ode are significant. They show that even the Roman spirit, so given to celebrating the fragrant marriage, the wedding-torches which "shook their shining tresses" and all the other objective gaieties of the marriage festival, was sometimes pricked by doubt. And here Catullus, that young clubman of ancient Rome, admitted the possibility of there being two kinds of brides.

Our own weddings of to-day emphasize much more solemnly than did the rites of Catullus's Rome the spiritual mystery of marriage. To the chancel of the church come from opposite directions the bridegroom and his bride. That in itself is symbolic. For the chancel is the meeting-place of two spirits which have traveled alone over different paths and which come now to take together, until Death do them part, the one long road.

They think that already they know each other. On their separate ways they have indeed nodded, smiled, beckoned, the one at the other.

But it has always been from a distance, over high hedges, and the divided travelers have thought much more of the joy of that day when they should at last

be together than of the road which lay before their united step. Indeed, the very joy of discovering each other has tended to defer the real knowledge which awaits the two. First love does not so much cast a glamour as it creates a light. This light of the spirit strengthens all our good qualities, minimizes all our bad ones.

But, alas! The light, though real, is not always lasting. And days of married companionship often reveal petty jealousies and vanities, pitiable ambitions, ugly selves which had been extinguished by the travelers' first rapturous awareness of each other. It is not that in days of courtship man or maid deliberately deceived each other as to their natures. It is just that being in love makes us greater for a moment than our every-day level.

Beyond the chancel, however, there lies the real meeting. Until then the young man, who had danced and read and played tennis with the girl that now comes to him up the long church aisle, knows usually very little of what she really is.

Given, however, two men of nearly equal potentialities. Let one of them marry the obstructor and the other the constructor. Anybody can then read the difference in their development.

Continued on page 49

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VOLUME XCIV JUNE, 1919 NUMBER SIX

IN THIS ISSUE

"THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES"  
Graec Sartwell Mason's dashing novel begins on page 8

Absorbing stories by Judge Henry A. Shute, Katharine Holland Brown, Maude Sperry Turner, Helen Sherman Griffith, Alice Dyar Russell

The Bride: A Liability or an Asset?  
By Corinne Lowe

To Keep Europe Alive—MILK  
By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Our Women as They Look to the Europeans  
By Gertrude Atherton

\$16.50—Trimmed  
By Edna Ferber

American Roses and Rosarians  
By Alice Lounsberry

What You Can Do for France  
By Mabel Potter Daggett

Making the World Safe for Babies  
By Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom

Better Meals at Less Expense  
By Flora C. Orr

A Victory Pageant  
By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

June as Paris Sees It

French Frocks at Noon and Night

Summer Essentials

Bathing-Suits Follow Land Styles

Ways of Soft Frocks and Summer Materials

Changing the Past Tense to the Present in Your Dresses  
By Eleanor Chalmers

Page 1

Page 2

Page 14

Page 15

Page 16

Page 25

Page 30

Page 64

Page 73

Page 84

Page 87

Page 91

Page 93

Page 97

Page 106

In the July DELINEATOR, by

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

A powerfully moving tribute to our soldier boys

1 13

1





IN THE midst of an unexpected night bombardment a correspondent quartered on a French village beheld a surprising spectacle. A large and active *poilu* rounded the corner of a building, hotly pursued by a thin cow.

Overhead shrieked a high-caliber messenger from the German artillery, and the *poilu* plunged into a shell-hole with the cow a few leaps behind. The missile exploded a few rods away. The *poilu*, out on the flat again, and making for the rear, doubled around a building and bolted into an alley, but the cow, by no means to be shaken off, followed close upon his heels with remorseless determination.

Mildly amused in the midst of his own alarms (for the bombardment was lively and accurate), the spectator, who had business in that direction himself, took a short cut and came up with the pair as they debouched into a sunken road and moderated their pace. He then observed for the first time that the *poilu* was leading the cow by a long rope.

Somewhat surprised, he guessed that there must be a bond of affection between the rescuer and the animal; perhaps, in civilian life, back across those years of fire and clamor and blood, the one had owned the other.

Or perhaps it was only that the *poilu* was inordinately fond of animals. Or of milk.

Anyway, the correspondent cherished that experience as a contribution to the lighter side of a grim and strenuous existence, and subsequently used to relate it as a puzzling episode.

It would not have so puzzled him could he have read a letter from an overworked young surgeon, on duty just at that time, in a hospital toward which the *poilu* and his charge had made their hasty retreat.

"But what gets my nerve worst of all," wrote the surgeon, "is to see my patients wasting away from wounds that ought to heal but won't heal, because we can't get the right food for them. Milk! Milk! Milk! Sometimes I think I'd trade all my medicines and most of my instruments for it."

Such was the situation back of the lines in many places during the latter months of the fighting. The life of a cow might be worth the lives of several men.

It was worth while sending a *poilu* out to rescue and bring in a milch animal under fire, even at considerable risk to himself. The strange spectacle witnessed by the correspondent meant merely that a small hospital had moved back out of danger, and that the attendant cows which it was lucky enough to possess were going with it under military escort.

Having heard the correspondent tell his story, and having subsequently read the letter from the medical man, I recalled a sight that I had seen since the world war began, when I went out on a "nuisance call" with a couple of health inspectors in one of our large Eastern cities.

It was hot July weather. Outside of a big milk-depot on the outskirts of the city a sewer opening had choked, and the gutters were flooded with skim-milk, the "waste" of the establishment's processes.

The fluid had caked on the curb and the cobblestones; it gave off an odor by no means enjoyable, except to the millions of flies which swarmed there, prospective carriers of disease. Although the neighborhood was poor and uncleanly, this was too much for it, and complaint had been made.

At the time it was the foulness and the possible danger of the situation that impressed me. After the tale of the cow and the letter from the hospital, I saw it in another light—that of waste.

How great the waste was I do not know; thousands of gallons weekly from that one factory, I suppose—milk which, in the right place, would have been worth the lives of the sick, the wounded and of children.

We are still wasting in this country great quantities of milk, while the need of Europe is more desperate than ever. True, the war is over. But Europe is full of sick and wounded whose prime necessity, in the line of food, is milk.

Europe is full of consumptives—the strain and privation of war have terribly increased the prevalence of the white plague—and it is very difficult to keep consumptives alive without milk.

Europe is not, unhappily, full of children; perhaps the most dreadful and far-reaching effect of the war has been the blight it has cast upon the young, all but wiping out a generation in many districts, and disastrously decreasing and weakening the human vintage in all countries; the more cause for giving the best possible care to those who remain.

# TO KEEP EUROPE ALIVE — MILK

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

But without milk the young may indeed live for a time; they can not prosper. It is the one indispensable food.

And the situation in this respect, not only of the warring nations, but of the neutrals, with possibly two exceptions in all Europe—Denmark and Spain—varies from anxious to desperate. Herbert Hoover has estimated the dairy production of Europe as probably not more than a third of what it was before the war.

Grown people, like children, must have milk. Like children, lacking this vital necessity of existence, they may maintain themselves wretchedly, but they can not reconstitute themselves nor achieve normal growth.

From every European country involved in the war comes the same report, only the details varying. Milk has become at once an extreme necessity and an extreme luxury.

It is rigidly rationed out. Little or none of it is allowed to adults in good health.

In general it is kept for those to whom it is an essential if the population is to be maintained—children, nursing-mothers and invalids. The children have the first call.

Said the magistrate of a town in Finland after the disastrous Winter of 1917:

"Our cows died and then our children died."

The war has cost terribly in child life. The nations involved have jealously guarded what figures they have, but it is an open secret that in all of them there was, in the early months of the conflict, a sharp increase in infant mortality, and later a grave decrease in the birth-rate.

In the German cities the birth-rate has been cut in two, with prospects that because of wide-spread disease and malnutrition among the women it will go much lower. The general birth-rate for Germany in 1916 was forty per cent. less than in 1913.

For a time in France the birth-rate fairly kept pace with the death-rate, but as privation pinched the country it rapidly fell until to-day it constitutes a threat to the future of the nation.

The Belgian decrease in births is above forty per cent. The Hungarian records for one month of 1918 show that the number of births was only three-quarters the number of deaths, which indicates a dying nation. In this sense it is not too much to say of Poland that it is already half-dead.

In most of the invaded districts there are no children under seven years of age left alive. Finland is said to be in like condition.

Russia, always terribly wasteful of its children, and with perhaps the highest infant-mortality rate in Europe in normal times, has vastly increased that rate, while its

record of births has waned in proportion.

Throughout the Balkans, once fertile in human increase, few children are born, and of those most come into the world so weak that to keep them alive is difficult in all cases and impossible in many.

Even Great Britain, secure against depredation and destruction, experienced that ugly phenomenon of a high infant mortality early in the war, before it could adjust itself to the new condition brought about by the incursion of women into the heavy-labor industries. There was also for a time an unfavorable effect on the birth-rate.

All of this Europe-wide condition is either due to, or is contributed to by, milk shortage. Expectant mothers, cut off in whole or in part from that milk which is the food most essential to their condition, bring forth puny children and are unable to nurse them for more than half or perhaps a third of the normal period.

Upon what, then, is the baby to live? Cow's milk is the only generally reliable substitute for the natural method of feeding.

To the infinite credit of the suffering and hungry nations, they have been able in the main actually to reduce their infant-mortality rate below normal in the latter period of the war; despite the bitter privations of their daily life they are actually keeping alive to-day a greater proportion of their children, frail and undervitalized though these are from birth, than in pre-war times. This is especially notable in France, Belgium, England and Germany.

Medical observers do not quite understand it. It seems a sort of miracle, a triumphant effort of the races to maintain themselves in the face of disaster, and the best explanation—if indeed it be explicable at all—is perhaps one which I heard from a hygienist who had been investigating in France and Belgium:

"The child as an integral part of the nation has become so precious that every man and woman becomes its natural protector, and it grows up cared for and protected by thousands of mothers and fathers."

So the peoples are maintaining themselves. But can they reconstitute themselves?

Not for a long period certainly, in countries like Poland, Finland and Armenia, where whole human vintages have been wiped out.

Hitherto it has been the history of wars that they are followed by a high birth-rate. Scientists are gravely concerned lest this rule may fail in the present crisis.

It is a question whether people so reduced from lack of food, as most of continental Europe is, can reproduce. In the one nation where a systematic and scientific attempt to stimulate the birth-rate has been made, Germany, the result has been dismal failure.

Definite facts as to the milk situation, in any broad sense, are unobtainable. There has been little time for record-keeping in Europe during the past four years, and such records as have been maintained are often, for reasons of public policy, withheld for the present, until the instinctive secrecy which war has prescribed shall be lifted.

An investigator seeking facts in Europe as a basis for relief work, thus expressed himself to me on the situation:

"One finds oneself skirting a heavy curtain from beyond which come faint and confused cries for help."

Where those cries are definite, the first and most insistent appeal is for the most sustaining, most compact and most widely essential form of food—milk and the other dairy products.

Lacking details, the need of these may be inferred from certain conditions, reflected in the condition of infants and children, and in the increased death-rate from consumption, since, in the case of this disease, dairy foods are indispensable.

Take, for example, Belgium, which in three months saw its herds stolen and slaughtered by the invaders, until only seven hundred thousand cattle were left out of one million and eight hundred thousand.

Here are some results, recorded two years later, when the effects of the milk famine had worked through the populace. School records showed that from fifty per cent. upward of the children exhibited symptoms of gland trouble, probable precursor of tuberculosis.

In some school districts where the milk and general food shortage was the most marked, not a child had escaped. Rickets, that disease arising from the denial to the growing body of the necessary food elements, had increased fivefold.

Continued on page 50





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## LOVELY FACES IN AN UNQUIET WORLD

IN FLANDERS, AND IN THE ARGONNE, WHEN THE HEAVENS RAINED SHRAPNEL, AND DEATH RODE UPON THE CLOUDS OF POISONOUS GAS, AND BARRAGE FIRES RENT THE WORLD IN TWAIN, BIRDS WERE STILL SEEN SAILING ALOFT OR FLITTING FROM RUIN TO RUIN.

THERE NEVER IS A TIME, THANK PROVIDENCE, WHEN OUR TROUBLED WORLD IS NOT BRIGHTENED WITH BEAUTIFUL FEMININITY.

THE NAMES AND NATIVITIES OF THE BEAUTIES WHOSE PORTRAITS APPEAR ON THIS PAGE ARE: LADY DIANA MANNERS, ENGLISH; LADY LOUGHBOROUGH, AUSTRALIAN; MARGARET BANNERMAN, CANADIAN; DONNA HORTENSIA DI MIGNANO, ITALIAN; MARCHIONESS OF MASSEREENE AND FERRARD, IRISH; MRS. ANDREW PERCY BENNETT, ROUMANIAN; COUNTESS LISBOURNE, CHILIAN; GINA PALLERMO, FRENCH; COUNTESS STOCKER, CHINESE.



# WITH THE EDITOR



## BATTLE CREEK

THE State Federation of Women's Clubs of Michigan recently held its biennial meeting at Battle Creek. We always like to attend these State biennials. The women gathered at them always represent the very cream of the thinking, working womanhood of the State. In attending one of them, one places a finger on the mental and spiritual pulse of every community where women have however small and simple a club.

This Battle Creek meeting was one of peculiar interest to us. It was the first representative gathering of women we had seen since the armistice was signed.

With the driving impulse of the war lifted, what were women going to do? What was to be their reaction to peace? Many men who claim to understand fairly clearly feminine sociology were saying that women were fed up on war and war interest and wanted to get back to old ways.

Michigan made rather a remarkable answer to this guess on the part of masculine prophets. The whole trend of the meeting was expressed by a statement of the president of the federation to the writer:

"Outside of the boys who actually went to France," she said, "I don't believe any class in America was so profoundly affected by the war as the women. We were shaken out of ruts that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers had occupied contentedly. Why, think what Hoover alone did for us! Then add to that the flood of new demands and new ideas forced on us by the Red Cross, by the United War Workers and by the Liberty Loan work. And consider how we rose to each demand, and consider, too, that beside all this we carried on our homes, fed our husbands and children and washed the dishes!

"This generation of women will never slip back to pre-war interests. We've been profoundly changed. We've learned the possibilities of our own minds and we've learned how the world needs us."

And so Michigan women are steaming ahead. The war taught them undreamed-of facts concerning social hygiene, concerning community sanitation and concerning our common-school education. With the new knowledge of their own power and of the world's evils, they are planning to put an end to some of the mental and physical plague-spots in civic life that breed war—that breed Bolshevism.

And they are going over the top, too, with their plans! Watch them!

## MARRIAGE AND A JOB

THERE are those that say it can't be done and those that say it can be done, and most people agree that it ought not to be done. But the important truth is that it *is* done. Women all over these United States are holding down two jobs, the job of homemaking and that of money-earning. How many men are there who would be willing to attempt the combination?

Women of every class are doing this double service.

Washerwomen get their children off to school, leave a cold lunch on the table for them and hustle out to earn the two dollars and sixty cents a day, then hustle back to get supper, often for daddy as well as for the children.

Stenographers, saleswomen, maids of all work, journalists, factory women, nurses, members of all the countless little trades and professions to which women belong, show a too great proportion of wives and mothers. The highly educated, high-salaried women, who can afford to employ housekeepers

But we are positive that they are misinformed. We have a vivid picture of them. Jimmy is ten years old, thin, brown-haired, impudent, mischievous, with a pathetic boyish mouth and clear, intelligent gray eyes. We saw his mother spank him once for hiding under the mattress of his bed some green apples he had stolen.

Little Emery is five and is always tagging Jimmy, who is unbelievably patient with him. Emery has yellow hair and blue eyes and is as delicate and beautiful as a little girl. At five he still carries everywhere with him a miserable rag doll, unbelievably dirty and torn. He cries very easily, but will tackle anything in the world once.

They say that Jimmy was an ace and that he came down within the German lines and was buried there. They tell us that Emery killed his full share of Huns and died of a throat-wound in hospital.

But we know that they are misinformed. The boys still are little children, safe in the haven of their mother's home. They still are mischievous, and full of the laughter that follows quick on a child's tears. They can not have grown up and have given their charming youth to the great war. One's mind can not compass such a fact.

## CHURCH SUPPERS

THERE are a number of reasons why it is sad not to grow up in a church. By "growing up in a church" we mean that constant affiliation from earliest childhood with all the many activities that center about the particular place of worship to which you are born and bred.

Sunday-school, sewing-circle, young people's society, altar committees, the choir, poor committee and the women's auxiliary—all these are outward symbols of the inward virility and progressiveness of the church. Through these the church sends its roots deep into the daily, homely lives of its members, and through these it gives to those of us who wander far afield some of our tenderest memories of our young church life.

There were several tried and true methods of putting this through. There were bazaars, there were amateur plays or charades, and there were church suppers. We earnestly recommend the church supper, not only as a means of raising money, but as an appeal to the

appetite. Never were or are such meals to be found as at one of these.

And why not? The menu is simple, but made up of the best products of real specialists. Mrs. R., who makes the best bread in town, supplies the rolls. Mrs. N.'s creamed potatoes are famous. Mrs. G.'s spiced ham, Mrs. B.'s veal loaf, Miss X.'s devil-food cake and Mrs. N.'s coffee can not be equaled by the greatest of metropolitan chefs.

The prettiest girls in the church wait on the tables. Every one knows every one else. Second or third or fourth helpings are to be had for the asking. And the minister's salary deficit is made up without complaint or undue pressure on the masculine members.

We are sorry for the folks who never belonged to a small-town church.

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New plans of THE DELINEATOR'S Child Placing Department will be announced in our July issue

and nurses, get away with the two jobs with comparative ease and success. But for the women with small earning capacity the double duty is a strain that few men can comprehend.

Yet with our present economic system more and more it will be demanded of the wife and mother that she earn money. And when with her own hands she must rear the children, keep the house and earn the money, Heaven help the poor soul! Some day some great-hearted Kipling or Browning will write the perfect tribute to these uncomplaining heroines.

## JIMMY

WORD came a little while ago that he and his brother were killed in France. They said that one belonged to the Lafayette Escadrille; the other flew for America.





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IT FLOATS







# FATHERS

BY MAUDE SPERRY TURNER

HE'S JUST THE FATHER AND HE SITS OUTSIDE ON THE STAIRS AND WAITS. HE HAS TO BE STERN AND INARTICULATE. AS FOR WAR FATHERS—IF YOU CAN READ ABOUT THEM WITHOUT CHOKING, YOU MUST BE ONE YOURSELF, AND USED TO SWALLOWING THAT LUMP. FATHERS' DAY FALLS ON JUNE FIRST THIS YEAR.

**A** LONG time ago, before the war, a garden was planted, eastward in Eden. Two people lived in it, a man and a woman. And the woman, because she hadn't enough to do, and was naturally curious and eager, listened to the restless Something within her. And obeyed it. She reached up and plucked a little red apple and defiantly bit it.

And then they had to move. It was hard on both of them, that moving, because it was a frightful come-down, and one has to be very big and quite experienced to take a come-down cheerfully.

But it was hardest for the man. He not only had to give up lying on a couch of shell-pink orchids, munching at a pomegranate by way of exercise, and set to tilling the soil and earning their bread by the unaccustomed sweat of his brow, but, worse than anything, he lacked the compensation the woman had. He had no memory of having been daring and dramatic, of having stood in the center of

the limelight, the star of the performance. So he bent his head and hoed dismally but steadily.

Of course the woman had to bear the children—a thing she hadn't in the least counted on doing. But that, too, had its compensation. She was again in the center of the limelight, dramatic, courageous, the star of the performance.

And that was the beginning.

Ever so many years later, one night, a nurse in a maternity hospital popped into my room, and with a toss of her little white-capped head said:

"Well, there's another husband sitting on the stairs looking stern!"

And suddenly I saw millions of husbands all down the ages sitting on stairs looking stern—agonized, inarticulate, helpless, waiting husbands. Nurses toss their heads at them, doctors push them on to the stairs, janitors don't even trouble to flick the corner of an eye at them. Helpless, agonized, inarticulate husbands waiting on the stairs.

And then it is all over. Here is mother, looking like a sunrise, with a halo about her—and well-deserved it is, too—with her babe on her arm, dramatic, daring, the center of the limelight, the star of the performance.

Father? Oh, he's background; just one of the "props." A shaken, deeply stirred "prop," solemnly warning himself that he's got to make life all right, by George, for those two on the bed. But nobody notices this emotion, because he's just the father. And of course he'd die before he would say it out loud.

But from that moment on he never forgets that he is all

there is between that baby and want, that he is all there is, as a general rule, between all the babies and a meager, mediocre life for them, or even actual privation. But then that's all right; that's what fathers are for!

And then came the war.

Why, I wonder, has nobody ever written a song or a poem, or even a limerick, about father sending his only son or any of his sons off to be a target for Hunnish shot—the "flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone," the wonderful, inexplicable being around whom he weaves all those dreams he himself has had to relinquish, for whom he strives patiently, unremittingly to build up a business, a home, a heritage, in whom he finds his very reason for having lived, upon whom he rests his hope of eternity in this world, his name, his blood, his tradition!

You think fathers don't care for their children as mothers do? Have you ever seen a father when he thought he was alone pick up his baby and hold it in his arms and look at it?

If you have, you will forever after walk a little more softly in the presence of fathers, remembering the tenderness, the wistfulness, the yearning, the hopes that stream from his whole face, the resolution that this little, pink, downy thing shall have his chance, shall not have the long, hard pull his daddy had, the petty things, the limitations.

And that's the baby a man lets go to war.

Mother and the Flag are two subjects that never fail of response; they are fundamentals; they are the very center of the human heart. As they should be.

But why isn't father a fundamental, too? Why doesn't

*Continued on page 69*



# THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

## MOONLIGHT AND ROSES

WHEN the committee having charge of entertainment for the camp, came along down their list of entertainers to the name of Rosalie Byrnes, there was quite a bit of discussion as to whether or not she should be invited to the camp for the week. The masculine members of the committee were enthusiastically for Rosalie. They had seen her photograph. But the lady chairman of the committee hesitated with her pencil poised over Rosalie's name.

"She seems dreadfully young and quite distractingly pretty," she said. "I'm afraid it would keep Mrs. Lange too busy chaperoning her."

The woman who had proposed Rosalie Byrnes's name smiled.

"My dear, she's a professional, you know! It isn't as if she were a society girl. She's probably used to looking out for herself. And, really, she can sing! I heard her at Mrs. Potter-Gould's last musicale. I think we'd better have her. She's volunteered, you know. It won't cost us anything."

"She isn't one of those horrid cabaret singers, is she?" asked the woman who never got anything quite straight.

"Oh, no; I believe she's studying for the concert stage, and sings only at private musicales."

One of the men present bent over the photograph which showed the profile of a young girl. Not even the somewhat theatrical lighting which the photographer had chosen could mar the pure, entrancingly Springlike beauty of that profile. The man frowned thoughtfully.

"Seems to me," he murmured half to himself, as if something uneasy stirred in the dim depths of his memory, "seems to me I've seen this girl somewhere in some magazine. Maybe on the stage! No, in a restaurant, and yet I can't place her."

But his murmur did not carry far. It died away as that uneasy, warning stir of his memory died. And when it came to the vote he helped to swell the majority that added Rosalie Byrnes's name to the list. She was to sing at the camp entertainments during one week, and she was to live at the Hostess House. And a telegram was forthwith sent to her address in the West Forties, New York.

And for Rosalie Byrnes the greatest story in the world had begun.

THE first time she saw Gerald Cromwell and he saw her was after her first concert in camp.

She had come back to the Hostess House, happy, glowing, walking lightly; in her veins the exaltation that always comes when an audience has adored an artist. And at the House she found a dozen boys who had not been able to get off for the concert. They were waiting for her. Word of her had spread, and they were waiting humbly, with boyish diffidence, pretending to be reading or writing letters, but, as any one could see, eagerly waiting.

"Aw, she won't want to sing again," one said. "She'll be tired or something."

"It won't gum the game to ask her, will it?"

"Who's going to ask her? You do it, Dinny; you've got all the nerve in camp—"

"Me? G'wan! Mebbe Miss Christine will."

Miss Christine, behind the desk in the corner, did not hear, but she knew what they were waiting for. When Rosalie and Mrs. Lange, the Housemother, came in at the door, she smilingly beckoned.

"Oh, couldn't they?" Rosalie whispered back. "Poor dears! Of course I'll sing if they want me to."

She walked down the center of the long room, smiling her friendly smile, and went straight to the piano. The boys with one accord rose; some one turned on the light at the piano and turned out the others. The boys settled back in their chairs, and every pair of eyes grew wistfully eager.

She sang a couple of little folk-songs from her program, one Irish and one French, and then a boy asked diffidently if she knew "Mighty Lak a Rose." She smiled at him and sang it, crooned it in her tender voice that reminded them of velvet and rose-leaves.

There was a window open near the piano. A harvest moon poured its silver in upon her. Her audience made a circle about her, some of them leaning forward in their chairs, others crumpled down with far-away eyes. But all of them were drinking in the music, drinking in her. She was to them that most delicate of the mysteries—an ethereal young girl with an authentic gift. And she soothed their bristling diffidence with her friendly simplicity. Also they saw that when she sang she forgot them and herself. Music flowed from her and left her as rapt as it left them. They wondered whom she cared for; where she lived; what she did when she was not singing; and they marveled at the white roundness of her throat and her arms. The warm rose-color of her chiffon frock made their hearts feel warm; they looked at the moonlight in the waves of her bright brown hair, and it reminded them of something they could not put a name to, an ache and a desire that was new and strange.

They were all sitting thus, and Rosalie Byrnes was singing "Knowest Thou the Land"—singing it as if this one was for herself; singing it with her chin a little lifted and her eyes on the moonlight outside the window—when Lieutenant Gerald Cromwell noiselessly opened the door and came in.

He was just back from a four-days leave, and he had

WAS A ROMANCE OF FIVE DAYS WORTH ALL THE MISERY IT BROUGHT TO ROSALIE BYRNES? MRS. MASON'S ANSWER IS IN THIS BRILLIANT NOVEL



ROSALIE

Goulet & Andrews

brought a book for Miss Christine, but that book was put down upon a table and forever after forgotten, for from the instant he stepped inside the door there was nothing for him in that shadowy room but the girl at the piano.

The immortal melody she was singing filled the room with its poignant and wistful appeal. As Rosalie Byrnes sang it that night it was like a soul crying for an enchantment it has glimpsed in a dream and lost again. The lamp-light fell on her round white arm, and the moonlight was in her hair. She was all made up, for him, of fairy stuff, unreal because of her setting and the surprise of her, and deeply touching because of the beauty of her voice and her profile. When the song was finished he walked to the piano with entire directness.

"I never heard it sung like that," he said.

Rosalie looked up at him with a start. In her deep-blue eyes the longing of the song was still there.

"Do you think there is such a land?" she said, so softly he was the only one that heard. "I wish some one would tell me where it is. Do you know?"

His answer seemed to speak itself: "I think it is where you are!"

And then he turned red, realizing he had said something that verged on the poetic and fantastic. His eyes appealed to her to understand him, not to laugh.

"That was a lovely thing to say," she said gently.

She stood up, as if to bring them both back to everyday affairs, and remarked that she must not sing any more. In fact, there were faint shadows under her eyes, and her mouth drooped a little as she stood there.

"Have these fellows been letting you wear yourself out for them?" he demanded. "I bet they would, the husky grafters!"

His tone was now cheerfully normal. The boys laughed, stirred, stood up. One or two came to thank her, awkwardly and shyly. The boy who had been reverently holding her cloak of soft white wool and gray fur essayed to put it about her shoulders, and found it masterfully taken out of his hands by his lieutenant.

"Taps'll sound in two minutes," he said with meaning, and the boys began trooping out.

Rosalie, moving to the window, stretched out her hands to the radiant moonlight. "What a night!"

"What a night!" he echoed. And their eyes met, exploring, questioning, eager.

"I missed the concert," he said ruefully. "Just my luck."

"But there'll be another to-morrow night!"

"No! Really? Oh, by George, I'll be there! Look here, there is—I know a dandy walk. Do you ever walk?"

He asked the question anxiously, knitting his brow and waiting for her answer. It did not seem quite right to expect a being who could sing like that, who was so

daintily slender, whose hair in the moonlight was like an angelic aureole, to indulge in exercise just for his sake.

She laughed merrily. "Rather! Five miles every day!"

And thus it was arranged that they should walk to the beach next day. A bugle sounded and he started.

"I'll stop for you to-morrow afternoon," he said. And then a shadow came over his face. "But if I don't come, you'll know that I couldn't. There's a rumor been going around that we may get orders to move any hour. Everybody's been getting leave lately. That generally means they're giving us a chance to say good-by, you know."

In her face the bright happiness stood on tiptoe, as if it were preparing to vanish, arrested in its loveliest instant. She looked at him with startled, pitying eyes.

"Do you want to go?"

"Well—yes. I'm pretty keen about it. I'm afraid the whole thing'll be over before we get there. But—now—I hope the order won't come this week."

When he said that, most annoyingly he turned red, and like a delicate reflection of the conflagration in his face, the pink in her cheeks deepened and spread up to the feathery fluff of hair over her ears. She nestled her face into the gray fur of her cloak to hide this strange phenomenon. And he said good night abruptly, without offering his hand as he had fully intended to do.

I do not know that what happened to these two in the next week would have happened just as it did if it had not been for the peculiar quality of the spiritual atmosphere that surrounded everybody, even the least imaginative, in camp that week. Through all the underground channels the news had spread that they were soon to sail, that the order to break up might come any hour, night or day. When a boy wrote a letter he thought, "This may be the last!" When he got leave to go to town, he thought, as he walked along the street, looking into the familiar shop-windows, "This may be the last time!"

No matter in what way he endeavored to hide this thought, it was there, creating a subtle thing that pulled him always away from the normal. Old familiar objects became the least bit strange, as if they were being looked at through a queer haze of unreality. And it was the same way with habits of thought. He avoided thinking about the past, and there was no use thinking about the future—because perhaps there was to be no future! In this week he lived on an island beyond whose edges there was nothing; familiar thoughts and things partook of a quality of strangeness, while queer impulses became normal.

This subtle unreality wove itself into the hours that Rosalie Byrnes and Gerald Cromwell spent together during this week. There were an astonishing number of them, in the circumstances, considered from the standpoint of a cold onlooker, but they were pitifully few considering that each hour had a way of making itself a thing that crept tortoise-like until it had arrived, and then, just as they had seized it, it was gone.

For with that first walk—perhaps from their first instant together—there began for them both the enchantment, the shimmering, dream-like thing called falling in love. Who that has ever known it can forget it? There is no word golden enough to express it; only words that are made of moonlight, of fairy mirth, of the iridescence of the sea at sunrise, of the elemental wonder of life, of the exquisite throbbing of the newly awakened blood, of rapture and pain, should be used to tell about this experience that comes once and can never be recaptured.

Five days they had together, or, rather, the pitiful fractions of five days.

And then late one afternoon, Gerald Cromwell came into the Hostess House with a strained expression in his eyes and his mouth set. He came to a halt in front of Miss Christine's desk. She was thinking as she looked up that the House had been strangely deserted that afternoon; only two boys had been in, and they, dashing straight at a desk, had written in haste and gone out again, eyes preoccupied. She started to ask Gerald the reason, when he interrupted her by saying abruptly that he wanted to see Miss Byrnes.

"She's not in," returned Miss Christine, carefully blotting a check she had just made out. "I daresay she'll be back before supper."

"Not in?" he cried. "But she must be— She— I have to see her right away!"

Miss Christine glanced up quickly, and then she rose. She read in his face that the crisis of his life had arrived.

"What can I do to help?" she asked quietly. She had worked more than a year with boys like Gerald; she knew when they needed scolding, when they needed petting, and when they had to have a steady hand held out to them.

"Miss Christine, we're off," he said. His eyes, that had all at once become the eyes of a little boy, seemed to catch at hers and beg for support.

"When?"

"To-night. I'm ready; and I've got off duty until seven. I want to see her. In fact, I must see her, Miss Christine! Where has she gone?"

Miss Christine believed she had gone for a little shopping into the town. No, she didn't say where she was going—wait! Yes, she had mentioned Drake's, for a new crystal in her watch. She did not say when she would be back.

"But you saw her only this forenoon, didn't you?" she asked.

Continued on page 9



"Yes, but then I didn't know! Oh, I wish I'd known!"

"Can't you wait here until she comes back?"

"Wait? When I've only four hours!"

There was tragic incredulity in his voice for her denseness. And "only four hours" echoed through the room with a ring of despair. He moved nearer to Miss Christine.

"I'm going to marry her," he made the astounding statement almost grimly. "She doesn't know it. That's why there's no time to lose."

"Before you leave?" Miss Christine stammered.

"Of course. And I've only four hours!"

Miss Christine, who had been observing these two for a week, felt a rush of triumph and at the same time a wave of dubiety.

"Don't you think it would be better to wait a little?"

"Wait until when?" he asked quietly.

"Until you—until you come back?"

His eyes met hers. She saw that they were no longer the eyes of a little boy. "And if I never come back, then I shall have missed—missed—" He could not express the inexpressible. "Miss Christine, she is wonderful; you know that?"

"She seems to be a charming girl."

"Then will you help me? Let us be married here, quietly, no fuss—just you and Mrs. Lange? Don't tell the fellows. I—why, Miss Christine—I have only four hours!"

There was something in his eyes that made it necessary for Miss Christine to turn away abruptly and wink the moisture out of her own. Then she became practical. How did he know that Miss Byrnes would be rushed into matrimony this way? And there were details he would have to conquer first. The best thing would be to find Miss Byrnes and attend to the little necessary things such as a ring and a license and the chaplain.

"But I've done all that," he said earnestly. His sense of humor appeared to have departed utterly from him.

"Before you asked the girl?" she gasped.

He made the impatient gesture of a much tried boy. "Didn't I tell you I didn't know when I saw her this forenoon? Look here, all I ask of you is to talk over Mrs. Lange. If you don't, we'll go to a justice of the peace or something, and for her sake I'd rather have it here. It will be hard enough for her the best way I can fix it."

"Yes, it will. How about her relatives?"

"Her mother and father are dead. I don't believe she has any relatives; she never has spoken of them."

Miss Christine threw up her hands. "Go on and find her. If she comes back before you return, I'll keep her here. God bless you, you poor moon-struck thing!"

He had got half-way to the door, but he came back at this. He looked deep into her eyes with the slow smile that was so unexpectedly charming.

"You don't really mean that, Miss Christine?"

Looking up at him she seemed to see not only his eyes that were straightforward and clean, but the beautiful, clear eyes of Rosalie Byrnes.

"No," she whispered, "I don't really mean it."

The next instant she was swept off her feet with a mighty hug, and on her astonished left eyebrow there was implanted a kiss of pure gratitude. Then he was gone, slamming the door behind him, running for the trolley-car that was just coming up over the hill.

"This is scandalous," she murmured weakly. "My heavens—his people—what will they say?"

MISS CHRISTINE sat behind her desk, or she walked nervously about the room as she watched the front door. An hour passed; two went by. She caught herself moistening her lips and muttering: "He can't find her. What a pity! What a pity! They'll never make it now. No time. Poor things. Poor—"

But here her thoughts broke off abruptly, for the front door had flown open and in came two whose faces held a light that is all too seldom seen in human faces.

"He has told her—she is going to do it!" thought Miss Christine, and again that pang of dubiety went through her. What would his folks think? Who was Rosalie Byrnes? How could they know, in only five days—

"Has the chaplain come? Where is Mrs. Lange?" the boy cried.

His face showed through its light the stress and strain of the past two hours. Rosalie Byrnes's blue eyes also looked strained and bewildered, but her lips were firm in spite of their pallor. There was something pathetically heroic in the way she held her head, as if having come to her great decision she challenged the world.

Miss Christine slipped around her desk and took Rosalie in a brief embrace. "You're two darlings," she said. "Mrs. Lange wants to see you in her sitting-room. Don't—" she added this in a whisper—"don't let her frighten you."

Mrs. Lange was a woman with a towering coiffure of snow-white hair, a large executive ability, and almost no imagination. They stood in front of her while she talked to them. Their hands kept stealing together and their eyes fastened on her face with a sort of desperate obstinacy. She held up before them the seriousness of the state of matrimony. As she talked of it, it sounded like a life sentence. She had never personally known, so she said, two persons who were bent on marrying when they had known each other only five days. It seemed to her highly unwise, not to say light-minded.

"Mrs. Lange," Gerald interrupted, "I am twenty-five,

Rosalie is twenty-two. There is nothing light-minded about the way we feel."

"Perhaps not, but how do you think your mother and your sister are going to feel when they learn of your marriage?"

A stiffness, a faint, haggard shadow came into Lieutenant Cromwell's face. "I think I shall have to be responsible for that, Mrs. Lange."

Mrs. Lange gave an offended sniff. "You surely will, lieutenant! If they blame me, I shall tell them I remonstrated with you. And your own people, Miss Byrnes? What will they think?"

Rosalie replied in a low voice that her mother and father were both dead; there was no one else who—who—she stammered a bit here—no one else she need consider.

"You have no ties that would stand in the way of your marriage?" Mrs. Lange looked at her keenly.

In Rosalie's round, white throat, just where the lace collar of her thin frock lay open, a pulse began to beat visibly. There was a frightened expression in her eyes. She opened her lips to reply, when Gerald spoke up.

"Miss Byrnes is twenty-two, as I said, Mrs. Lange. She has earned her own living for three years. She is an independent human being, I should say. I really don't see—"

Mrs. Lange made a gesture as much as to say that she gave up; washed her hands. She made an excuse of telephoning to see if the chaplain was on his way, and thus left them alone, as if she hoped that this means might bring them to their senses.

They stood in the middle of the room, in front of her large desk where she had left them, and looked at each other with rapturous, frightened eyes.

"You darling!" he said. "You dear little brave thing!" Rosalie's throat contracted and she caught his hand with two very cold ones. "Gerald, you don't know me, not really. How can you be sure—"

"If it comes to that, I know you as well as you know me!" "No, no!" She shook her head, her eyes shining. "I know you are clean and fine. You've told me all about yourself. But I—oh, Gerald, I've talked and talked, but all the important things I haven't told you!"

"There'll be years and years to tell me!"



"IT'S A NAME THAT WAS GOOD FOR COLUMNS IN THE PAPERS TWO WINTERS AGO"

"But then it will be too late!" She spoke as if she were a little breathless, and her eyes had dilated nervously. "Gerald, perhaps Mrs. Lange is right—your people—I haven't thought of them—Gerald, dearest! Couldn't we put it off, just an hour, so that you can—get—acquainted with me?"

He laughed and caught her in his arms. Her eyelids closed over the distress in her eyes, and her lips melted under his. "I love you so!" each of them murmured, and then the chaplain knocked.

He came in, followed by Mrs. Lange and Miss Christine. Being a chaplain with a gift for human understanding, he went straight to the two of them, took their hands, looked for a long instant into their faces and asked: "Do you two love each other?"

As if what he saw rather than what he heard satisfied him, he gave a little duck of his head which was characteristic of him when he had decided on a course, whipped out a shabby little black prayer-book and began the beautiful words of the service.

And then, in so startlingly brief a time, it was all over. Rosalie Byrnes was Mrs. Lieutenant Gerald Cromwell. The two turned and looked at each other, and in that glance there was a strange blend of rapture and astonishment. In so short a time, with so little trouble, two persons could take a step that already laid a finger on their whole future and on the future of shadowy thousands. They did not kiss nor touch hands; they merely looked at each other as if each was pleading with the other to justify, to justify forever, this enormous thing they had done.

The chaplain felt his throat contract. Then he stuck his little book energetically into his pocket.

"My dears," he said with a hand to each of them, "I know you are going to be happy. You are made for happiness. But remember that married happiness is made up of—" he paused, looking at them while a clairvoyant film seemed to come over his eyes—"it is made up of faith. Faith in each other. God bless you!"

Mrs. Lange and Miss Christine pressed their hands, and then there were papers to be signed.

They were all clustered around a table and thus each of

Continued on page 54



## BEANY and PLUPY

BY HENRY A. SHUTE



John Wolcott Adams

The Ne Plus Ultra of style

BEANY AND PLUPY, HAVING ACQUIRED PALE-BROWN CIGARS, BRIGHT-BLUE COATS, LAVENDER-DOESKIN TROUSERS AND THE LATEST THING IN HATS, CONSIDER THEMSELVES GENTLEMEN OF FASHION. THEIR ADVENTURES AS SUCH ARE AS FUNNY AS THE LITTLE-BOY STORIES IN THE "REAL DIARY OF A REAL BOY."

**B**EANY and Plupy had become reconciled and adjusted their differences, and were once more friends. True enough, their joint participation and interest in certain nefarious undertakings forbidden by the strict letter of the law and New-England conscience was wanting, yet they were friends; friends once more; excellent friends; and they rejoined exceedingly in that fact.

Beany, who in heart had secretly ridiculed Plupy, his gaunt length, his large feet, his maze of angles, his ready blush, his unruly cowlick and his bashfulness, had contracted a warm admiration for him since that youth's last unfortunate love-affair with the Franklin-Street girl, which culminated in the desperate fight with her two squires in which Plupy, backed into a corner, had shown most effectively that a cornered rat is a dangerous and deadly foe.

Plupy admired Beany for his optimism, his keen sense of humor, his ridiculous pranks which spared neither man, woman nor child and least of all his gaunt and angular friend.

They had been partners, too, in sorrow; for had they not suffered the agonies of unrequited love in their fruitless attentions to the Squamscott-House girl?

But these things were of the past. They had outgrown them, had put them behind them as follies of youth, and had become men. Let me see. They were at this time, I believe, about eighteen years old, and their love-affairs, elsewhere narrated, had happened eons before this period—two years at least.

They had done with Love. She was not for them. Pah! Away with the fickle jade!

But it should not be supposed that at the ultra-mature age of eighteen, they could become walking automata, or stolid, stodgy citizens, without aim, ambition or pleasures.

Beany continued to hold down the important position of head clerk and sole clerk in the retail clothing house of Earl & Cutts, those Hia-wathic public servants—

Who are very glad to see you,  
Who will do their best to please you,

and was enjoying an augmented weekly stipend for his prodigious efforts in their behalf. He had become a financial magnate and an exceedingly dressy gentleman. He rode or drove occasionally of an afternoon some of Levi's best horses, and was quite a man about town.

Plupy, who had also plunged into fashion as far as his limited means would permit, frequently rode and drove the horses of the rival stable, was in the senior class at Phillips Academy, had added Vergil and Horace to his modest collection of Latin classics, and had construed by prodigious application a considerable quantity of Greek into somewhat remarkable, but recognizable, English. He had progressed upon the flute and the E-flat tenor-horn and had acquired by barter a yellow clarinet in C, upon which he was a conscientious performer.

In the early seventies, the time of which I write, the style of masculine clothing had arrived at an era of magnificence never attained since the decadent days of Rome. The young blood of the period was accustomed to array himself on festal occasions in a white, pink-striped shirt with Piccadilly collar of the same material, to which a highly colored bow-tie was more or less firmly attached by an elastic loop. Cuffs were firmly riveted to the sleeves by wire attachments, removable ordinarily by forceps or a monkey-wrench.

Elastic armlets of most brilliant colors kept the sleeves of the shirt in place, and with suspenders of equally gaudy color made exceedingly tasteful effects when the season allowed one to appear in shirt sleeves. The trousers were of lavender-colored doeskin of a fit so snug that it seemed a marvel how any one could draw them on or, when in place their owner and wearer could sit down. Below the ankle these garments suddenly enlarged into a bell-shaped terminus reaching nearly to the toe of the shoe, and known as spring-bottoms.

The coat was double-breasted, a cutaway and of an exceedingly bright blue. The hat for Summer wear was white straw with turned-up brim and bound with a band matching the coat, if not more so. The shoes were long, box-toed, with projecting soles tastefully sewed with bright-yellow thread, the box-toe stamped with appropriate designs.

This remarkable costume was finished off with a cane of natural wood, shellacked and highly polished.

An outfit of this kind was the *summum bonum* and *ne plus ultra* of style.

Plupy and Beany had attained it, Beany with ease, as became the magnate, Plupy after extraordinary feats of self-denial; and when these gorgeous youths paraded of a Sunday afternoon down the peaceful village streets there was little to be desired in their appearance.

And yet I have forgotten to speak of one item, in a measure a toilet accessory which completed their *tout ensemble*. I am glad to say that neither of these young men

drank, and that in a land where the spittoon was not only an office, but a household, necessity, neither chewed. Yet they had a vice. They smoked cigars.

That shrewd and genial publican, Levi, sold cigars of various make, size and puissance. There was the Collywobbler, which was affected by men whose tastes had been dulled by strong liquor; there was the Stonepost of equal rankness; there was also, for the beginner, a very effeminate cigar, of the color of law calf, that had but little taste or smell, and could be smoked by the veriest tyro with reasonable immunity. It was, however, of the shape, size and general appearance of a real cigar, and as it cost but five cents it was the usual Sunday companion of these young men.

**T**EN miles to the east of Plupy's home town lay Hampton Beach, a wide, far-reaching expanse of smooth, white sand, bordered by lofty sand-dunes crowned with sparse bunches of coarse grass. To the west of the dunes was a narrow strip of land which bordered on hundreds of acres of marsh, submerged in part at high tide and dotted at low tide by pools of clear salt water that took their colors from the sky—now a deep blue, now an opalescent green, now a dull gray.

From the northerly end of the beach jutted the imposing headland known as "Boar's Head," crowned by its single, square, white-painted hotel with its towering flagstaff—the famous Dumas's. At the foot of the hill was Leavitt's, a more modest hostelry, and a quarter of a mile below, the Ocean House, that rivaled Dumas's in style and in the financial solidity of its patrons.

Below was Nudd's, where every one was privileged to go for chowders that were panaceas to those suffering from most of the ills of mortals. Such was the Hampton Beach of forty years ago.

In those days if a family wished to entertain arriving guests, old Bill or the gray pair was hooked into the family carryall, and the family, the strangers within their gates, and plethoric lunch-baskets jogged off to the inviting beach for the day.

Did the young man of the period wish to dazzle the fair object of his attentions, he hired one of Levi's or Charles's or Major's smoothest and shiniest outfits and drove in style to the beach, where he feasted and toasted the lady of his choice at Steb's or Joe's or Tom's.

Did a difference of opinion rise as to the relative speed of local plugs, a match was made, much money was wagered, and the affair trotted off somewhere on the ten-mile stretch between Exeter and the beach.

Did a young man wish, peacock-like, to parade his new clothes before the admiring eyes of the world, it was to Hampton Beach that he hied himself, especially of a Sunday afternoon during the Summer season.

And so it is not surprising that our

Continued on page 68



John Wolcott Adams

"Wipe off your chin Longlegs!"





"THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A WINDING  
INTO THE LAND OF MY DREAMS,  
WHERE THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING  
AND A WHITE MOON BEAMS."

# "THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL"

BY RICCARDO STRACCIARI

RICCARDO STRACCIARI, OPERATIC BARYTONE, WHO SINGS "THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL"—WAS BORN NEAR BOLOGNA, ITALY, WHERE HE COMPLETED A FOUR-YEARS COURSE IN ONE AT THE CONSERVATORY. HE HAS SUNG IN EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA WITH GREAT SUCCESS. AS A MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY, HE HAS REPEATED HIS FOREIGN SUCCESSES HERE.

**I**N NINETEEN-SIXTEEN I sang thirty-eight times, the following year eighteen times, and in nineteen-eighteen a dozen or fifteen times for the Red Cross, the Blind Soldiers, Children's Relief, and Allied Food Fund, and I never refuse to sing for benefits for the Red Cross. It was in one of these concerts at Asbury Park, New Jersey, that I first sang "There's a Long, Long Trail."

The words of that song appeal to me very strongly. I have a son a soldier. I know what it means to win a great victory, and what it is to be proud of it. I am always anxious for my son, who volunteered to go to Vladivostok in Russia when Italy ended her part in the war with a glorious victory.

For months I have had no news of him, who is my only son. All can not comprehend the feeling of a parent. Those having no children can not measure the depths of it; it is not love, but affection, which is stronger than love. And if on the stage one can represent a father, one can do any rôle.

Love is a temporary sentiment; when one is married it is transformed into affection, deeper and stronger. The son is a link in the chain of life, a reflex; your affection for your wife becomes greater because of your son.

And so when I sing "There's a Long, Long Trail," I think of my son and cry. It is, indeed, a long, long trail to Vladivostok for me.

And there you have the key to the charm and appeal of "There's a Long, Long Trail." When people in an audience hear it, each one has in his or her heart a different image aroused by those words that speak of lonely nights and days; of longing for a voice no more near; of hunger for the return of the absent one. We are all human; we all cling to those beloved in this world of ours. Without them it would mean only sadness.

If Heaven has not given to some that being to care for,

they still ardently picture one in fancy. And the appeal of "There's a Long, Long Trail" becomes very real.

With the Latin temperament one can not sing many songs, one after the other, in concert, for one puts so much sentiment and feeling into them that one is exhausted. If I sing only the notes, I can sing for two hours. But if I sing the words, I feel them with my heart and brain. Then the emotion is too intense to allow me to sing consecutively many numbers.

And in singing "There's a Long, Long Trail" I have my son to remember—my only son. I do not have to picture something, to imagine something, to get me into the mood to interpret it with truth. I have in my heart the certain knowledge of what that long, long trail means to me. I live it. What I sing is true.

## THE STORY OF THE SONG

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

*"There's a long, long trail a winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And a white moon beams;  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you."*

**A**T CANTONMENTS, aboard troop-ships, on the long march here, and in the fields of France, "There's a Long, Long Trail" grew endeared to the boys who brought us victory. It is not a love-song, but a song of love; its appeal is invincible to any man with affection in his heart. A hundred years from now it will live as vitally with generations yet unborn, and through the intimate connection of its charm with the world war.

Both Stoddard King, who wrote the words, and Zo Elliott, who composed the music, are Americans. Both joined the Army, but young Elliott's physical disability brought discharge from Plattsburg and his subsequent enlistment in the Radio Corps.

In their senior year at Yale, "There's a Long, Long Trail" was written for a class function. Instantly it caught the fancy of the boys who sang it. But publishers to whom it was submitted failed to respond

with the same appreciation. One after another refused it.

Shortly afterward the composer went to England to study at the University of Cambridge; there British boys on hearing it were struck as forcibly as American ones had been by the appeal of "There's a Long, Long Trail." Finally an American publisher shared in this youthful enthusiasm, and it was given to the world.

**T**HEN the great war broke, and on the resistless tide of human feeling that stirred men's hearts to their depths "There's a Long, Long Trail" was swept to fuller measure of success than the two boys who made it ever dreamed possible.

The American soldier wants to sing songs associating him with home and those loved ones left behind. That is what he fought for—all that is dearest and nearest to him. And that it is that makes of him the best of fighters. Those two boys, writing spontaneously from the fulness of their hearts a song for peace times, expressed a sentiment dear to our people in war as well as peace—the call of love and home. These two things, things to be so very proud of, make the key of the song's success.

Mr. Elliott has himself sung "There's a Long, Long Trail" to massed soldier boys, and with deeper emotions still has heard hundreds of them sing it; has received sheaves of letters from them, too, telling what the song meant to them in the fierce routine of war.

**W**HILE a multitude of tributes had been paid "There's a Long, Long Trail," perhaps this, written in "Carry On" by Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, is the most touching. It says: "Do you recall the troop-ship *Tindarus*, that was submarined? When the boat was sinking and the men were all lined up on deck waiting to be taken off they sang, 'There's a Long, Long Trail.' Accounts of the story were published in all the English papers. Incidentally, when the first American troops landed in London and passed in review before the King and Queen of England, the band struck up 'There's a Long, Long Trail,' and the crowds sang it."

And so this song by two American boys, a song sung and loved on both sides of the world, has woven itself into the hearts of the people and into the history of the greatest war.

**O**F COURSE, it is impossible to give the effect of the song, as the boys sang it in camp, and in battle, without printing the music, and this we can not do. But some idea of the lift that captivated soldier and civilian alike may be obtained from a perusal of the "marching chorus" printed above. Read it over to yourself with martial accent and in martial time, but not fast.



## PLAIN GINGHAM WITH A HEM

BY ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

IN A strained silence the two friends watched Mrs. Morse's nodding plumes and velvet bag and billowy voile disappear around a clump of shrubbery. Pen's cheeks were scarlet; her eyes, always vivid, flashed danger. Ellie leaned over and shook her.

"You abominable Penelope! Do you suppose I'll forgive you for that? Never to let me know, and then announce it to Mrs. Morse that casual way!"

"I couldn't help it. The odious woman!" Penelope threw her sewing furiously aside. "Didn't she make it a *funeral*?"

"Pen, you are hedging! Now, look me in the eye! Are you—really—and—truly—engaged—to Terry Rogers? Tell me about it, dear," tenderly.

Penelope thrust away Ellie's arm, walked to the end of the veranda and gazed over her red geraniums to a vista of campus green beyond.

"She's right, you know," she said smotheredly. "Why are odious people always right?"

"About Terry? Heavens, Pen, she was only trying to get a rise out of you! Any one with a pinhole of sense knows that Terry Rogers's got a *future*! What if he is starting at the bottom? We know he'll land at the top! And even if all she says about Cleopas is *true*, I don't suppose you'll live *there* all your days!"

"I didn't mean about Cleopas or—Terry," Pen regarded her with somber eyes. "But that thing she said—oh!"

She mimicked the unctuous tones of Mrs. Morse:

"It's ruffles and lace now, dearie. By and by it'll be plain gingham with a hem!"

"She was trying to be horrid, of course. She wanted Terry for her niece! What of it?"

"It's so. And I hate it. I don't want it to be! I won't let it! You know the things I love, Ellie—leisure, beauty, daintiness, *independence*, things of the mind, of the—soul. Have I got to give them up?"

"Think of the girls we know who married boys with their own way to make, like Terry. I suppose their little homes are nice enough—but—I don't want to live in 'em! And they can't talk about anything but the price of round steak and how many ounces baby gained last week! I'd rather read Ibsen than baby-books."

"You hate Ibsen! You know you do!" interjected Ellie.

"I said I'd rather read Ibsen than baby-books. And I like an untrammelled mind—and manicured nails—and—oh, when I feel like a lark, Ellie Woods, shall I hop into the kitchen and make a jelly roll?"

"Dear, people are always what they really like to be."

"No," said Pen slowly. "They're what they *have* to be. That's why I'm—frightened. Terry's life is plain gingham, and I want ruffles and lace. I'm frightened!"

"Goose! What did you tell him you'd marry him for?"

An imp gleamed in Pen's face. "I haven't—yet. Oh, Ellie, you can't stay to dinner, after all! I've got to have Terry. Goodness, what if he should see Mrs. Morse first?"

"I DON'T know what you got me over here for," growled the young man. "To watch me squirm, I suppose. Well, take your fill, for this is the last you'll see of me."

Pen looked at him uncertainly in the soft candle-light of her pretty sitting-room. It was so hard to tell a man that he was engaged! Terry's mood was not propitious. He was plainly of the opinion that she had turned him down the other day with unnecessary acidity.

"I've got something I want to tell you, Terry," Penelope's voice was soft and meek, but Terry regarded her with suspicion.

"Shoot!" he said.

"Oh, I can't do it here!" after a moment in despair. "I'll—I'll have to be where it's—it's *dark*. Let's go for a little walk, Terry."

Reluctantly he followed her. "How you do love to rub it in!"

In silence they left the house and pursued a walk that led

from the dwellings of men straight into enchanted regions. They did not saunter; they did not pause to survey the twinkling lights of the receding city nor to listen to the sound of water coursing along at the foot of limestone cliffs; they hurried along as if they had an errand to do at the grocery-store.

Terry's heart was hot and sore within him. She could take this walk—now—when every spot they passed was enshrined in memory. Somewhere in the darkness below was a big rock where they used to eat lunch and watch the blue river under the noonday sun. This dip in the path led to an outcropping ledge where they had loved to be for the sunsets. And driftwood fires on the shore—rising of the moon over the water.

Down and down they scrambled. Every fiber in him

"But in work like yours—everything beautiful must perish—no leisure—no congenial minds—rough men—rough living—why, Terry—it was a wail—'your hands are a day laborer's!'"

He laughed. "Yes, and I wear overalls. Awful, isn't it? But up there in the North, Pen, I've struck the real thing—the thing I was made to do. I may never amount to much—as you count success—the words had a bitter edge—but there'll be a bit of wilderness in harness because I lived, and men will have tools where there were no tools before."

She gave him a quick glance. "You can't make yourself over—don't try to do it to me," she breathed.

"If I sat at a lovely mahogany desk and fingered papers instead of timber all day, you'd listen to me, I suppose," he muttered, kicking at a pebble.

Pen turned and began to walk very fast up the path.

"Oh, I can't be an ordinary, satisfied, settled-down housekeeper," she said thickly. "If you won't expect it—ever—perhaps we shall get on! I'll have a pretty house, my books, lots of visitors, and I'll go off on trips. I won't—I won't—tie myself down—even—even for children! I'll have help, all I want, all the time. I'm glad I have a little money—I won't have to ask you—I shall be quite free to do what I like?"

"Pen, Pen!" Terry strove in vain to get abreast with her, to catch a glimpse of her face. "What are you talking about? *You and me?* You shall stop—you shall answer me! Pen, do you know what you said? I don't believe you do!"

She pushed him away. "I must get my breath—I must get to the top! No, I won't say it over again—I just won't!"

The last steep bit of path was climbed. As they came into the full moonlight, he caught and pulled her around to him.

"Why do you think it fun to play with me?" he demanded in a voice that shook. "Haven't you a human feeling? I'm raw now from your handling!"

"I wasn't playing."

"What were you doing then?" He almost shook her.

"Trying to make you understand!" she cried, with an irrepressible sob, and tore herself away. He walked on grimly, without a word. Pen was quicksilver—he needed time to think.

By and by a small hand stole into his. "Have I been so bad to you, Terry," she asked shyly, "that you won't believe me?"

"I don't know what to believe," curtly.

She quickened her pace. "When you're engaged—it's customary—it's customary—" Her voice trailed off. Light burst upon him, but before he could move she fled. Pen could run like a deer. She ran now. Near the arbor-vite that edged her yard he thought he had her. His eager arms reached out, but closed on air. He heard her sobbing.

"You're so stupid, so stupid, Terry!" The words were flung brokenly over her shoulder. "Why, *why*," she lamented, "did I get engaged to you?"

He sped after her, the whole wonder-lighted world turning giddy. "Pen, Pen, do you love me?" he panted. "Tell me, do you?"

She kept her lead and slipped into the house, but he felt it mattered little. Apart from Pen, he was nevertheless close at last. He lingered under her window until her light went out. Then a low whistle signaled good-night to her. He turned to go, but a sound from above arrested him. He saw her little head in silhouette leaning on her arms over the sill.

"Terry—" he barely caught the whisper—"I—I *do*!" and she was gone.

ONE picture Terry would hug to his heart forever: Pen on the train, her trim brown silk, roses in her cheeks, fire in her eyes, rushing from one window to another, laughing, admiring, exclaiming over a group of giant larches—a tiny lake gleaming gem-like through the trees—cardinal flower flaming in a swamp. Hadn't he told her he would show her *woods*?

But viewing Cleopas through Pen's eyes—that was an experience which resolved itself into the most disagreeable

Continued on page 60

WIVES  
Sally Crump

"DIVORCE—well, yes; we once come mighty near it, As near as I want to come," said Sally Crump,

Her broad face shining with new perspiration And old amusement. "It was like this," she said:

"My Bill's a good contractor and makes good Whenever he gets a chance. But in them days There hadn't been no building for an age In Oscarville. And old jobs had been slow In paying up. That made Bill pretty sore. And I was carrying little William then, Taking in washings when they come my way, Or dragging myself about the house and wishing I had the sense to eat a bit. I was

A flabby, nervous, tousle-headed piece . . . Well, talk of the family purse! Ours got so thin You could have seen through it, like as not, I guess; And, after a while, Bill said he'd had enough; He'd done his darnedest to make good, he said, And he'd be hanged if he'd spend all his life With a crying woman in a little hole Where no one ever seemed to want his work Or pay for it when wanted. Not for him. He guessed there was a big, blue world outside A man could still make good in . . .

"And one day

He went out of the kitchen swearing mad. Told me he guessed it was all up with us. He'd like a bite at six and then he'd go And take me to the sisters' hospital Till little William came . . . Then I could work . . . And he would take another crack at things Where he could get it.

"I sat down and thought.

It took a big slap like that to sober me—

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

The July poem in this vivid series will be "Mary Brownell."

stiffened when he realized that she was leading him to a sheltered cove, close to the water's edge, the very spot where he had first asked her to marry him. How sweet, how fiery, how dear and teasing she had been—his wild Penelope! And he must give her up—how *could* he give her up?

Penelope stood still at length, still and straight as a statue. The river sang its low, sonorous song, and the Summer night with its soft air and tiny, muffled sounds encompassed them.

"How it gets one!" Pen said with a long breath, putting her hands up to her breast. "The sound of it—the smell of it—beckoning always, inviting, but never satisfying! Oh, if one could only clutch life and hold it—like this!" She made a passionate gesture.

"Pen, you do so much thinking about living, you will never have time for living itself."

"And you just plunge into whatever comes along!"

"Exactly. And I get something out of it—you never do. You sip here and there, then try the next thing!"





# MISS LOUISA PLAYS

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

SHE NEVER KNEW WHAT SHE COULD DO TILL SHE WAS SIXTY-FOUR. SHE HAD SPENT HER LIFE TAKING CARE OF OTHER PEOPLE. THEN SHE SUDDENLY FOUND OUT THAT SHE WAS A GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN. AS MR. JOHN G. ARMBRUSTER, OF THE SIDEREAL STUDIO, SAID HIMSELF, "YOU'RE SOME QUEEN, SISTER; THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY."

MISS LOUISA PERKINS sat on a park bench, high on a burnt-gold terrace, beneath the lacy shadow of a pepper-tree, and looked out wistfully on a turquoise and burnt-gold and emerald world. From stately gray head to solid shoes, Miss Louisa looked the well-bred, intelligent tourist that she was. But no fine tourist fervor gleamed in her clear eyes. Instead, a shadow, a deepening shadow of question, even of pain. For the first time in her long, busy life, Miss Louisa had really waked up. It was a rather cruel awakening.

For thirty mortal years Miss Louisa had lived and toiled under the proud mansard roof of her cousin Melvina, Mrs. Lysander G. Appleby. For thirty years she had received a stipend ranging from the modest eight dollars a month of her first ten years, to the munificent yet somehow inadequate twenty-five dollars of to-day. In return, she had served Melvina as housekeeper, gardener, seamstress, maid and nurse. She had done all the work in the big, gaunt, inconvenient palace which the late Lysander, good easy soul, had built for his spouse. She had been the bond slave of that fat, spoiled, fretful lady all these eternal years.

Yes, it's hard to understand why. But from nineteen to thirty-four, Miss Louisa had nursed and supported a helpless old father. At his death, she had found herself worn to exhaustion, with just eighty dollars in the world. No wonder that Melvina's door opened as the very door of sanctuary!

She had entered in boundless gratitude.

"It's so good of Melvina to give me a home," she would say, beaming, never realizing that she earned that shelter three times over. Sometimes, she felt a little puzzled. Lysander, as wise and kind a soul as ever trod Congress gaiters, had told her, more than once, that his will would make full provision for her. But Lysander had not left her a dime. Well, he had meant to be kind, anyway. So Miss Louisa insisted, in stubborn loyalty. But to-day—to-day was different.

All her life Miss Louisa had dreamed of the Pacific Coast—palms, missions, olive-groves, most of all the Yosemite; it was her enchanted horizon, her Ultima Thule. A month ago, Melvina, incredibly generous, had bought two round-trip tickets for the West. Every hour of that journey had spelled ecstasy. But now, as she sat alone, tears dimmed her brown eyes. Her firm hands trembled. Generous Melvina, indeed! Merciless Melvina, to bring her thus far—and no farther!

"Y-yes, Louisa, I start for the Yosemite to-morrow. I've found a companion, and she says she'll pay her half, to a cent."

"Found a companion——"

"Yes. That widow lady from Peoria. The one all over beads. Yes, I daresay you've lotted on that trip. But you can't expect me to pay your expenses, when you're plenty able to pay for yourself."

"Why, Melvina——"

"Yes, or ought to be able. Though I'll wager you haven't got twenty dollars ahead, this minute, for all the elegant salary I give you. Honest, Louisa, it's awful, the way you throw money around. Sammy Lee's new leg swallowed half a year's pay. Then you've paid for Edith Hill's music, and give the Holloway children half their board, for months, just so's they won't be scattered in asylums."

"But I——"

"And it's a dollar to the Missionary Society, and a cake to the Epworth sociable, and candy for those little house-boat tikes down-river, till you can't rest. To say nothing of Bess Patterson. Bess Patterson! Just because she has curly red hair, and a rheumatic step-aunt, and wants to marry that crippled Tom King, and his two sick old folks——"

"Tom isn't a cripple! You can't call any man a cripple who gave two years to fighting for humanity!"

"Well, he lost that arm fighting for humanity, didn't he? Now you figure that, if he could just get his farm paid for, then they two would dast get married, helpless old folks and all. So you've bought flour and fuel for Bessie's tea-room, you've squinched on your own shoes, to do for those old women. You've spent like a Croesus."

"It was my own money, Melvina."

"To be sure. But you've used it up, tryin' to mother the whole town. Now, you'd best stay right here till I come back. I'll give you a month's salary in advance, to live on. Then there's the public library and the shop-windows, and nice days you can go out to the park and set. That only costs a nickel, if you walk one way."

Whereat Melvina and her beaded lady had departed; departed to the Yosemite, Miss Louisa's supreme golden vision. Here in the park she sat, alone. For the park cost only a nickel, if you walked one way.

"Extravagant? Maybe. What else could I be? Why, Sammy's new leg has been more comfort to me than to Sammy. So has Edith's music, bless her. As for Bess and Tom——" Miss Louisa's heart gave a rebellious plunge. She herself had missed out on youth and love. Bess and Tom, her darlings, shouldn't miss out, that was all. "But I can do so little! If only Lysander had put aside a tiny bit for me! Or if Melvina—yes, she's always just. But if she'd be a little generous, too!"

The landscape dimmed through a salt mist. Vaguely Miss Louisa perceived that it was not the calm vista of a moment before. Four men had alighted from a gilt and splendid car, and stood arguing loudly near by. Miss Louisa picked up her guide and her parasol. But at the curb she paused, amazed.

Forty feet up the drive stood a girl, holding a tiny child in her arms. A very beautiful girl, with red hair, curling and soft as Bessie Patterson's own, and ivory-clear features, and wide dark eyes. Miss Louisa stared at her; but admiration swerved instantly to wonder, to pity, for the lovely face was ashen white; and the dark eyes flashed with a terror to melt your heart. Even as Miss Louisa stared, the girl bent piteously over the little sleeping creature. With a look of piteous adoration, she buried her face in the little soft armful.

"My dear child——" Miss Louisa started forward.

Continued on page 62



# OUR WOMEN AS THEY LOOK TO THE EUROPEANS

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

**D**URING my recent visit to Paris I was deeply interested—possibly because of the stir Mrs. Wilson's visit made, and the prominence it gave to her own countrywomen—in observing the work as well as the endurance of the American women, particularly of those who had been in France since the beginning of the world war, and had taken upon themselves heavy burdens long before we entered. For the most part their record equaled that of the Frenchwomen, although, possibly for physical reasons—the French are a much hardier stock than the American—a few have fallen by the wayside.

How is it possible to mention the names of all the American women who have helped in war-relief organizations in France, great and small? Madame Waddington has an entire village on her hands, poor people who would go cold and hungry if she did not manage—with great difficulty these days, as she never had a committee—to provide for them.

Mrs. Wharton still has her hostels and tubercular-convalescent hospitals. Mrs. Gilbert Jones, also of New York, works with her and is an enthusiastic admirer of her executive abilities.

Anne Morgan is doing a great reconstruction work in the evacuated districts and has barely taken a rest from one sort of work or other since 1914. Elsie de Wolfe runs the Ambrine Hospital.

Mrs. Duryea is in so many things and receives so many decorations that one can not keep track of them. Miss Holt still has her "lighthouse" in Paris for the blind.

I am enumerating only the American women who have worked virtually without a vacation since 1914. Those that came over with or after the American Army may have done fine work, but they have been subjected to no such test.

Mrs. Joseph Blake, wife of the great surgeon, and formerly Mrs. Clarence Mackay of New York, in spite of the fact that she has had three children since the war began, has missed few days at the bedside of her husband's patients.

Mrs. Lathrop of California and Miss Vail of Boston made the American Fund for French Wounded one of the greatest of all the war-relief organizations, the American committee being so fortunate as to have Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer as its president.

But it is hardly worth while to go on reciting names. They would take pages.

It will gratify Americans to know that virtually all of these American women devoting their time and energies to France have been decorated by the French Government, some of them by the Belgian and Italian.

I began this article by an allusion to Mrs. Wilson's arrival in Paris, and it may interest the readers of THE DELINEATOR to know just how she was regarded by the Frenchwomen and by the American women in France.

The French are always critical. They may praise in the end, being clear-sighted, just and logical, but they invariably begin by picking flaws, generally in an abrupt, off-hand manner, as if the subject were hardly worth discussing. As Mrs. Wilson, very naturally, made no public speeches, and was called upon to do no more than bow as people passed her in rapid succession at the reception at the Hôtel de Ville, the Frenchwomen were forced to confine their criticism to her looks and her clothes.

They agreed that she was handsome, but—why did she wear tailored clothes? When the Queen of the Belgians came to Paris she wore a sable coat and hat becoming a queen. I reminded this particular group of pungent critics that as the Queen of the Belgians was tall and thin she no doubt looked admirably in what would have been most unbecoming to Mrs. Wilson.

Moreover, I added, as the first lady of our land was inclined to be stout, she showed her good taste in wearing the severe tailored suit, which, I added, costs about twice as much in New York as a fancy "one-piece" costume.

But my words fell upon hostile ears. Tailored suits were out of favor in Paris and that was the end of it.

Paris fashion decreed that women who aspired to be à la mode should wear something far more feminine, far

more elaborate. And severity did not become first ladies of the land.

Quite different, however, was the verdict of the American women in Paris. Madame d'Andigné and Mrs. Blake, for instance, who have always dressed superbly, and have lived their lives in fashionable society, were delighted with Mrs. Wilson and spoke of her with great enthusiasm.

I recall that Madame d'Andigné said:

"I felt so proud of her as she sat in the carriage by Mme. Poincaré the morning she arrived. She was just right in

pictures, with the exception of one taken by a prominent New York photographer, do her lamentable injustice.

When I left Paris the Frenchwomen, having discharged their national duty, had ceased criticizing her and were hoping she would soon throw open the doors of the Murat Palace.

This, I believe she did once. But both French and Americans see little of her.

Whatever people may think of President Wilson's policies, whether they admire or hate him—and, when you come to think of it, he is no more hated than every other conspicuous President has been since Washington—there are two qualities he possesses which command the admiration and often the amazement of all: an unflinching mental clarity and an almost unprecedented mental energy. Day after day, night after night, we hear of him, virtually see him, at work, considering and judging the most varied, complex and difficult questions that have ever been put up to any one man in the same space of time; but there seems to be nothing his mind is not able to grasp, whether he solves it to the satisfaction of all men or not.

The point is that his mind is always clear, quick and brilliant, in perfect running order, and in spite of his great natural gifts, he owes the ability to keep them on tap very largely to Mrs. Wilson. She sees that he eats the proper food at the right time, has intervals of complete repose, takes the necessary amount of exercise and diversion.

Of course, she is advised by Admiral Grayson, but a doctor can do nothing with a stubborn man if he is not ably assisted by a tactful and devoted wife. If left to himself Wilson would probably have gone to pieces long ago, for it is not to be imagined that he knows better than any other man how to take care of himself.

I hold no brief for Wilson; I merely mention these facts to illustrate to those who admire him unreservedly the debt they owe to his wife.

Of all the American women whom the Peace Congress has assembled in Paris Mrs. House is the most admired by the Frenchwomen.

She has achieved the enviable reputation—very difficult to acquire in Paris—of having a ready tongue for repartee and *bons mots*.

One story that went the rounds particularly delighted the French. It would seem that when Mrs. House was in Berlin a Prussian woman after several moments of arrogant boasting concluded by saying to her unresponsive listener:

"But don't you understand? We can not fail. We are the most persistent people on earth; and persistence never fails."

"Well," responded Mrs. House, with that dryness peculiar to Americans, "I once had a hen that persisted in sitting on a porcelain egg for six months, but she never succeeded in hatching out anything."

When I told this story of a story to Mrs. House, she said:

"Now really, is that story attributed to me? I have heard it fastened on to almost every one else."

Which made me believe that the French had made no mistake.

The Marquise d'Andigné, who was Madeleine Goddard of Providence, Rhode Island, stands for real creative accomplishment in war work.

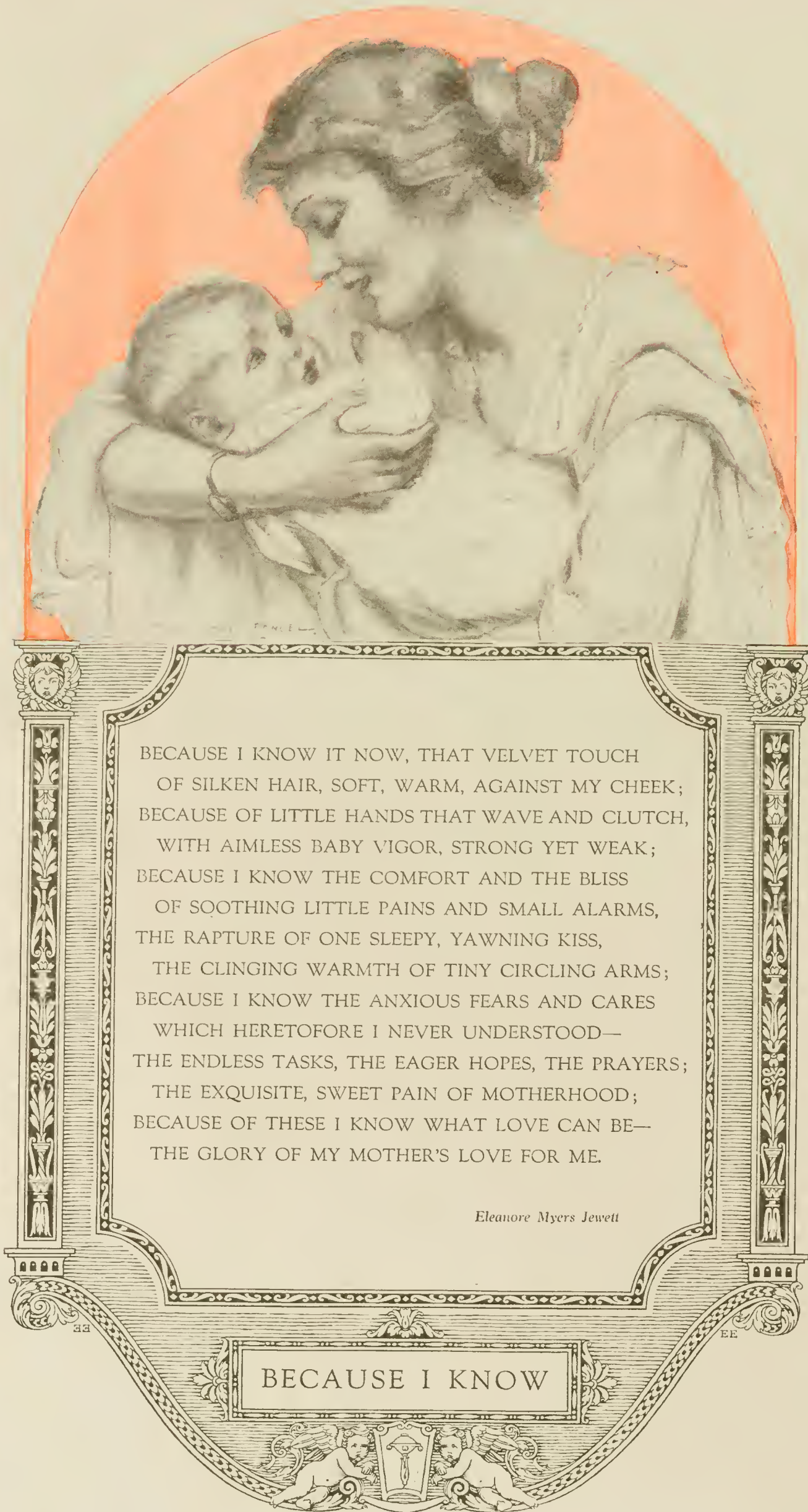
It was Madame d'Andigné who did the creative work of the well-known *Bien-être du Blessé*, and who is recognized by the French Government as second to no woman of their own stock in ability, achievement, and persistent self-sacrifice, and far ahead of many in originality

and resource. It is impossible to give the details of her work here. Suffice it to say that she began with a few hospitals—while money was coming in slowly—and worked up gradually to twelve hundred.

Of the members of Madame d'Andigné's unit, the most notable was Miss Marjory Josselyn of San Francisco, who, having a complete knowledge of French and a high order of executive ability, took hold of the office at once, relieving Madame d'Andigné—who took her cure in Paris instead of going to the Alps—of all exertion and as much responsibility as the president was willing to surrender to any one.

She organized an efficient relief staff, and remained at

Concluded on page 71



every detail, and made a splendid impression." And Mrs. Blake, who saw her at the reception given by Ambassador Sharp, said: "She really looked magnificent standing there; and what a handsome woman! I felt very proud of her."

As Mrs. Wilson, like Admiral Grayson, lives to take care of the President, she naturally has very little personal life, little time to make the position for herself enjoyed by Mrs. Cleveland and Alice Roosevelt; but when I met her at the White House last Spring she struck me as quite capable of it, had she not deliberately chosen other duties.

She is intelligent and amusing, with splendid spirits, and the closer you approach her the handsomer she is. Her





## “\$16.50—TRIMMED”

BY EDNA FERBER

GIVEN a needle, some thread and a yard or so of goods, almost any woman can do almost anything with almost any article of feminine apparel—except a hat. A hat, nowadays, is a sly thing, made up of just two ingredients: line and material. Line is that intangible thing which does or does not fight your nose. Line is the soul of a hat. Material is the hat's body. There's no faking either of these. You can wear a cotton-back velvet gown and manage to look regal in it. A two-fifty voile blouse may look girlishly simple without proclaiming its cheapness. But there's something about a hat—well, a hat's like character in a crisis. It comes to the top and stands revealed, undisguised.

All of which is so true that it is trite. It is merely what every woman knows. Very little heed need be paid these hackneyed statements, because this is no more a treatise on hats than it is on shoes. And it isn't so much about shoes or hats as it is about Gussie Olsen. For that matter, it's no more about Gussie Olsen than it is about Anna Czarnowska. Boiled down, it really isn't about hats or shoes or Gussie or Anna, but about that amazing, fascinating, incredible young person known as the American working girl. And her clothes.

Gussie Olsen and Anna Czarnowska are paying sixteen dollars and fifty cents for their trimmed hats. They are paying between twelve and fourteen dollars for their high white-kid shoes. The shoes are guaranteed to last just about as many days. These are not fashion notes. They are facts embodying as great a sociological problem as this country has ever been called upon to face.

Never in the history of the United States, or any other country, have women been paid such wages for unskilled labor. The war, of course, has done it. Ten million wage-earning women in this chaotic year of 1919! Ten million women engaged in everything from running street-cars to managing banks, from riveting copper to oiling locomotives. Compared to these ten million the storied Amazons seem feeble, futile wisps of femininity.

And they're getting money for it. Real money. Not women's wages, but a man-size wage for a man-size job. And is it going to their heads? It is. And wouldn't it be queer and abnormal if it didn't?

Perhaps you think that, at the end of the week, Anna Czarnowska should nod her pretty Polish head and soliloquize thus:

"I'd like to buy a pair of them swell white-kid shoes, and a fur like Olga's got, and a black-velvet hat with a pink ostrich plume on it that goes all the way around, not skimpy, but thick and all curly, and silk stockings that go silk all the way up. But I guess I put my money in the bank. Such clothes ain't for a working girl like me."

But does she? Moralists and sociologists and uplifters all working to the contrary, she does not. For Anna Czarnowska is a perfect example of the normal workings of that complex machine known as human nature. And on Saturday night she sails down-town to the Bon Ton Millinery Emporium and there she buys and wears home the kind of hat she has longed for all her life—and never hoped to have. She shouldn't do it, and we know it, and we don't blame her.

Economy is an interesting practise—as a novelty. But

when being economical is one's normal state it loses in novelty and charm. The middle-class woman, the well-to-do woman and the very wealthy woman (especially the latter—"Such fun, my dear! I haven't had a new rag this year!") have been wearing vintage hats and last year's frocks. Shabbiness became, for a time, the fashion. Economy was the smartest of fads. A woman appearing at her particular Red Cross shop in a new hat immediately dropped in the estimation of her fellow workers. Slim, silk-clad ankles that had never known the feel of coarser material suddenly appeared encased in sturdy cotton.

Last year's suit was worn with all the dignity of a uniform. It had, indeed, something of the meaning of a uniform, for it proclaimed to the wearer's world her enrolment in the citizen soldiery sworn to conserve the world's goods that democracy's war might be won.

The head of the women's Liberty Loan campaign in Chicago was a woman whose husband had bequeathed her millions. She is the head of a vast and prosperous manufacturing concern, a society woman, a graduate lawyer, brilliant, pretty, chic, able. Her management of the women's work during the four Liberty Loan campaigns was a triumph of generalship.

And during those four campaigns she wore just one hat—the same hat. It was a black tricorne, very becoming, very militant, very trim. It bobbed in and out of the crowds, that brave little black hat. On the platform it was a banner and a flaunting badge of courage. It was a lesson in economy for every other woman who had grown familiar with it during the long years of war.

Continued on page 67



# AMERICAN ROSES and ROSARIANS

BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

THE rose of the home garden and the florist window has lost its power of self-reproduction. Should it be deserted by its lovers and the commercial growers it would disappear within a few seasons. It would then be necessary to return to the distant woodlands and roadside banks to find the few wild roses that are native in this country.

But it is to be regretted that, in spite of the recognized importance of the cultivated rose in this country and the love and attention that are lavished upon it, it has not as yet come into its true kingdom. Throughout the greater part of America the rose is most known as a decorative and commercial product—it is not known intimately to the public as an individual.

A red rose here is still regarded, except by the few, as simply a red rose; it is not known as an individual red rose, having sprung from well-known ancestors and separated from all other red roses by its peculiar personality. This is because the science of rose-cultivation is followed largely by men who grow them commercially. The amateur men and women of America who love roses lay claim only in rare cases to the fine distinction of being rosarians.

This at least is true in the Northeastern and Southern States. In parts of the West, however, there is an alertness concerning special rose knowledge that is most commendable. In Portland, Oregon, rosarians exist in considerable numbers; and the annual rose-show there is of the first rank, attracting exhibitors from all over the United States. Even the children on the streets of Portland know the names of prominent varieties of roses and discuss and criticize the points of the new ones that have appeared for the first time at the show.

Unquestionably this is an ideal condition and somewhat akin to the attitude toward this supreme flower which is held in England. For many years now English men and women have known roses, their peculiarities and their family connections, and have kept track of them with much the same degree of interest that they bestow on debutantes of the social season.

IN JULY of 1858 the first rose-show was held in London, and since then rosarians in Britain and all over the Continent have increased steadily in number. A gentleman entering a London drawing-room is apt to comment to his hostess on the roses in a vase:

"Ah, I see that you favor Mrs. Longworth. I do not regard it as nearly as fine an individual as the celebrated Caroline Testout, from which it sported." His hostess may reply:

"I like it because it is an oddity, and because of these pink lines which traverse its petals from one end to the other."

A third rosarian may join the conversation for the purpose of saying that he has in his garden a rose with all the virtues of the two under discussion and yet which is in itself entirely distinct. And so the argument may continue, an open one to the greater number of those present.

That the American people may some day arrive at a similar degree of rose knowledge is probable. It may even be not so far distant. At present, however, those amateurs most entitled to be classed as rosarians disclaim modestly the title, feeling their knowledge to be meager and incomplete.

Happily we have the American Rose Society working in this direction. Its membership at present numbers only a little less than a thousand; it bears the inspiring motto, "A Rose for Every Home." But it can not be gainsaid that those associated with this society are nearly all professional growers, linked together in a bond from which the amateur is excluded.

Nevertheless, from such a strong center a great deal of knowledge must eventually be diffused. Mr. Robert C. Pyle is president of this society, and Dr. E. A. White, professor of horticulture at Cornell University, is secretary.

Another hopeful sign for the making of rosarians in America is the establishment at various points of test rose-gardens. These are planting-grounds where different varieties of roses are grown and tested as to their desirability for the home garden.

One such establishment of excellent merit exists at Hartford, Connecticut; and one of like standing at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. The one at Arlington, Virginia, across the Potomac from the District of Columbia, is not as yet so complete.

Still another test garden of half an acre or thereabouts is to be found at Tarrytown, New York. It is planned for the public benefit and maintained by one of the large commercial growers of roses.

Amateurs with the desire to grow roses can go to these test gardens and there select the varieties likely to do well in their home surroundings. The plants can be seen in bloom and the special conditions observed of soil, habitat and moisture under which each variety is most likely to flourish.

In fact, a knowledge is here offered to the public freely of the way in which to pursue rose-growing with intelligence. But the amateur must beware of being assailed by

discouragement, for a chat of half an hour with the manager of a test garden or with any rosarian that may cross his path will inevitably impress upon his mind the fact that the price of having roses bloom as they are capable of blooming is eternal vigilance.

These queens of flowers demand an attention, a recognition of their especial needs, diet, moisture and soil such as is claimed by no other flowers. It is not that they will not live and bloom under poor conditions. Roses as a class are very hardy. They will, however, not be seen at their best.

No greater argument for scientific rose-culture could be cited than to recall the small, weak roses that every Summer are viewed and admired in hundreds of American rose-gardens, whereas if they had been given half their natural needs they would have been double the size, richer in color and showing a leafage that would have amazed by its beauty.

Usually the amateur rose-grower selects out-of-door varieties. He wishes these flowers in his garden and to pick for filling the vases in his home.

As soon as roses enter the glass-house they are nearly always under the care of expert gardeners or else they are for the benefit of professional growers. Still, there has never been a time when the amateur rose-grower had such opportunity to make his garden beautiful and for such an extended period.

UNTIL a comparatively few years ago the amateur garden-builder planted in some selected spot a number of rose-bushes. These were of the hybrid perpetual class which during the month of June gave an outpouring of bloom that was truly a delight.

Then for the rest of the season, with the exception of a few incidental blooms, they went into a period of growth that was more or less ungainly. Year after year these hardy bushes lived and when well cared for and pruned showed no marked deterioration.

It is, nevertheless, not too venturesome to state that this class of roses has seen its best day. The hybrid perpetual will, in most American gardens, be supplanted by the hybrid tea, a happy cross between the hybrid perpetual and the monthly blooming tea-rose, the latter too delicate to be generally satisfactory for out-of-doors. The hybrid tea-rose has taken from the hybrid perpetual its vigor and hardiness; and from the tea-rose it has taken the habit of constant bloom.

At present there are innumerable hybrid teas sufficiently hardy to do well in the average garden and able to provide bloom from early Summer until frost. These roses claim our foremost attention since they are the ones which more than any other attract the attention of rosarians. The future will see gardens formed exclusively of hybrid teas, abetted for arch and arbor effects by the new climbing roses, and hedged with dwarf Polianthes, small and bush-like and also able to bloom throughout the flowering season.

Each year professional growers vie with one another in breeding new hybrid tea-roses, for the pecuniary profit in putting a new rose on the market is very great, apart from the resultant distinction. At the International Flower-Show held in New York, prizes are awarded for the best rose, and these prizes run into thousands of dollars.

Sometimes the competition is so keen that the judges are

obliged to sit through half the night before a decision can be arrived at and the fortunate rose set apart to receive the prize. This year no such show has been held. Government regulations owing to war conditions, the scarcity of coal during the season of preparation, and the fact that the large building where the show took place had become a debarkation hospital, all combined to make it impossible. But it is already planned that in 1920 the show will again take place and new forms of roses and model rose-gardens will compete for prizes and for fame.

The points to be considered in judging a rose are its form and color, its foliage, whether or not it is a prolific bloomer, the stiffness of its stem and its fragrance. A few years ago, when the Hadley rose won the prize of many thousands of dollars, it was largely owing to its fragrance, a point which it held against its other red-rose competitors, also fine individuals, but without sweet scent.

At that time the Hadley was regarded as an improvement on the Richmond rose, as the Richmond had been deemed a betterment of the Liberty. To-day, however, the Hoosier Beauty, a red rose bred in the State of Indiana, whence it takes its name, is thought to be a finer rose even than the Liberty, the Richmond or the Hadley.

And still above these truly splendid red roses there is one conceded to be even more satisfactory for general planting. It is the General MacArthur, a true American, introduced by a grower of Richmond, Indiana. It is brilliant crimson and very fragrant.

Its sponsor, one of the few Americans who have attained success in presenting new varieties, has here a rose of which he may justly be proud, as it is able to hold its own with any one of the Old-World varieties. Like the Liberty, the Richmond and the Hadley, it belongs to the hybrid-tea class, and forms with them a group of red roses that for the garden can hardly be surpassed.

The Francis Scott Key is to-day a conspicuous rose. It is the shade of an American Beauty, but it has not so strong and stiff a stem and it is without the spicy fragrance of the better-known rose.

When the darkly toned roses for the garden are chosen, the Gruss and Teplitz must not be forgotten, for it sends out blooms of a brilliant scarlet crimson unequaled by any other rose. It is besides very fragrant. This rose, however, is not suitable to combine with other hybrid tea-roses. It is too vigorous, too strong a grower.

An original use of it is to plant it along a wall and there to let it grow to its full height and act as a cover. When it then unfolds its large, exquisite blooms it gives surprise and pleasure to those who see it used in this way for the first time.

It is conceded that the deep, enehanting brilliancy of the red rose makes it an indispensable member of the rose-garden. Even so, the amateur rose-grower can make no greater mistake than to crowd a small garden or a large one with many varieties of one color. Few varieties, and those of tested value, such as the red roses already mentioned, invariably give the most satisfactory results.

Among the pink roses there is a wide choice. The list of hybrid teas in this color is long and forms a procession of beautiful individuals that grace the world of flowers.

And among them all there is one well-beloved rose which should be known to every one. It is the Caroline Testout. This, with its deeply toned center and petals fading to rose color with satiny sheen, is a notable member of rose-gardens the world over.

THE most remarkable point about this rose is known to comparatively few of its thousands of lovers. It has proved itself a parent of the highest standing, and in so doing has become a very gold-mine to breeders of roses. The most prominent offspring of Caroline Testout is the Frau Karl Druschki, a hybrid-perpetual rose having for its other parent the old favorite, Merveille de Lyon.

Although Caroline Testout is pink, this celebrated one of its children is the whitest rose of all. Its appeal is like that of an exquisite bit of sculpture, for it is without tinge of either blush or yellow and the mat surface of its petals makes them appear like marble.

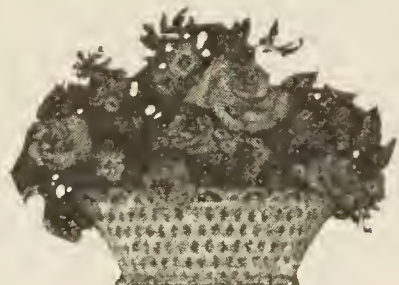
In the bud it recalls a pigeon's egg. Leisurely it unfolds into a large, spotless flower. To those interested in it commercially it has returned many thousands of dollars, and it remains to-day the best all-around white rose for the garden. Unlike most hybrid perpetuals it produces flowers throughout the Summer.

Königin Carola, looked upon as an improved Caroline Testout, was obtained by breeding this most wonderful parent with Viscountess Folkstone. The petals of the Carola have a satiny sheen, and their reverse side is a silvery white.

The Lady Ashtown is also regarded by many rosarians as an improvement upon Caroline Testout.

Lady Alice Stanley is a coral-pink rose, with the inside of its petals showing pale flesh-color. It is fragrant and gives an abundance of bloom throughout the Spring, the Summer and Autumn. It is a most desirable member of

Continued on page 71

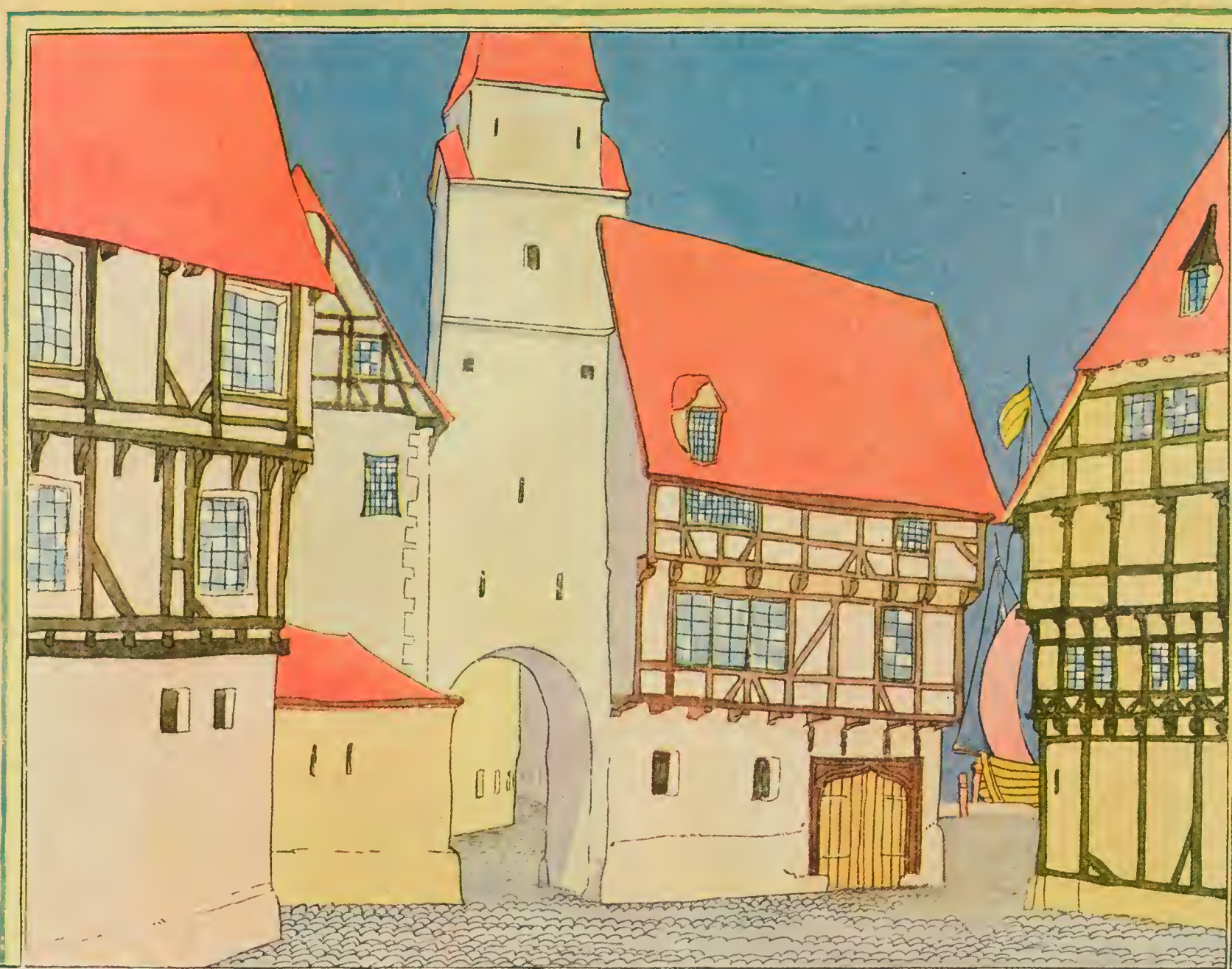









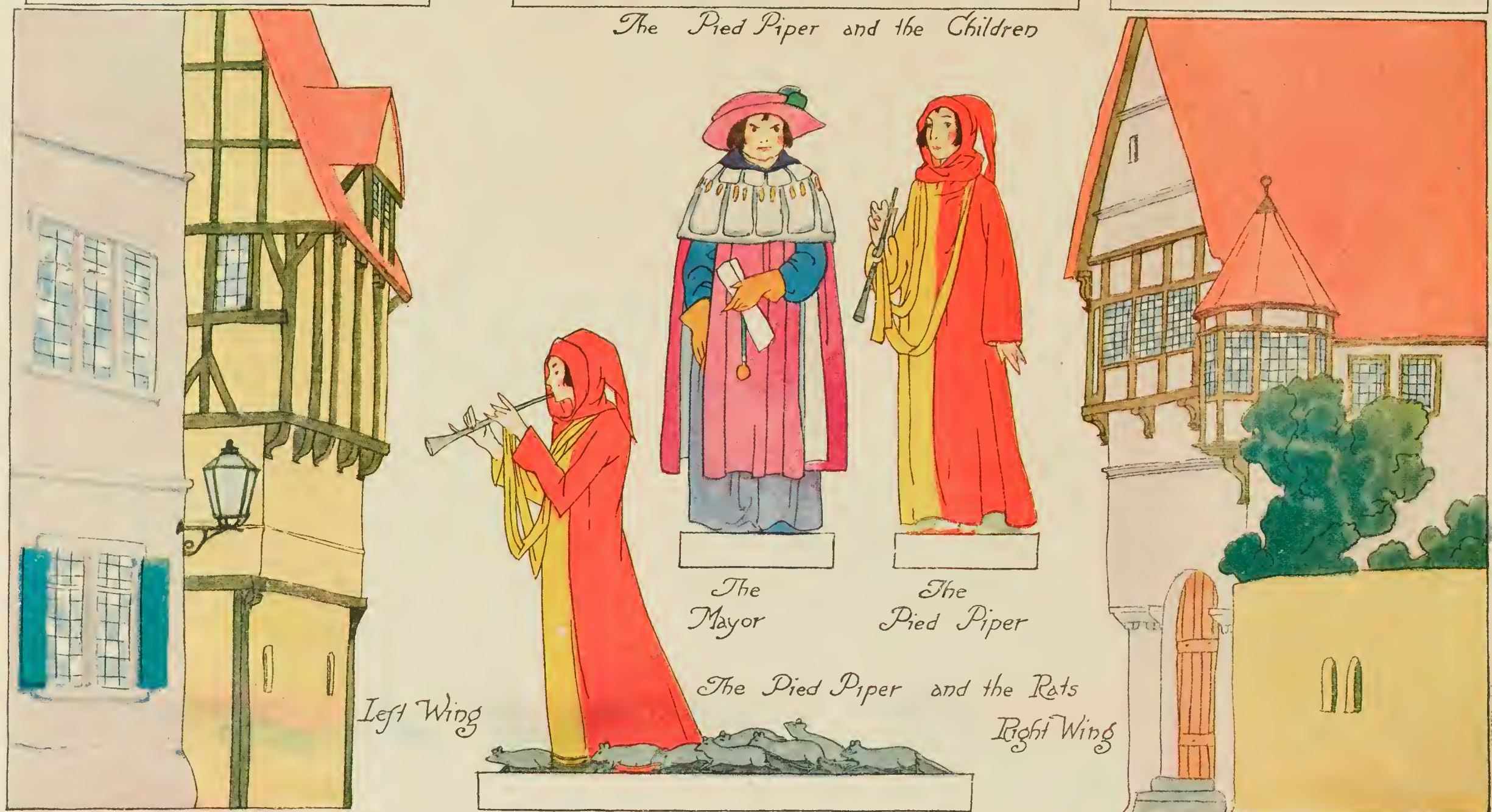
# THE DELINEATOR CHILDREN'S THEATER



*The  
Pied Piper  
of Hamelin*  
  
*scenery  
by McQUINN*



*The Pied Piper and the Children*



*Left Wing*

*The  
Mayor*

*The  
Pied Piper*

*The Pied Piper and the Rats*  
*Right Wing*

You can make this theater out of a shoebox. The play itself and the directions for setting up the theater appear on page 46.



# ANTOINETTE

## THE CHILD WONDER

BY HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH

ANTOINETTE WAS A WILD SORT OF GIRL WHO DIDN'T GO TO SCHOOL AND SHE PROBABLY WOULD SHOCK YOU IF YOU MET HER RIGHT NOW. BUT IF YOU KNOW OF ANY ONE PLUCKIER, WE SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT IT.

THERE WILL BE A CRACKING GOOD GIRLS' STORY ON THIS PAGE EVERY MONTH. JUST AS GOOD AS THIS ONE. WATCH FOR IT REGULARLY.

ANTOINETTE, the Child Wonder, was out for a stroll. The circus-tents were pitched in a field in the suburb of Springfield, and Antoinette had determined upon a long country walk. She had wrapped two sandwiches in a bit of brown paper and departed by the back way.

She thoroughly enjoyed the curious glances bestowed upon her by the procession of churchgoers—recognition of greatness is always gratifying—and walked slowly, with a well-assumed air of unconsciousness.

Antoinette did trick driving in a diminutive model of motor-car made specially for her, and as she was small for her years her reputation was great.

The double row of prosperous houses set in wide, well-kept lawns soon gave way to vacant lots and then to open country. Antoinette rejoiced and was glad. She was filled with a child's ambition to roll in the grass and pick wild flowers.

It worried her not at all that no one knew where she had gone. She was used to looking out for herself, and others were used to having her do it.

At length, where the road dipped into a long, gentle decline, a grassy bank at the side led invitingly to a wide meadow. Antoinette scrambled up, when suddenly two tramps, asleep in the sun behind a stone-pile, were roused by falling pebbles and sat up, shouting coarse jests.

Antoinette, terrified, slid down the bank in a most inelegant fashion and ran as fast as her legs would carry her down the road.

She did not stop until she was nearly at the bottom of the slope, some quarter of a mile away from the stone-heap. Looking back to make sure she was not being pursued, she flopped, panting, upon a fallen telephone-pole to rest.

As she sat, recovering her breath and general poise, she glanced nervously up the road from time to time. Presently came into view an automobile—a long, low-slung car, of the five-seated type. Antoinette was familiar with most makes of motor-cars and marked this as "A No. 1."

As she watched, she saw the tramps, like marionettes in the distance, bob up from behind the stone-pile and hail the passing motor. The driver shook his head and put on speed. "That's right!" shouted Antoinette encouragingly. "Don't let 'em aboard; they're toughs. Oh!" Indignantly she stared as the tramps stooped and began to hurl stones after the car.

Her "Oh!" ended in a wail as she saw the driver lurch forward.

"He's hit!" she moaned excitedly. "Oh, he'll be killed! Good; he's sense enough left to push out his clutch."

The car slowed down, but swayed perilously from side to side of the road.

"Out on your brake hard!" shouted Antoinette wildly, cupping her mouth with her hands. "Or put it in reverse; that'll stall the engine. Oh, he can't hear me! He'll be killed! No, he won't, if I can help it!" And she prepared for action.

Instead of hurrying toward the automobile to hail it, as might have been expected, Antoinette turned and

started down the side of the road at a jog-trot, keeping her head turned over her shoulder to mark the progress of the oncoming car. Then, just as it was shooting by her on its irregular course, she crouched in her run, sprang sidewise, and landed on the running-board.

Clinging to the tonneau door to regain her balance, she straightened herself and took a rapid survey of the situation. The driver's forehead was bleeding from a jagged wound. He had had presence of mind to throw out his clutch, and his other foot pressed the brake-pedal. But either the bands were loose or his pressure not hard enough to stop the car on the down grade. Instead, it

The man laughed dizzily.

"You're on the job all right, kiddy. Where've I seen you before? Say, that grass looks good to me. Could you give me a hand—just to steady me? I'd like to lie flat on it a bit."

Antoinette seized one biceps in her two wiry little hands, and cautiously the man lowered himself. He swayed giddily and collapsed upon the soft turf.

"There's an emergency kit in one of those side-pockets," he said faintly. "Perhaps between us we could fix me up, what?"

Antoinette found the box and set about in a capable manner to do up the wound.

"It's not very deep, but it's awful bloody," she said, turning pale. "I think I'll wash it first."

There was a tiny brook just beyond. After dabbling her handkerchief, she pressed it, cool and clean, against the stinging hurt. Then she insisted, with inward qualms, upon painting the wound with iodine found in the kit.

"I know it hurts terrible," she said sympathetically, "but it's best for you. They put it on my knee the time I skinned the whole top off it in the cinders. . . . There. Now I'll bind it up."

Deftly she wound the bandage around his head and fastened it with a safety-pin extracted from an inner part of her own toilet. The man, feeling more himself every minute, was both gratified and amused by her elderly manner and diminutive size.

"Say, are you Methusalem or a new baby?" he teased. "And where did you come from?"

"I am Antoinette, the Child Wonder, and I've come from the circus back in Springfield," she answered in a matter-of-fact voice. "Being Sunday, and my day off, I thought I'd spend it in the country."

"Good. I knew your face was familiar. Well, I'm off for the day in the country, too. Suppose we spend some of it together?" "That would be fun, only don't you think you'd better go home till you're mended up?"

"Oh, I'm all right; my head's as clear as a bell. Hop in, will you?" He rose, and swayed a little.

"You aren't all right. You'd better let me drive you home."

"Really, I must go on," he answered, torn between the importance of his errand and amusement at her grown-up tone. "But I tell you what: I'll ask you to drive me for a bit—until my head stops going round."

"Right-o. Can you climb in?"

Settling herself in the driver's seat, Antoinette pressed the self-starter with

the air of a veteran and soon they were bowling over the smooth road at an even, steady rate. Her short legs could scarcely reach the pedals, but that did not worry Antoinette in the least.

"Nice car," she observed conversationally.

"It sure is. I wouldn't trade it for the best."

They discussed various makes of motors and from that subject wandered on to others. Upon expressing a fear that he could not get her back in time for luncheon, Antoinette confided her plan of an all-day excursion; and, clutching the wheel with one hand, she thrust the other into her pocket, producing the two sandwiches in their somewhat grimy wrapper.

"Isn't that surprising! Do you know, I brought my lunch along, too!" exclaimed her friend, who long before this had proclaimed himself as Paul Duffield of Springfield. "I'm on my way to take a sum of money to an old man. Certain lawyers threaten to sell his house over his head if the interest isn't paid on his mortgage. I've got to get the money to him to-day, as there's no one else to do it, you see. I'm feeling as fit as a fiddle now, thanks to your doctoring. You're a good, all-round sport, Miss Antoinette."

Continued on page 74



Curtis Bell

"THAT FISH IS FOR US, ISN'T IT?"

was gradually gaining a good deal of momentum.

The semiconscious man had toppled forward across the steering-wheel, and Antoinette had some difficulty in getting hold of the wheel. But she succeeded in a moment and guided the car to the side of the road. Then she pulled on the emergency brake, an awkward performance, as she was leaning across it to hold the steering-wheel. But she succeeded and the car came to a stop.

But what to do next? She looked vainly up and down the road. It was deserted in the Sabbath stillness.

"I guess we're not on one of the through roads, or it'd be crowded," she thought. "I've got to get him to, somehow. Wonder if I'd better shove him over to the other seat and drive to a doctor's?"

Just then the man groaned and sat up.

"What in thunder's the matter?" he demanded, and, putting his hand to his head, stared in bewilderment at the blood on his fingers. "Oh, I remember; it's those hoboes back there. They stoned me because I wouldn't give them a lift. Good old car, to stop yourself. Hullo! Where'd you come from?"

"I saved you," Antoinette replied modestly. "What shall I do now?"



# IN PAWN TO A THRONE

BY DEMETRA VAKA and KENNETH BROWN

"IT IS daytime, my child," said Dr. Kastriotis, "and it is urgent that I should speak with you. I have just come from Kapetan Bysas's room. His soul left us in the night."

The girl became at once wide awake; yet the entire meaning of the doctor's words she could not grasp. Presently she put her hand on his arm.

"You don't mean that my great-grandfather is dead?"

"Yes, Artemis."

"And he died without my seeing him?"

The doctor nodded.

The girl put her arms on the window-sill and sobbed, without tears.

"He has gone, and I have not given him his answer," she murmured.

IN THE pale light of the new day Artemis Bysas and Dr. Kastriotis stood facing each other, the girl entreating passionately that she might go to the room where her great-grandfather was lying dead and give him the promise which would bind her young life forever to the Crown Prince and Dr. Kastriotis pleading with equal vehemence to curb the enthusiasm of her ardent fifteen years.

"No, Artemis; no, my child! Since I am now your guardian I will neither ask nor accept such a promise. On the contrary, if my entreaties have no weight, then I shall forbid you to pledge your word. You can not marry until you are eighteen. At eighteen give your promise, if you like. But whatever promise you might give now would be valueless, owing to your youth."

Thus Dr. Kastriotis argued with her, and finally his tact, and above all his appeal to her reasoning-power, won the day.

His battle with the Ecumenic Patriarch and his bishops was even more strenuous.

Not only was the Church desirous of placing a Greek woman on the Greek throne, but the Patriarch hoped, with a Bysas on the throne, to consolidate the free with the more numerous Greeks who were still enslaved.

It went hard with him to relinquish his dream, and only when the doctor was able to persuade him that the matter was deferred, not relinquished, and especially when the doctor convinced him that it was unfair to extract so important a promise from a fifteen-year-old girl, did the Patriarch give in, with a deep sigh.

THREE days later Kapetan Bysas, wrapped in a huge Greek flag, was laid in the tomb of his ancestors, in the land which he did not live to see freed from Turkish dominion.

The old dog, Axios, refusing all food, died, stretched on the grave of his master.

The very next day Artemis, accompanied by her governesses and the hereditary family servant, Spiro Milli-oti, now become her bodyguard, left Constantinople for her foreign travels.

IT WAS early twilight on a Fall day in 1916. The soft light of the early Winter enveloped the city of Washington, and lent it an appearance of age. In the drawing-room of one of those houses—they would have been termed palaces in Italy—built on the surrounding elevations of the city, sat a man young for his age, old in experience. One foot, deformed by a bandage, was reposing on a chair before him. Otherwise he was well and vigorous.

The door opened, and in came Elihu Peabody, Jr., in all the glory of his six feet two, his youth, and his good looks.

The greeting between the two men was not only affectionate, as between a good father and son; it was the friendly greeting of two men who liked each other heartily.

"But what is that?" Elihu inquired, pointing to the bandaged foot. "You haven't written me about any accident."

"It wasn't worth worrying you about—just a sprained ankle. It's nothing at all except that it keeps me from moving about. It cheated me out of meeting you in Chicago, or perhaps even farther West. But since you're here now it doesn't matter."

Elihu drew up a chair close to his father's.

"Now I want to hear all about everything," he said eagerly.

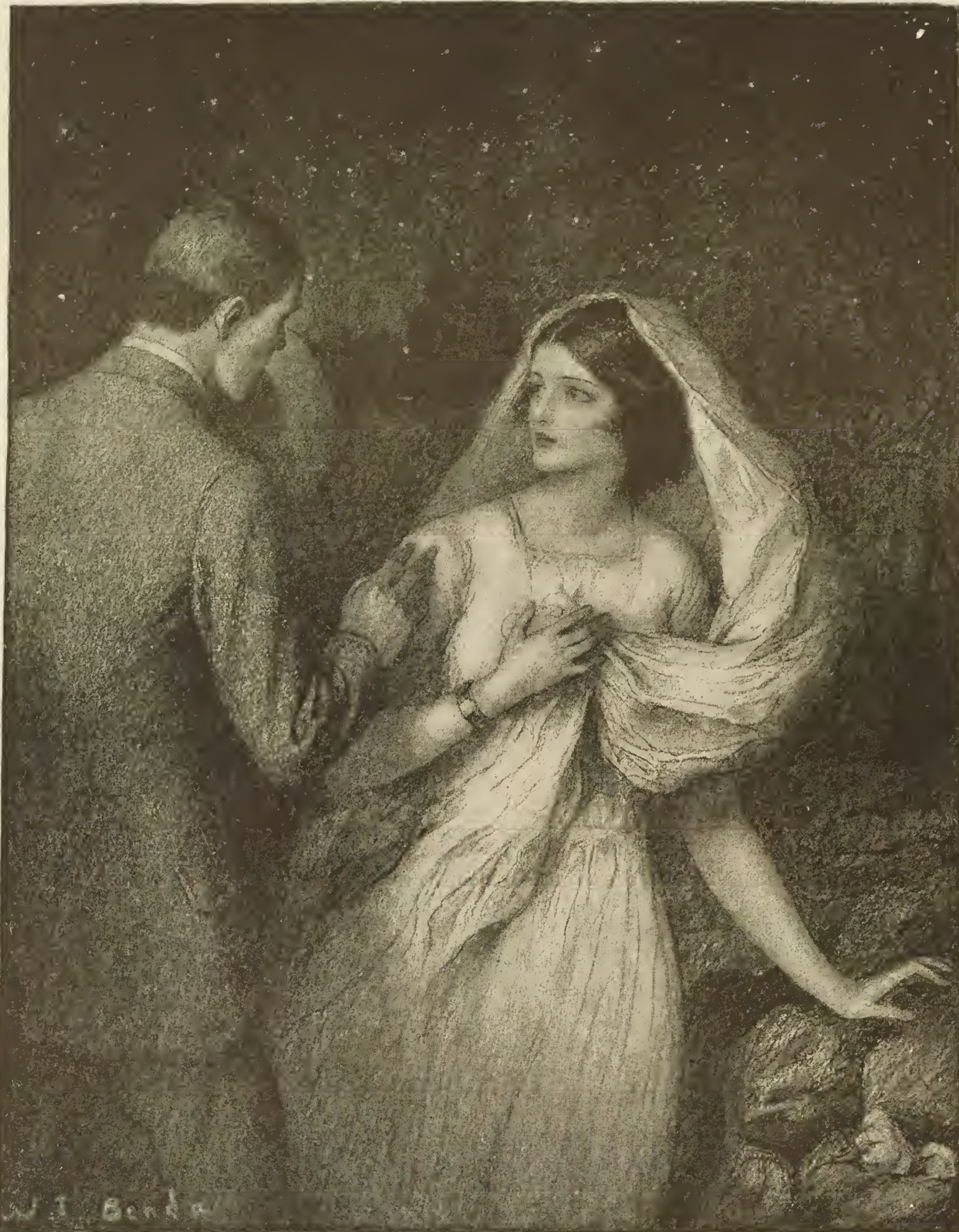
## THE STORY

Artemis Bysas is the last of the noble family that founded Byzantium, now Constantinople. Her great-grandfather, who is deeply resentful because she is a girl, trains her in manly fortitude and repression. But her sensitive nature, capable of the deepest feelings, shows itself in curious, solitary moments. For instance, she loves to imagine herself betrothed to a marble statue of a Greek youth in the garden.

When she is fifteen her great-grandfather and his friends, the heads of the Church, tell her that she is to marry the Crown Prince of the reigning family of Greece.

Artemis says nothing. But the Crown Prince does not look at all like the statue of the beautiful youth.

After a long struggle in her room at night, she decides to sacrifice her romantic dreams to her patriotic duty.



"There are people coming! Quick! You must not be caught!"

"All about what?" Mr. Peabody asked, smiling.

"Well, to begin with, why did you insist that I should keep on with my journey when the war began, instead of letting me get into the game? It wasn't the danger to me, I know."

"N-n-o, that wasn't the reason, though it may have weighed more with me than it would with you. I wanted you especially to see the various countries—especially of the Far East—under present war conditions, or near-war conditions. Now tell me what your impressions were about Japan."

They talked of Japan for a while, and then Elihu asked earnestly: "Do you think we are going into the war? And how do you feel about it? Out West they struck me as absolutely unwilling to have America help."

"Don't mind the West," Mr. Peabody answered slowly. "Unless Germany gives in on the submarine business—which, from private information, I know she won't do—we shall have to go in."

"You want us to, don't you, father?" Elihu asked with a trace of anxiety.

"Of course. I did from the first. I couldn't write you anything because letters are no longer private, and we bankers and 'big business' men have to be very careful about expressing our feelings at present. As it is, the German propaganda is industriously circulating the report that it is Wall Street and the money interests who are in favor of war. Of course we are, but it is only because we are a little quicker-seeing and farther-seeing than the man in the street."

DURING dinner they touched mostly on Elihu's impressions of the Near East when the war was started, of India, of Japan, and of China. Afterward the father, leaning on his son's strong arm, went back to the big room, which he had fallen into the habit of using in preference to his own study, because of the presence of his wife's portrait. It was only then that the two men began to talk of more homely and intimate things, and the hour was late when the father, placing a hand on his son's shoulder, asked in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Well, Elihu, how about it? Reached any decision?"

A shadow passed over the young man's features. Mr. Peabody noticed it, but waited.

"Father, I know your heart is set on my coming into the banking business."

"It is 'Peabody & Son,'" the father interposed gently.

"Yes, 'Peabody & Son,' but all the other sons cared for the business. I—well, I don't seem to see clear. I know you are very good not to press me, and to send me around the world before asking me to come to a decision."

"What is it that you wish to do?" asked the father.

"I want to take a part in the making of history; I want to be a diplomat."

"The more I saw and studied on this journey of mine, the plainer it became to me that the men who really control the destinies of the world are the diplomats—even more than the soldiers."

"I can see now how wise you were in opposing my wish to go into the Foreign Legion. The danger is there, no doubt, but the opportunity for doing really good constructive work is not."

"It's the unscrupulous diplomats of the past who have made the present war. It will have to be the honest and conscientious diplomats of the future who will have to make a peace that will last—a peace founded on justice and not on cut-throat politics."

"And I want to have a part, if only a small part, in making that peace."

Mr. Peabody had listened to his son attentively.

"The bankers and business men are makers of history also," he said slowly; "but I shall not oppose you if your heart is set on this career."

Elihu placed his hand over that of the older man.

"Father," he said earnestly, "you are the most reasonable man I know. Let me have this one trial."

"Let me go into the diplomatic service for a few years. Then if I find it does not come up to my expectations I will come back, and it shall be 'Peabody & Son' again."

"Very well, Elihu. If we both stay reasonable, we can not go far wrong."

"However you decide eventually, the experience you will get in the diplomatic corps will do you good, and since you can afford the experiment we will consider the matter settled."

"Now have you any particular place in mind where you would like to go?"

"I don't care, so long as it is in Europe, in the thick of things."

A LONG time after the two men had separated for the night, and after the younger man had gone to sleep, Mr. Peabody closed the big volume he was reading in bed. "Wonderful man, Napoleon," he murmured. "He held the world in his palm as no other man in history ever has, and he did it all by himself."

Mr. Peabody took off his glasses and put them carefully away in their case. Then his mind returned to his own affairs.

"It's heredity with Elihu, that is all. His mother was a bit hifalutin, as a woman without practical experience ought

Continued on page 77





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# BEAUTY SPOTS?

WHEREVER AMERICAN GIRLS ARE, OF COURSE!

The Summer of 1919 is going to be a happier one by far than several Summers past. Americans have always been clever camp-dwellers. With thousands of soldier-boys

back from the front and camp, and every lad his lassie, what a season it will be! The mere contemplation of the prospect makes the pulse-beat higher.

21

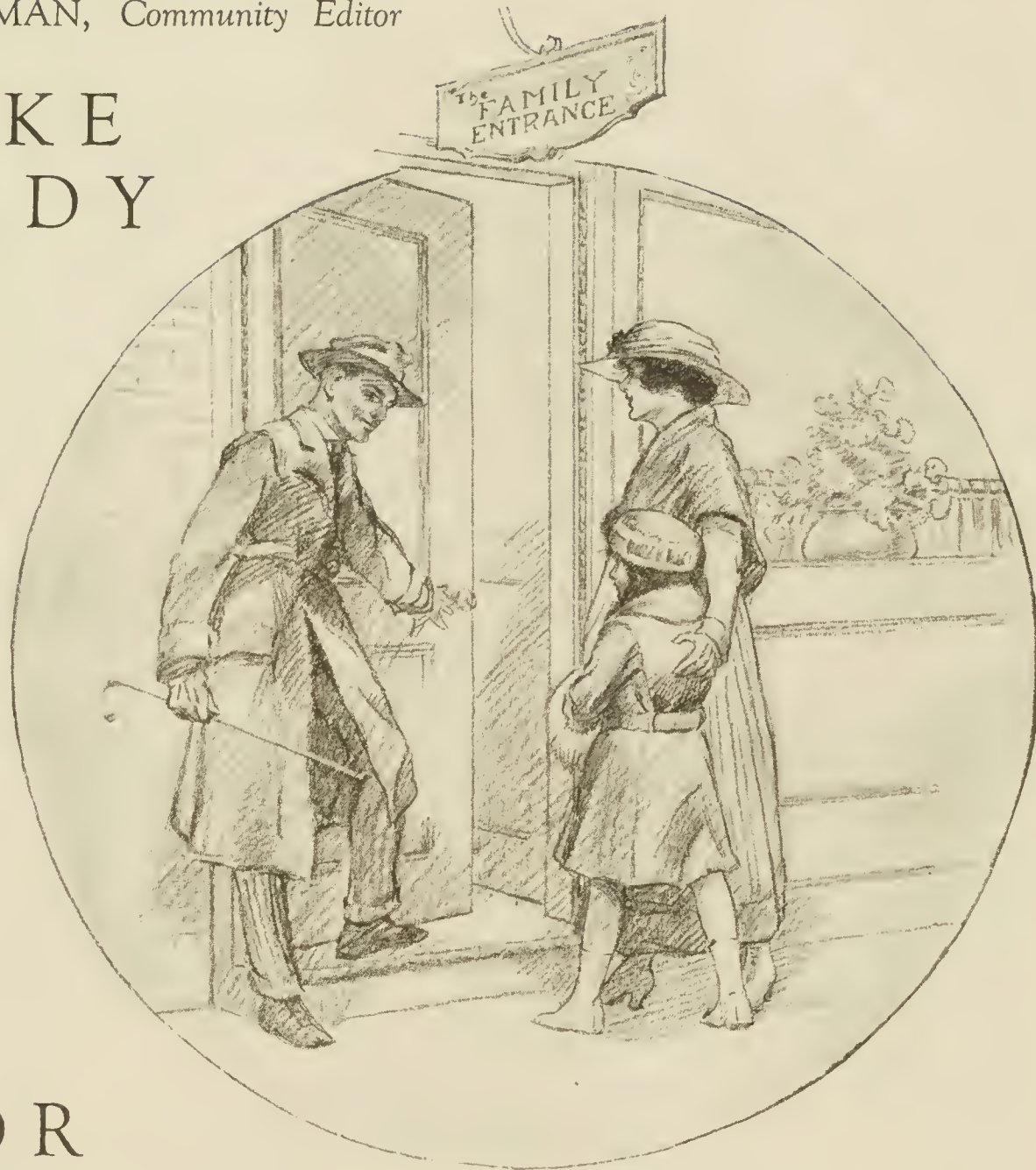
On another page of this issue of the magazine are printed some suggestions of practical working (or playing) value to campers.



# YOUR HOME TOWN FIRST

BY LUCIA B. HARRIMAN, Community Editor

## MAKE READY



## FOR ORGANIZED LEISURE

### A LETTER FROM A DELINEATOR READER

To the Editor of the Community Department:

Our town has three thousand five hundred people and thirteen saloons. We have no Y. M. C. A., no boys' club, and moving pictures but once a week. About the only place men can enjoy the fellowship of other men is in the saloon. Possibly that is the reason our town has thirteen.

On the first of July these saloons will close. Many of us have been hoping and working for this for years. Now that it is to be accomplished at one swift stroke, we are not sure that it will be altogether an unmixed blessing unless we can find something to take its place.

Our young men, restless and dissatisfied, have turned to the saloon and the poolroom for pleasure and sociability. Those who entered the service are coming back after being entertained on every hand.

Thanks to Uncle Sam's provision, the entertainment has been wholesome and many-sided. They have grown to expect it—to demand it.

What is there for them in our town now? So far as I can see, there will be even less than ever.

What can we do to make living in our town more worth while? What have other towns done to meet this problem?

F. C. N.

**T**HIS letter, with its terse statement of conditions and its fervent appeal for guidance, is representative of many that have been received by the Community Department since restrictive legislation became a fact and national prohibition a practical certainty. With sympathies quickened, the emotional life of the people deepened and a keener sense of responsibility for the common good aroused, there has come to many a vision of the larger life which may reasonably become the possession of all, through a transformation of our social habits, the organization of our leisure life.

Keeping in mind the pertinent questions put by our inquirer, we have asked men of national importance, who have been thinking along these lines, to tell DELINEATOR readers what they believe to be the responsibility of the community to the closed-saloon problem. Their replies are interesting, characteristic and full of suggestion.

To the Secretary of the Interior the displacement of the saloons by democratic social centers offers "tremendous possibilities" for the solution of the Americanization problem, an opportunity "for the Americanization of the soul through a broadening and deepening of the lives of our new citizens."

To Ole Hanson, Seattle's redoubtable mayor, "society is itself to blame for the conditions which have made men unhappy and discontented," and it is within itself that the remedy must be found to check the evil.

To Joseph Lee, president of the War Camp Community Service, basing his conviction on the evidence offered by the Service Clubs during the war period, the saloon, "converted into a club, properly administered and with proper place in the life of the community, will be a potent weapon against the unrest and disloyalty in our new democratic brotherhood."

George Coleman, president of the Open Forum National Council, who organized the famous Ford Hall Forum in Boston, believes that the open forum, with its stimulating

discussions, its opportunity for fellowship, is the ideal successor to the saloon, and he points to ten years of success at Ford Hall in proof of his contention.

John Collier, president of the National Community Center Association and director of the Training-School for Community Workers, in New York, has a vision of a vast system of community-reaction establishments that will be self-supporting, and, from the point of view of education, irresistible. "Not in many generations, but within ten years," he declares, "the leisure life, which means the conscious life, the spirit life, of the American people, could be made as interesting as the leisure life of ancient Athens was."

To bring about this transformation he recommends "the application of social invention, of business enterprise, of corporate methods, of adequate capital."

Says the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane: "Men have been led in the past to frequent the saloon as much for its social fellowship as from their desire to drink. The neighborhood saloon particularly has been a sort of a club providing its habitués with that jolly, care-free conviviality for which the human heart is always hungry. The power of such an institution for weal or woe in the lives of men is incalculable."

"The nation has now taken steps to destroy the saloon. It therefore becomes doubly incumbent upon us to provide a suitable center where men may freely meet and have that social contact with their fellows which they crave."

"The man of means provided this for himself in his club. The saloon has too often been the only available harbor for those to whom private clubs were things unknown. Yet what a wonderful community club, open and free to all, could be provided with a tithe of the money that is daily shoved across our bars!"

**G**IVEN a community center in which men and women and children may come together to enjoy the things which entertain, which educate, which recreate, and we have the most powerful generator of Americanism which could be devised. A building as free as the schools, equipped with those things which experience has shown attract the people, operated without institutionalism, without patronage, without unnecessary restrictions—a building where men of different tastes may find that which appeals to them most—a book to read, a quiet game, an easy chair for a contented smoke, a room in which to eat and drink and sing, moving pictures for mother and the kiddies, private theatricals and the dance for son and daughter—doesn't the picture disclose a vista of tremendous possibilities?

"True Americanization can not come into the lives of our foreign-born solely through education and naturalization—the one is but a preparation and the other a symbol. Americanization of the soul must come through a broadening and deepening of the lives of our new citizens. They must learn through social contact with their fellows of the great, warm, pulsing heart of the American people, which abhors injustice and oppression and seeks to bring into the lives of men everywhere the fullest measure of freedom and happiness."

"Unless the neighborhood assimilate and amalgamate its people, the nation obviously can never do so. Whether men are to be Americans, good and true, rests primarily with the community. This is what gives to the movement for the erection of Liberty Buildings and for the wider use of the schoolhouse as a community center its tremendous possibilities."

Mayor Ole Hanson's letter contains both warning and prophecy:

"The American working man is the only working man I know of who does not play and enjoy himself when he congregates with his fellows. There should be a place where he could play—at bowls, at billiards, at athletic games; a place for him to smoke and have coffee and soft drinks and every liberty possible consistent with good order and good morals. There should be but one requirement for admittance and that good behavior."

"Coffee-houses and places where clean games can be played must be established, otherwise the dive will get the boys and the low dance-hall the girls. These places must be democratic, savoring not at all of charity, or they will remain deserted. These people do not want a nickel's worth of amusement and a dollar's worth of condescension."

**T**HE I. W. W.'s have recognized the gregarious instinct of men and have established halls all over the West where their hell-inspired propaganda is disseminated by the printed and the spoken word.

"Society is itself to blame, to a great extent, for the spread of Bolshevik and I. W. W. doctrines. We must round up the anarchists and drive them from our land, but we must also change many of our old-time conditions, which have helped to make men discontented and unhappy."

"The workers, male and female, want no charity, nor do they want to be preached to. They are proud, not servile, and they want justice, not charity."

"The itinerant workers get the least out of life of all mankind. They build our railroads, our bridges and our tunnels; they plant the seed and harvest our crops; they fell the forest; yet when they seek recreation they find that society has failed to provide a place."

"Every community faces this responsibility and should aim to meet it. My own opinion is that churches should be thrown open seven days a week and remodeled in such a way as to minister to the community's need. The schools belong to the people, are paid for by the people and should be used by all the people as social centers."

"Reading-rooms should be established in connection with public-library work in all parts of our cities, especially in the lodging-house districts. In all centers provision should be made for the playing of all kinds of games and for gymnasium and bathing privileges."

"We must keep in mind the fact that the greatness of a nation can not be measured by its mines, its forests or its potential wealth. That country which best promotes the virtue, happiness, contentment and prosperity of all its people will always be best beloved."

**T**HE Open Forum will do some things the open saloon does and do them better," asserts George W. Coleman of Ford Hall Forum, Boston. "The saloon has always been a great place for men to hear themselves talk. The forum chairman can give the saloonkeeper a mile handicap in this matter and beat him to it."

"The forum magnifies many fold the fellowship of the ordinary, give-and-take barroom conversation. It gives a quicker, wider audience to any man with an idea than he is likely to find anywhere else. And it teaches him to be a good listener at the same time."

"The spirit, the freedom, of an open-forum discussion, dealing with difficult, delicate and what would be under other conditions dangerous questions, stimulates, stirs and

Continued on page 81





"Double good measure of vigor and pleasure  
In Campbell's 'Tomato' you find!  
Sustaining, inviting, all critics delighting—  
It strengthens both body and mind."



## You get double quantity and double value

Every can of Campbell's Soup gives you double the quantity of satisfying soup. And every spoonful is nourishing food.

When you consider the quantity, the quality, the beneficial effect on digestion and health—you'll say there is no better food-value on the market than

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

It has an energy value of its own.

In the ripe red Jersey tomato nature blends tonic acids, sugars, organic salts which strengthen digestion and aid the body processes of nutrition. In this wholesome soup these valuable properties are combined with other sustaining materials, so that it is distinctly nutritious as well as tempting.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it yields fifty per cent more energy than milk.

Beside its own nutritious qualities, its influence on digestion makes other food yield more nutriment. This fact makes it an important feature of the meal, an important means of health and good condition. There could be no value more vital than this.

Order this appetizing soup from your grocer by the dozen or more, and have it right at hand.

### Vegetable-Beef Soup—a new Campbell kind

Delicious vegetables and selected beef combined with a rich stock, making a soup remarkably hearty and substantial. A meal in itself. Try it.

**21 kinds 12c a can**

Asparagus  
Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken  
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)  
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder  
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Mock Turtle  
Mulligatawny  
Mutton  
Ox Tail

Pea  
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# Campbell's SOUPS

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*The only road to good times and prosperity is by every one now being patient and helping in the change from War Work to Peace Work.*  
U. S. DEPT. OF LABOR  
Wm. B. Wilson, Secretary.

# A CAMP THAT'S NOT A CAMP BUT SOMETHING THAT IS MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE AND CONVENIENT

BY RAYNE ADAMS

**W**HEN, during the first days of Spring, we think of the coming vacation days in the woods or country, we picture to ourselves the clear, cool mornings, the fresh greenery of the trees and grass, the inviting shade at midday and the long, peaceful evenings. The appeal is well-nigh irresistible.

Yet, after all, most of us dream of things that do not exist, or rather, which do not exist quite as we dream them.

We anticipate the pleasures of life and we habitually fail to guard ourselves against the disillusionment which our dreams often bring.

The woods are so full of charm, so prodigal in their gifts of health and repose, that it does seem ungrateful to think of life among the trees otherwise than as full of tranquillity and joy.

**Y**ET the serpent of doubt and experience enters. We do know, if we are willing to face the realities, that if the mornings are fresh and clear, so also are the black flies and midges particularly active at that time.

If the trees and fields are fresh and sweet, so also can they be gloomy, wet and sodden, cheerless and forlorn.

If the evenings are peaceful, the mosquitoes are not so to be characterized.

Finally, though in the Garden of Eden man undoubtedly bathed in crystal lakes and fountains, somehow his later and more faulty descendant finds the absence of the bathtub and hot water a serious impediment to his full appreciation of nature.

Of course the real woodsman lives near to nature, and would probably scorn the uses and advantages of modern conveniences, such as closets in which to keep his clothing dry, mosquito screens and plumbing. I am speaking for the majority of those who like the woods and the open life always, but who enjoy it most when they can be "comfortable."

**T**HERE are many of us who can not give up our connection with the city and the workaday world even though we have the opportunity to move into the country during the Summer months.

Consequently we must look for some type of compromise; something which will give us the necessities of comfort, while taking away as little as may be from the freedom and abandon of outdoor life in the woods and fields.

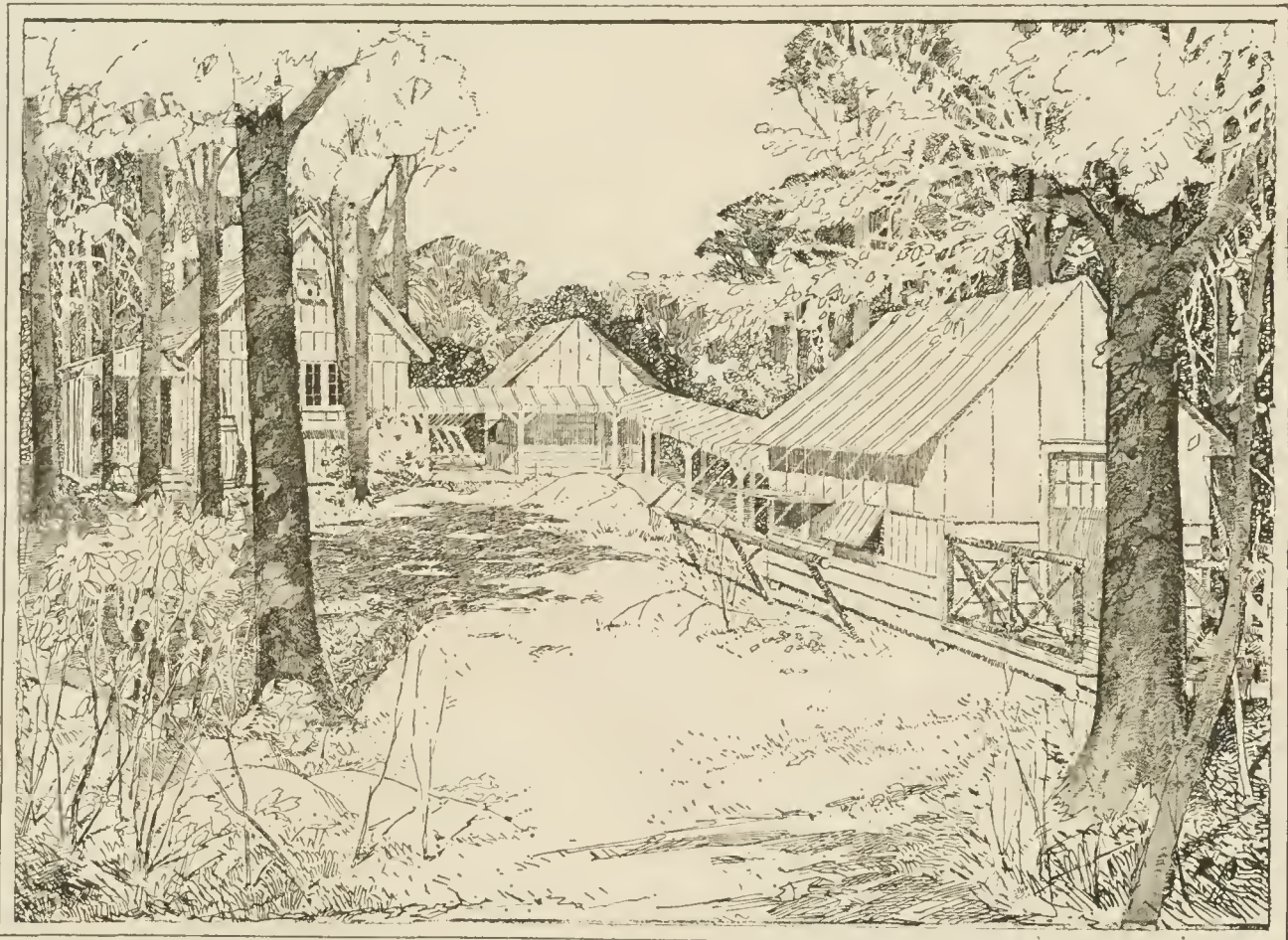
We need always a refreshing vacation for the children, and the idea of a home in the country holds its fascination for the home-builder.

contains a small living-room, which will also serve as a dining-room.

**A** FIREPLACE—or if that be too difficult to build, a stove may be installed—will give the warmth which is grateful and neces-

and wooden posts supporting a canvas top. The advantage of such a covered way on rainy days is obvious.

The tent flies and the passageway awnings should be painted with paraffin to protect the canvas from the effects of moisture.



THIS CAMPING HOME, WITH MODERN CONVENIENCES MAKES LIFE IN THE OPEN  
A REAL PLEASURE

sary on stormy and cold days of Spring and Autumn.

In addition to the living-room the plan is arranged to provide a small bedroom which may be used for emergency purposes, a kitchenette and a bath. As the drawings show, there is an attic space for storage, this space being reached by an outside staircase.

The building is of frame construction, the exterior being covered with siding or boards set vertically, narrow battens covering the joints.

The interior may be stained gray, to make it more attractive than it would be if left the natural wood color.

The tents are planned to be "fresh-air" sleeping-rooms.

To insure dryness they are set upon a wood

So protected the canvas will be serviceable for several years.

On cold days the tent bedrooms may be made comfortable with a small oil-stove.

Each tent contains a wooden-box clothes-closet; it is practicable also to make the closet of canvas.

Although it is not shown in the drawing, it is possible to arrange to have an extra fly over the projecting platform; in this way each tent has a small porch of its own.

Naturally the arrangement of the interiors of these tent rooms will vary with the requirements to be met, but the arrangement shown here may be recommended as practicable and livable.

**T**HE gravest and most difficult problem has yet to be touched upon—the water-supply and drainage.

After all, in camping out we do not care so much how or where we sleep, provided we have plenty of fresh air, nor how or where we have to cook, so long as what we have to eat is good.

But we soon tire of being deprived of good bathing facilities and we do appreciate hot water. If the water-supply comes from a well or spring it is feasible to install a small force-pump by which a tank may be filled. This tank may be in the attic space of the house, so as to insure sufficient "head" to the water.

There are several types of small hot-water heaters which are inexpensive and efficient, and one of these may be installed to give a supply of hot water.

The amount of hot water will, of course, be limited to the capacity of the heater, but with a small family it will be found to work satisfactorily enough. If it be possible to obtain electric power, an electrically driven pump will give a sufficient amount of water; the supply will be limited only by the supply given by the well or particular source from which the water is obtained.

The drainage system is of paramount importance.

The disposal of the drainage must be planned so it will not by any chance endanger the purity of the water-supply.

Under ordinary circumstances, in planning for such a camp as this, it is not within the limits of the allowable cost to install a complete system of plumbing, but there are certain systems which are practical, sanitary and inexpensive.

The United States Public Health Service has issued an excellent pamphlet, entitled "A Sanitary-Privy System for Unsewered Towns and Villages," Public Health Bulletin No. 89, which the Government furnishes upon application.

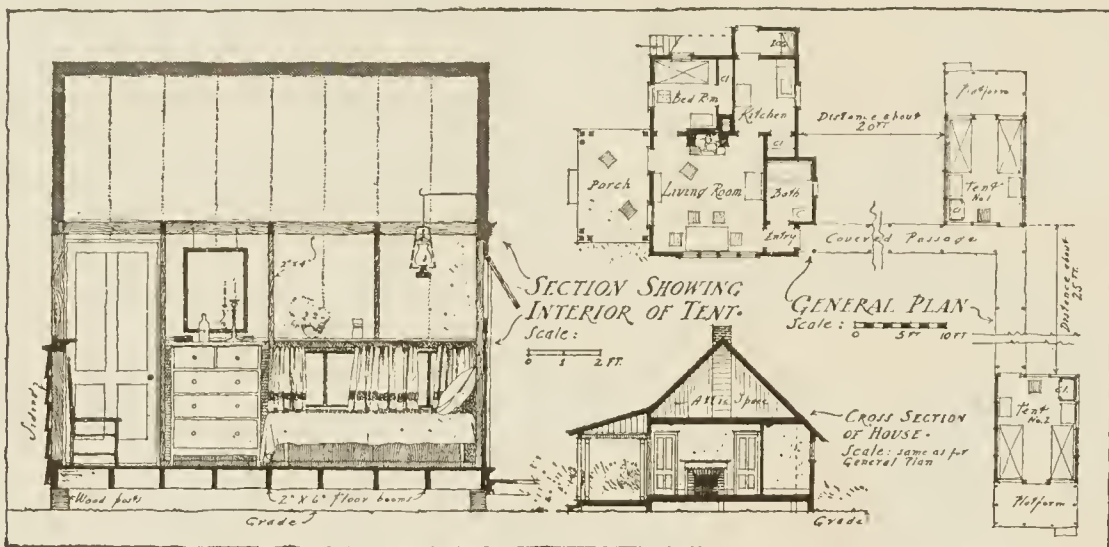
This pamphlet gives a full explanation of the simplest form of sewage-disposal, and THE DELINEATOR gladly recommends it to the attention of its readers.

**F**OR almost all real "home-builders" a great deal of joy is found not only in the planning of the home, but also in the actual construction.

Of course in the more elaborate grades of dwelling it is necessary to employ skilled labor, and the home-builder must be content to look on and watch others build.

But if he can devote some time and labor to the work, the cost will be materially reduced.

The plan of the house may be greatly simplified; it may, indeed, consist of only one large room which will serve as a dining-room, living-room and kitchen, to which a bathroom and closets may be added.



PLAN OF THE DELINEATOR'S SMALL HOUSE AND OUTLYING TENT BEDROOMS

How may we have such a home cheaply? Let us consider what are the essentials of such a home.

**S**UPPOSE the family is to consist of three or four members, and suppose it is possible to build somewhere in the country where land is not too expensive and where there is sufficient open space for the children to enjoy the sense of freedom, and enough trees to make them realize that the world, though it be gray for most of the year, is green for a season at least.

If there be adequate space about the home we shall live mostly out-of-doors. We shall need shelter against the rain and the occasional cold winds of Summer, but this shelter may be as simple and as small as the conditions will permit.

The solution of the problem as THE DELINEATOR has planned it presents two elements: a small house, which will be the place of refuge during the wet days, and the outlying tent bedrooms.

If the home-builder is fortunate enough to possess not only the land but a small shed or barn on the property, it may be remodeled to serve as a simple house, and, of course, some saving will be effected.

Or if by chance he can rent or buy cheaply an already existing house, perhaps too small in itself for his needs, by adding tent bedrooms he can easily have an adequate house.

But if it has to be built, let it be planned to cost as little as is consistent with the conveniences demanded.

The house planned by THE DELINEATOR

platform or floor raised a foot or so from the ground.

Upon this floor the stud framework is built, and a wood wainscot about three and one-half feet in height.

This wainscot, as the drawings on the page show, contains a series of openings in which screens are set.

These openings are protected on the outside by shutters hung at the top and operated by a cord from within.

In this way adequate ventilation, protection from the weather, and the necessary privacy are obtained.

Cretonne curtains may be hung on the interior at the openings.

Upon the wainscoting the canvas tent is placed, supported by the simple frame construction as shown in the drawing.

These canvas tents may be had in a variety of sizes, but perhaps the most practical size is nine feet by twelve feet.

**T**HE cost of the canvas tent may range from twenty-five to forty dollars, the price depending upon the quality of canvas.

The fly or overtent, which is very necessary for the protection of the tent from moisture and the excessive heat of the Summer sun, costs about one-half the price of the tent.

If a smaller tent is desired, it will be found that one seven feet by nine feet is large enough to use for a single bedroom.

The tents are planned to connect with the house by means of a covered passageway, which consists simply of wooden flooring



# "IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE" WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR FRANCE

## SEND YOUR GIFT TO-DAY

**BECAUSE** THE DELINEATOR's work of assisting France is assuming the proportion of a national memorial in the name of Lafayette, it is appropriate that there should be some permanent commemoration of it to be passed on to the generation to come.

An important phase of this great work is The Town of the Golden Book—in other words, the rehabilitation of the commune of Landres and Saint George. A fuller account of this notable enterprise will be given in our July number.

THE DELINEATOR has prepared a certificate which will be given in receipt for every money contribution that is sent to this office for the relief of France. The certificate, a facsimile of which is printed on this page, is engraved on handsome paper and illuminated in gold and in color. It may be framed and hung on the wall of the American home as a lasting reminder that your family participated in this country's practical expression of sympathy for France in the time of the great world war.

Not only individuals but groups like women's clubs, schools and churches and even towns are sending in contributions. War will not be over for France until homes are restored. The situation is desperate. Send your gift to-day.

EVERY day among the editor's mail that reaches THE DELINEATOR are letters that indicate all America is fired with the impulse to bring order out of the devastation and chaos of the conflict that is finished.

Mabel Potter Daggett, who has gone abroad as the special commissioner of THE DELINEATOR, is now in France to represent the readers of this magazine. THE DELINEATOR has arranged with the American Committee for Devastated France to execute the commissions which Mrs. Daggett, with headquarters in Paris, will pass on to them from you.

In response to the many-times-repeated inquiries: "What can we do for France?" THE DELINEATOR's reply is that the greatest need, of course, will continue to be money and more money. THE DELINEATOR will undertake the definite benefactions which so many of our readers, wishing to join in the French relief work, have in mind. Money sent for a specific purpose will be expended exactly in accordance with instructions.

When Mrs. Daggett sailed for Europe, she took with her a wide range of commissions. She will plant the two trees for the woman in Missouri who has sent this as a gift to a French home.

She will buy a goat for the Junior Red Cross of the High School in Everett, Washington, who have contributed twenty-five dollars to be thus expended to afford a milk supply for a family in France.

She will carefully execute the order of the Junior Red Cross of the Greenway School in Coleraine, Minnesota, who have sent sixty dollars and itemized its expenditure thus:

"For a 'Greenway Orchard,' twenty-five fruit trees at sixty cents, fifteen dollars; for the sixth grade, one sheep, fifteen dollars; for the fourth and fifth grades, one sheep, fifteen dollars; for the second and third grades, hens and chicken-eggs, ten dollars; for the first grade, chickens, three dollars; for the kindergarten, rabbit, two dollars."

And there are larger undertakings, like the investment of one hundred and seventy-five dollars sent by Coopersville, Michigan, to re-



Mabel Potter Daggett, who is in France in charge of DELINEATOR reconstruction work

habilitate a French family, and one thousand two hundred dollars from the school-children of Tulsa, Oklahoma, for a French school.

Many people are signifying a wish to "adopt" a child; that is, to pay for his maintenance in France.

The American Committee has established at Bouilly-Thierry a colony in which it has gathered a group of orphan children who have suffered the extreme of privation incident to the war. So starved and terrorized have the children been for four years that it is going to require every assistance of science to bring them back to normal childhood.

Because they must be specially nourished and

specially trained by experts, the expense of the care of these children is at the rate of one dollar a day. For three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year any reader of THE DELINEATOR may "adopt" a child at this colony. The sum can be divided among a group of contributors, each of whom will have a share in the little beneficiary.

But we are receiving requests from people who wish to assist a child who will be all their own and also may be unable to contribute a very large sum. A year ago it was estimated that seventy-five dollars would pay for the maintenance of a child for a year in the ordinary institution and thirty-five dollars more would cover the expense of his clothing.

Owing to the increased cost of all commodities, these figures no longer represent the entire expense. But we shall still be glad to accept those sums and pass them on to families to be used for a child in the home.

There is a very great need for the rehabilitation of the ruined homes. The sum of one hundred and seventy-five dollars contributed by a woman's club in America will go far toward equipping a household in France.

When the refugees have returned to their abandoned homes, they are in need of everything that human beings wear or use.

Send us thirty dollars and we can get for you a cookstove for a French home.

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After household needs, one of the most pressing requirements is for the rehabilitation of the educational system. The sum of five hundred dollars will equip a schoolroom ready for use, and seven hundred dollars will provide for the salaries of two teachers, one of manual training and one of domestic science, for one year.



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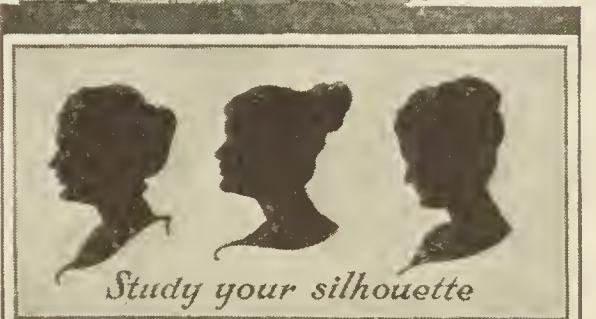
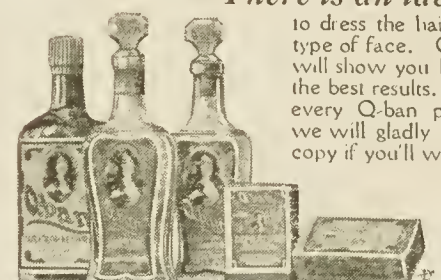
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## IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE



# THE DELINEATOR

has called upon the readers of this magazine to express their affection for our sister republic across the sea. And it is in memory of the hero of our own earlier history, the Marquis de Lafayette, who came to us from over there, that the homes of America have eagerly responded to the opportunity to assist in the rehabilitation of the war-wracked homes of France.

This is to Certify that, in pursuance of this nation-wide project,

"*Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS*"

has contributed, through The Butterick Publishing Company, to the relief and reconstruction work under the direction of the American Committee for Devastated France.

Signed *Honore Willson*  
The Butterick Publishing Company

Signed *Elizabeth Langford Sec.*  
The American Committee for Devastated France

Facsimile, reduced in size, of certificate sent each giver; the original is in colors





There is only one "Rust-Proof" Corset and that is Warner's Rust-Proof. See that the name, with the words "Every Corset Guaranteed" is inside the corset you buy.

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FRONT LACE BACK LACE

Do You Wear  
*Warner's*  
Rust-Proof  
Corsets



Charlotte Fairchild

## TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

TO BE or not to be! That's the question June comes lugging in every year along with her roses. And here she is again, just outside, tapping on your window-pane with a Hiawatha rose.

To be tanned or not to be! Whether it's better to be pink and frilly or to be browned with the wind of the sea or the sun of the tennis-court while the joy of the unbound outdoors sings in your heart—that's the June question.

How are you going to answer it?

EVEN if you're the pink and frilly kind, with floppy hats and fascinating sunshades, do let a little sun in! Your skin needs it. Your hair needs it. Your temperament needs it.

You massage with cold-cream in Winter to reinvigorate your skin; at least I hope you do, for everybody needs to, because cold roughens and dries the skin—now give it a change. Stop massaging and let old George Sun do it! Not a blatantly hot, sizzling sun, but a friendly, warm, golden sun that makes your skin pink and your hair fluff.

GO OUT under some lacy green tree and lie flat, with your face up, and let the sun and the wind play tag with you. Shut your eyes and let go. You're getting the best beauty massage you can get.

Just bask around in that thought a few minutes and then forget about it and think of something even more satisfying. Think of the world beginning anew; of romance; of gardens; of the Future.

Whether you are fifteen or forty, and no matter what your type is, you need exactly that.

Your mind needs change and diversion. So does your skin. So does your hair. The girl or woman who wants to keep shipshape is as faithful as Job, all Winter long, in her cold-creaming and her hair-brushing and her use of astringents and tonics.

June is now here, and whether or not you want to be tanned, it is an essential part of the health of the hair and skin to give them air.

WASH your face in cold water in the morning and then if you are going out and must powder, use light rice-powder. Just fluff it on; don't rub it in. When you come home, cleanse your face with a dampened wash-cloth.

Then put on a thin layer of cold-cream, and on top of that plenty of sweet-smelling astringent.

Then let your skin have sun, air and relaxation.

Keep your hair clean with a cleansing tonic and then just as often as you can, let your top-knot down, and if it is a cool, kindly June day, lie in the sun and soak health and vigor into you.

If you are the kind of person who has an idea she is not nice when she is tanned, then this program will not be easy for you. But please do be absolutely sure that it is not becoming to you to be tanned. It is better for your skin to tan than to powder and rouge and wear shade hats all Summer.

BUT if you really must be pink-and-white and parasoled, there are one or two good vanishing creams, harmless light rice-powder, and always an astringent and a good, pure

bleach you can use. If you lead an outdoor life during the Summer, you will not need to use so much skin-food; but if you work or frivol all Summer in about the same way you do in the Winter, you will have to feed the skin to keep it going.

AND if you motor much, whether you want to tan or not, you have to be very faithful about keeping the skin clean. Use some kind of vegetable mask now and then—whenever, in fact, you have been in thick dust.

Always apply cold-cream as soon as you can after coming in from motoring; follow that with a good dose of astringent. Wash your eyes in mild salt-water or boracic-acid water. Shake your hair and then rub it with a soft towel, and finally brush it, with long steady strokes, with an absolutely clean brush.

SUPPOSE you do want to tan but do not want the tan to last all Winter. Personally, I have yet to meet the tan that will last all Winter, but suppose you want to get rid of it before you get into town clothes that need pinkness and whiteness to carry them off.

That's a simple matter. Every night put on your skin-food and every day apply a good bleach and the trick is done.

That same bleach will pale your freckles; if they are very stubborn there are special lotions just for freckles that will remove them without harming your skin. The beloved vegetable mask will bleach you out in no time.

So will lemon, only it is too harsh for some skins. So will a cucumber, only it acts more slowly.

IT NEVER yet has hurt any complexion to tan. The thing that does hurt in Summer is to let dust get in and stay in, so that the skin coarsens; or to let the sun shine too hotly on us; that of course not only dries the skin and coarsens it but blisters our hair and addles our brains.

Just a nice, comfortable, careless tan is what every woman ought to have in Summer if she wants to help her skin all she can. It is becoming to nearly every one in light Summer clothes and it is good for the skin.

And you can always take it off in September with very little expense or trouble.

Wash your face in cold running water in the morning. And then let it alone until after you come out from bathing. If you are at the seashore, rinse it then to take off the salt. If you go out to play golf or tennis, powder a little, and wear a hat if the sun is very hot.

WHEN you have finished your game, wash your face again in cold water. Then before you go to bed cold-cream it, and wipe it off with a clean, soft linen cloth.

If you work in Summer, wipe your face and neck off at noon with cold-cream and astringent. Don't keep stuffing the pores with powder, or your skin will soon be oily.

Whenever you want to wash it with soap, Winter or Summer, cold-cream it first, leaving the cold-cream on for about five minutes, and then wash with soap while the cream is still on.

Once we went to parties, and not so very long ago either, that were so polite and formal we had all we could do to restrain ourselves from shouting, "Luddy-jane, give me air!"

That's the way we feel about skins in June—give them air! Give them air!



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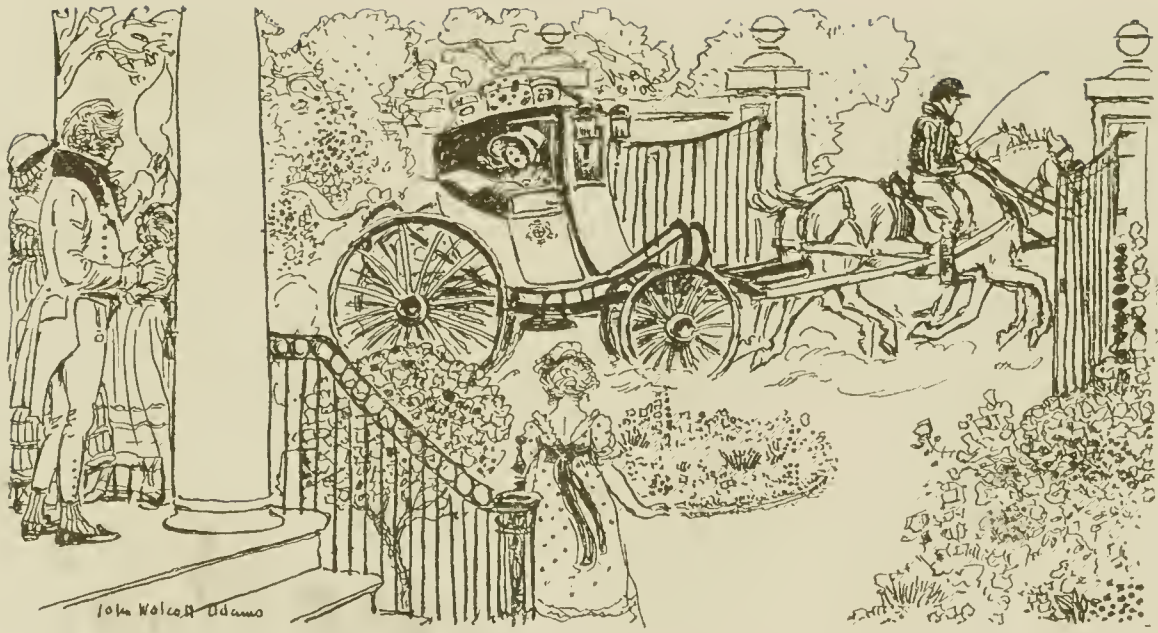
Made of soft, fine fabrics. Drawer just the proper width, athletic armholes, ventilated waistband and elastic backband—all comfort features.

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THE JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS PLACE-CARD FOR JUNE PARTIES

## ON THE EVE OF THE BRIDAL THE FINAL JOLLIFICATION

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

LAST year June weddings, like everything else, were of a military nature. Flags took the place of roses in the decorative scheme; tailored suits and uniforms put satin and black-and-white correctness out of vogue; and the martial strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were substituted for the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin."

But whether the wedding-knot of 1919 is tied simply in the bay-window at home or in front of a church altar, it will be done in the most bridal manner. Roses and daisies, white satin and flowing tulle veils, orange-blossoms and soft music are decidedly on this season's wedding program.

### PRENUPTIAL ENTERTAINING IS BACK

ALONG with the return to the wedding customs of the days before the great war will come the usual prenuptial program of entertainments, the showers, the teas, the bridesmaids' dinner to the bride, the farewell bachelor supper to the groom, and the jolly informal party given by the bride to the wedding-party.

This last affair usually takes place on the eve of the wedding-day, dividing the honor as well as the hours of the evening with the wedding rehearsal.

If the wedding is to take place at home, the decorations for the ceremony will be in readiness, so no extra decorations need be provided. If, however, the ceremony is to be performed in church, the house may be charmingly decorated with field daisies or with June roses.

Vases and jardinières filled with the blossoms should be placed in the living-room, in the halls, and on the porch. Japanese lanterns strung in the trees on the lawn or round the porch will add a touch of festive color.

### WEDDING FORTUNES ARE EXCITING

ALTHOUGH the guests at this affair are sure to be well acquainted, the wise hostess will make some provision for their entertainment. Wedding fortunes are not only appropriate but always exciting.

A novel way of telling will add to the interest. In the doorway of each room used for the party, suspend a bell covered with white crepe-paper and decorated with orange-blossoms or roses. To the guests are given three rubber balls and each one is allowed to try his luck at ringing the bells.

If, out of the three attempts, the player succeeds in ringing the bell once only, it means that he or she will not be married for two years. If he or she rings it twice, it means a wait of one year, and if all three balls produce a peal it signifies a wedding within the present year.

### A JOLLY PEEK INTO THE FUTURE

ANOTHER jolly way of looking into the matrimonial future is by means of rose-leaf charms. For this game each guest is given three rose-petals cut from pink crepe-paper.

On each petal he is requested to write the name or the initials of his three best loves. Then these names are rolled into tiny balls and dropped into a crystal bowl filled with magic water. The first one to rise to the surface is to be his future life-partner.

Refreshments may be served informally, buffet fashion. The men find seats for their partners and bring their refreshments to them. Ices in the shape of wedding-bells and cakes in heart shapes can be served nicely on one china plate.

### CUTTING THE WEDDING-CAKE LENDS EXCITEMENT

AT THE wedding-eve entertainment the old-fashioned but charming custom of cutting the wedding-cake may be followed. This cake in its thick, white icing and floral loveliness is brought in and placed upon a small table, and then each guest in turn cuts his own slice.

And although one may take part in this ceremony many times there is always a thrill of excitement upon discovering that one had cut the ring—at last—or the dime. And if one draws the unlucky thimble or the button, it is just as well to know the worst.

The evening ends with the drinking of toasts to the young couple. This ceremony takes place round a big punch-bowl, decorated with trailing vines and luscious bunches of grapes.

### WEDDING DECORATIONS

WHETHER to have the love-knot tied under one's own roof-tree or to be married in church is the first question that the bride-elect must settle before she can even begin to think of her wedding decorations. Each place has its advantages.

The church offers ample space for all the acquaintances of the young couple, and only the best friends need be invited to the home to the wedding breakfast, supper or reception which follows the ceremony. And if one is married at home, the expense is much less, and the wedding need not lose any of its charm and dignity.

Should the bride-to-be decide in favor of the church, she can make even the most inartistic chapel blossom like a rose-garden. If she remembers how a quaint, old-fashioned rose-garden looks in June, she can not do better than try to reproduce its loveliness and simplicity in her wedding-day decorations.

Potted palms, baskets of roses and a quaint little gate just like the one that opens into grandmother's beloved garden are the materials out of which the lovely dream is wrought.

The gate should be built about six rows from the altar and its green framework carefully covered with trailing vines. A basket filled with roses and possessing a particularly long handle hangs over the two sides of the gate, keeping it fastened until the little flower-girl who precedes the wedding party removes it.

A single long-stemmed rose may be tied to the end seat of each row, forming an avenue of flowers through which the bridal party passes; and baskets of roses, potted palms and plants bank the altar in a pleasing manner.

### DAISIES FOR HOME JUNE WEDDINGS

FOR a home June wedding, field daisies may be used, with fascinating results, for decorations. The same law of contrasts which suggested transforming a church into a rose-garden hints that the room in which the ceremony is to be performed at home may be made to resemble a chapel. A bay-window lends itself admirably to this scheme, offering just the niche in which to erect the altar.

A rather tall stand or pedestal, covered with white cheese-cloth and decorated with vines, makes an artistic substitute for a real altar. The window-shades should be closely drawn and a background of trailing vines arranged over the curtains.

Three pedestals placed on each side of the central altar covered with white cheese-cloth and vines are used to hold candelabra. A large wedding-bell covered with daisies may be hung just over the spot where the white-satin kneeling-cushions of the bride and groom are to be placed. A third kneeling-cushion should be provided for the use of the clergyman.

If any other decorations are needed to conceal the fireplace and to brighten the corners of the room, green palms or potted plants answer the purpose better than flowers. Moderation in the use of decorations procures a much better result than elaborate profusion.

### THE BRIDE'S MOTHER-GOOSE SHOWER

A SHORT visit to the realms of childhood makes a merry entertainment for the bride-to-be. The guest of honor may be asked to present herself as *Curly Locks*. The hostess is *Mother Goose* herself.

Those invited are asked to represent the different nursery-rhyme characters. Masks, false noses, paper caps and aprons will convey the idea merrily.

The guest of honor should arrive about fifteen or twenty minutes before the other guests. *Mother Goose* brings up each newcomer to the bride-to-be and makes the presentation in character. The introduction would be something like this:

"Dear *Curly Locks*, I am anxious to have you know *Mrs. Jack Sprat*. *Mrs. Sprat*, I believe you have a little surprise for *Curly Locks*."

Accordingly *Mrs. Jack Sprat* presents something appropriate to her character, as a meat-platter, a carving-knife, a gravy-boat.

Each successive guest represents her character in her gift in the same way. Here are suggestions for some of them:

*Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty* brings a table egg-boiler, egg-cups, egg-dipper, egg recipe-book, egg-basket or egg-shaped flower-holder or match-safe.

*Mary, Mary* gives garden tools, a garden apron, sunbonnet, seeds, bulbs, book on gardening or a potted plant.

*Mother Hubbard* presents a wire-enclosed cupboard for kitchen utensils, a medicine-chest, a match-safe or a dog.

*Jill* brings a mop, a pail, housecloths, scrubbing-brushes or first-aid remedies.

*Mrs. Peter Piper*'s gift is a bottle of pickled peppers. And so on.



*"—and for this silver  
I hoped and hoped!"*

Happy is the maiden who can count among her cherished possessions a selection of the fine silverware that is known everywhere by the quality-mark "1847 ROGERS BROS."

When time has dimmed the beauty and lessened the usefulness of other gifts, her silver will still be her daily pride—to be cherished and handed down to the next generation.

In many of the patterns a complete silver service may be had with Tea and Coffee sets, etc., to match the knives, spoons and forks.

*1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate is made in one quality only—the best. Teaspoons, \$3.00 a set of six. Other pieces in proportion. Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalog "F-17."*



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SILVERWARE

*The Family Plate for Seventy Years*





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Every Woman's Depilatory

**Remove Hair**  
the Common-sense Way

IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem. De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs. De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine De Miracle has a money back guarantee in each package. FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

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YOU'LL like its extreme fineness—the charm of the distinctive odor—the way it stays on without showing and you'll like it because it is a Henry Tetlow quality creation.

Obtainable in White, Flesh Pink, Cream and Brunette. 50 cents a box.

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Pussywillow Powder Tablets in White and Flesh. Pussywillow Rouge in Rose and Brunette. Both in purse-size box with puff, 50c each. Ask your dealer for them.

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Makers of Pussywillow Dry Shampoo  
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MISS VAN BLARCOM  
THE DELINEATOR'S Infant-Hygiene Specialist

# MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES

AND COMFORTABLE, TOO, BY COPING WITH COLIC

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

IF THE road to a man's affections and good humor is through his stomach, much more emphatically is it true that the great highway to a baby's happiness and well-being is through his struggling little digestive organs.

When the baby's father is not eating just as he should, he proceeds to kick the cat, scowl at you and settle himself down to the enjoyment of a grouch.

But the baby's way of manifesting discomfort is even more positive. When his food disagrees with him, he shows it by unmistakable signs and shows it so insistently that immediate steps are taken to give him relief. Fortunately for him there is no ignoring the shrill crying of a colicky baby.

## BABY PAYS, TOO, FOR DIET ERRORS

I SAW a baby a few days ago who was paying up in this way for indiscretions in diet. The diet was his, but the indiscretions were his mother's.

She is one of my friends, and with great pride invited me to come to behold her perfect specimen of a baby. And so I went late one afternoon.

As soon as I stepped inside the house, my ear was assailed by loud shrieks coming from the very baby that I had come to marvel at. The young mother with deep chagrin explained that her model of all that was good and beautiful was, for some reason, neither good nor beautiful just then.

Completely crestfallen, she ushered me into the Presence. There I saw, not a model of infant superiority, but just a poor, struggling little baby, screaming a passionate protest against a most commonplace baby ill—colic.

But unhappily this was not the worst of his troubles. He was lying face downward on his distracted grandmother's knees, and after the manner of all too many grandmothers this well-intentioned lady was slapping the baby on his back and trotting him up and down on her knees as hard and fast as she could.

Even if he had not had colic, I should not have wondered at his ear-splitting shrieks, for all unconsciously the good lady was doing as many things as possible at one time to excite him and increase his suffering. But even upon such marked provocation as this he could not kick the cat, so he took a good part of it out in screaming.

## THE PICTURE OF WO

HIS poor little face was drawn and red from crying, and flooded with tears. His fists were clenched tight, and both they and his feet were cold. When I turned him on his back and felt of his abdomen, I found that it was hard and distended.

I stood by and watched him for a few moments and noticed that every little while he would stop crying and then suddenly begin again; that he would draw up his little legs, double up his body and then straighten out with a jerk. Every note in his voice and twitch of his body gave proof that he was frantic with pain.

Forgetting entirely that I had come to pay obeisance, and hearing only the baby's shrieks and the mother's despairing plea for help, I rescued the exhausted little fellow from his grandmother's violently heaving lap.

## SOME EASY REMEDIES

I GAVE him a tablespoon of hot water containing half of a soda-mint tablet, placed him in his crib and covered him warmly.

Then I gave him an enema of eight ounces—half a pint—of water, to which I had added half a teaspoon of salt, testing it carefully with a bath thermometer to see that it was just one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit. This emptied the lower bowel and helped him to expel the gas that so troubled him, thus giving a certain amount of relief at once.

I gently rubbed the little abdomen with vaseline for a moment and covered it with a flannel cloth wrung out of hot water. I changed this cloth every five minutes for a

while, so as to be sure that it was kept warm, taking care to protect his clothing and the bed from getting wet.

I put a hot-water bag at his feet, and very shortly he peacefully went off to sleep. I suggested to his mother that she omit the next feeding or two and give barley-water instead, so as to let his tired little stomach have a rest.

## WHY DID HE CRY?

NOW that it was quiet enough for us to hear ourselves think, and also speak, the perplexed young mother asked if I had any idea why her baby should have had such an attack, which, she volunteered, was not the first. She was in real distress about her baby's suffering and anxious to prevent other attacks if she could.

She went on to tell me that she nursed him regularly at three-hour intervals, never oftener. She took great pains with all the details of his care and said he was gaining steadily in weight and that although he was inclined to be constipated he seemed well in every other respect. She was completely at a loss to understand why he should have attacks such as I had just seen.

I explained to her that colic was always due to indigestion, no matter whether the baby was breast-fed or bottle-fed; that when a baby had colic his food in some respect was not exactly suited to his digestive powers or it was not properly given. One may find that there is in the food too much proteid—that part of the milk that forms into a curd—or so much starch and sugar that they give the baby trouble by causing fermentation.

The actual pain is usually caused by gas or undigested food in the intestines.

Some babies make trouble for themselves by swallowing air. They may do this while feeding or they may swallow it alone or while using a pacifier.

Colic also may follow a chilling of the surface of the body.

Since my friend was nursing her baby at proper intervals and for the proper length of time, it looked as if the trouble were with the quality of her milk. The way to relieve the baby, then, would be to alter her milk by changing her mode of living. We learned that that was the course to follow.

## MOTHER DIDN'T TAKE CARE OF HERSELF

SHE was making the mistake that many young mothers make. She was devoting all her care to her baby and forgetting that it was necessary to his well-being to care also for herself.

In general she was very well, but as we talked along I found that she ate rather heartily of rich food; that she was constipated; that she exercised when she conveniently could, and that meant very irregularly. She admitted that she was nervous, easily worried and upset and was not having very good nights.

I quite understood then why the baby upstairs had had colic. Constipation, nervousness, anxiety and lack of exercise in the mother can so change her milk that it will give the baby indigestion.

I advised my friend to regulate her own bowels first of all, making sure that they moved daily; that she eat more generously of fruit and vegetables, drink more water, milk and cocoa and creamed soups; that she give up tea and drink very little coffee.

I explained that no matter what might be the state of her household affairs she should walk in the open air for an hour and a half to two hours every morning and an hour every afternoon. If as much walking as that tired her, I warned her to walk less, since fatigue would affect her milk as unfavorably as would a lack of exercise.

Then I suggested that she end the day by going to bed early in order to get at least eight hours' sleep, and this in a well-ventilated room. She said that nothing in the world mattered

as much, just then, as her baby's welfare. And so she agreed eagerly to follow my advice in the belief that he would profit by it and be saved from those distressing attacks of colic. All of this was several days ago.

## NOW COOS REPLACE SHRIEKS

SHE tells me now that she has followed faithfully the course we outlined for her own daily life. She is sure that the walks in the open air have helped her to sleep more soundly and that she is feeling much less worried and nervous.

The baby? He has quite lived down the humiliation of that stormy afternoon and is once more restored to his rightful position on the family shrine, where he tranquilly receives homage and obeisance.

I can imagine some one saying: "But what can I do about my colicky baby who is of necessity being brought up on the bottle?"

You can do the same things to relieve a painful attack that I did for my friend's baby, and then ward off future attacks by removing the cause.

## HOW TO HEAD OFF COLIC

THE cause, remember, is always indigestion. The food may be too weak or too strong, or possibly it is given too rapidly or too often.

If there is too large a hole in the nipple, your baby will nurse too fast and almost certainly have colic, no matter how accurately balanced the food may be.

If none of these details is at fault, the constituents of the milk may be present in unsuitable proportions; perhaps not unsuitable for ninety-nine babies who are the same age as yours, but unsuitable for your own baby's digestive tract to cope with.

And it is your baby, doubled up with colic, that concerns you, not the other ninety-nine that are all right. Recognize the fact that if your baby has habitual colic his food is wrong somewhere and get your doctor to advise you about righting it.

Remember to hold your baby over your shoulder for a few moments after each feeding to help him bring up any air he may have swallowed. And remember to give drinking-water regularly between meals as one means of guarding against colic.

Every baby should have eight or ten ounces of drinking-water every day.

As this feeding question is a difficult one, and as even a slight error may give trouble, we find that very few babies pass their first milestone without having had colic. They usually have this painful malady while very young, or before the fifth month, but they may have it later.

Since colic is due to improper food, very severe cases sometimes go hand in hand with malnutrition, that disorder in which the baby loses weight and strength to such an alarming degree.

But very often the baby who is subject to colic is well and happy and good-humored until an attack of pain overtakes him. The attacks may occur several times a day after feeding, or they may not come until late afternoon or evening, as was the case with my friend's baby.

## CONSTIPATION

IT IS an ill wind that blows nobody good, and when my friend's little son made a shrieking announcement of his colicky pain on that memorable afternoon he did himself a good turn.

You will remember that his mother told me he was bothered with constipation, which is one of the most troublesome of baby ailments. It is very common, too.

The tiny digestive tract with its very new and untried nerves and muscles is so delicate that it is easily upset and finds it hard sometimes to do the work given to it. And so the colicky baby usually has constipation too.

But we have come to the bottom of the page, so I am going to talk more about it next month; also about that other arch enemy, convulsions.



# THE RED FRUITS OF JUNE

To learn how to make the treats pictured on this page, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to FLORA G. ORR, Home-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City



STRAWBERRY SAINT NICHOLAS—m-m-m! Have some! It's frozen—yes, but it's as different from an ordinary ice-cream as you can imagine. Appreciation needs no urging after the first mouthful



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## BUYING FOR THE DINNER WITH SEVERAL MEALS IN VIEW

BY ANNA BARROWS

Instructor and Demonstrator, Foods and Cookery, Teachers College

WHETHER you have dinner at noon or night, the easiest way is to begin its preparation at breakfast-time. The burden of choosing and preparing food for the day is far less when the day is mapped out in advance and, if possible, all supplies are under our roof the night before.

Those who have tried that plan and the hand-to-mouth lack of planning realize that the habit of being twenty-four hours ahead gives peace of mind and saves energy.

Then after the simple preparations for breakfast have been started, a few well-considered motions will start dinner, or at least such things as require time to bring them to perfection.

DURING the war, one- or two-course dinners were found to satisfy hunger if reasonable thought was given to their choice and serving.

An immense amount of labor was saved, and only by such reduction in the daily routine did many women find time for Red Cross work and other war work. Why go back to more extended menus?

Let us rather plan for a greater variety through the month, and serve fewer dishes at one meal. Only for the holiday or the birthday festival should more than three courses appear on a family table.

If we can find an interrupted hour, by all means let us plan a series of dinners for our family for a month to come. Breakfasts are almost automatic in most households nowadays, and luncheon or supper is often an outcome of the dinner of the previous day.

Once a good list of dinners and logical sequences in the other meals are outlined for a month or even a fortnight, it may be repeated, in the main, month by month, using the foods in season.

FISH or meat, fruit or vegetable, is at its cheapest and also at its very best when most abundant. It does not pay to anticipate the season to any extent.

True, there is a special relish about the first pink rhubarb in the market or the fresh onions or new potatoes from the South, but use them only once or twice for the birthday or Sunday dinner, and in small quantities, until they become cheaper and more general.

Strawberries, too early, have little flavor, and if they are provided often will not be appreciated when local berries are available. When at their very best, foods are not improved by putting them through elaborate processes or blending them with other materials. They are best in their simplest form.

But at times there are bargains in the markets, and an elaborate recipe may be our ally in transforming an odd cut of meat or a wilted vegetable into a savory dish.

A good beefsteak is best without a seasoned sauce, but a tough cut will be more appetizing if braised in a flavored gravy.

Already we have learned that it pays to know the composition and nutritive values of our foods, that often we have spent our money "for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not." In the past we have frequently paid a high price for water, when a chemist would be unable to justify us; now we are learning the dried products of our gardens may be made appetizing by long soaking and then a short period of gentle cooking.

ACCORDING to our plan for each day, half of the money allotted is to be expended for dinner, and the other half must provide breakfast and luncheon or supper. Of the dinner money, the meat is likely to take the lion's share.

With a small family it is usually better to buy enough of the meat or fish for two dinners than for one at a time. This quantity may be divided, before cooking, in a way to get the best results, and often something will be saved in the price.

In general, two to four ounces of meat for each member of the family will be enough. When there is little refuse in the form of skin and bone in a steak or a slice of halibut, the smaller portion will serve.

But this means that every scrap of bone and fat must yield substance and flavor, and nothing be wasted. For a stew, one ounce of clear meat with some bone and fat with plenty of vegetables and dumplings will make a serving.

IN HAMBURG steak, or meat loaf, two ounces of chopped meat for each person, with the addition of some crumbs, and served with a good brown gravy, will give relish to much potato and other vegetables.

For the holiday or Sunday dinner many housewives buy a choice, large roast and use the remainder of it for several days. This might be done occasionally, but usually better results follow a division before cooking, or at least before serving. A family has a tendency to undervalue any food which appears in similar form several days in succession.

This is usually necessary with turkey, but, because of its cost, that appears seldom on most tables. Even a chicken of four or five pounds may now cost two dollars or more; and few families of four or six persons can afford to allow for each person half a pound of meat costing forty to fifty cents a pound, especially when that pound includes bones and refuse.

If a fowl is roasted, it should be understood by the family that but half is to be served the first day, that there must be another dinner of cold or reheated chicken. This costly meat may be extended by a stuffing, but it is thought to "go farther" when stewed. Certainly it is simpler to divide a fowl for two dinners after stewing than when it has been roasted. As soon as the meat is tender, but before it has

begun to fall away from the bones, the dark and light meat may be separated and the dark joints browned in fat and served in a brown gravy.

Another day the white portions may be reheated in a white sauce or be used for a salad.

Some one is probably exclaiming at the idea of serving chicken salad as a dinner meat. Is it not time that the customs derived from traditions or barbarous ancestors should give way to what modern scientists tell us of food values?

Apparently the fresh roast meant so much to the primitive housekeeper after a season of scarcity that she exalted it to a high position as "the thing," and we have followed her blindly ever since.

If we eat two ounces to four ounces of meat we get a definite amount of nutritive material from it according to its chemical composition, and not because of any name we may give to it at the time. Whatever is used to flavor or garnish may or may not have real value.

Often it would mean hours of leisure for the house-mother if she would take time to teach her family some of the fundamental principles of nutrition. Then she might cook the chicken on Saturday and partially prepare the salad also, and let it be the main dish for the Sunday dinner, supplemented by other dishes that likewise might be started the previous day.

Thus Sunday might be a day of rest instead of the hardest of the week as it now is in many households. This has doubtless come about because on that day the family dine together and have leisure to enjoy their food, but the mother should not be so desirous of pampering them that she neglects herself. Many Monday headaches would be saved if the dinner of the day before offered fewer goodies.

Where jellied chicken or salad is the main dish for a dinner, it is a wise plan to have a hot soup precede it or a hot dessert follow it. A steamed suet pudding would be more suitable than to follow a roast.

SUPPOSE we plan a list of meats for Summer for a fortnight, but in such an elastic way that it may be adapted to the market supplies available, or to the unforeseen conditions often arising in any home. Each week there should be variety with due regard to the season of each food.

Certain fish have a short season; others, like halibut, may be had most of the year. Americans do not eat so much fish as they might, but we should plan to serve fish at least once a week and twice if possible.

At one time it may be a loaf of canned salmon; at another time a carefully prepared salt-cod dinner; or it may be a slice of halibut boned and baked, or a chowder made of fresh cod or haddock.

Fowl may appear oftener if used, as suggested, to make two dinners of what often serves but one. We may then plan for the two meals each week or but once in a fortnight.

Salt meats should have a place at least once in the week, but often it is wise to boil corned beef or ham enough for at least two dinners, to be served hot at one meal and cold at another and to be pressed so that it may be cut in firm slices.

A slice of ham to fry, or sliced bacon with eggs, are convenient dinners when there is not time to cook stews. Such meats may be kept on hand for days in a cool place.

Thus far we have listed half of the dinners for the two weeks, and we still have the possibilities of beefsteak, roast, loaf, and stews or braised meats. Lamb is in season now.

Fresh pork need not be wholly omitted in Summer, but is more suitable in cold weather. There are yet such meats as sausage, calves' liver or beeves' liver. The heart of any animal is excellent when it has been stuffed and steamed till tender and then finished in a casserole with a well-flavored sauce.

IN THIS series of articles we are planning to cook meat but once each day. Yet even on this moderate basis there will be a little meat left now and then if not every day.

Often two scraps together will make enough for hash or croquettes for luncheon.

During the Summer, wherever there is a home vegetable-garden, considerable use may be made of the fat salt pork and bacon and ham, and of the salted fish and meats, as they are especially adapted to give relish and more flavor to some vegetables.

Greens of all sorts are now known to be more valuable foods than their water content would indicate, because they contain minerals and vitamins which are essential to our well-being.

Some form of dessert is desired by most families, and too often this is what is most convenient rather than such as would best balance the other foods served at the same meal. The puddings containing much milk and egg should be reserved for dinners where there is little or no meat.

BAKED beans may fittingly be accompanied by the baked Indian pudding of Colonial days, or by a custard or by creamy rice pudding, for we are told that the proteins of the legumes need those of milk to form a complete diet, as far as the protein food in it is concerned, though it is not essential that they be served at the same meal.

Roast pork is rich in fat and would better be followed by a dessert containing little. The fish chowder may give ample nutriment, but may not "stay by," therefore a substantial it steamed pudding or pie will not be out of place.

Naturally, cold desserts are most agreeable on hot days. Often it is far better to serve ripe fruit than to spend time and fuel in making pies or puddings.

Next month I shall discuss the planning of supper or luncheon



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"Be sure the Eagle  
is on the Label"

## KEEP THE FIRELESS BUSY IT ROASTS, BROILS, BOILS, BAKES

BY FLORA G. ORR

HOME-ECONOMICS EDITOR

THE fireless cooker can cook almost anything. It is excellent for cereals, but soups and stews can also claim its services; it is a success for vegetables as well as meats; or it will bake your bread, your pies and cakes.

On canning days it will take care of either fruit or vegetables and since it is just as capable of keeping out heat as it is of holding it, there is no better way of packing a mousse or parfait.

ALL nutrition experts recognize the value of soups and occasionally preach about their use. On the face of it, soup seems an economical dish.

Meat and bones for use in this way cost but little and the vegetables are usually left-overs. But long cooking over a fire and the constant watching involved make it expensive unless the fireless cooker is employed.

To cook soups in the fireless cooker, allow them to boil slowly on the stove for ten minutes and then remove them to the fireless cooker, where they may remain from four to eight hours. One radiator in the bottom of the compartment is used.

### CUTTING THE MEAT BILLS

MEATS cooked in the fireless can hardly be made anything but delicious. The cheapest cuts respond to treatment and come forth juicy, tender and delicious. Any method of cooking may be employed with success.

When boiling meat, cook as usual on the stove for fifteen or twenty minutes, then transfer to the cooker for three to eight hours, using one radiator in the bottom of the compartment. Tongues are usually boiled and hearts may be treated in this way.

Stews are prepared as usual, boiled for ten minutes or so, and then transferred to the cooker to remain for about three hours or until wanted.

Like meat, fish may be baked, boiled, scalloped, steamed or made into a loaf and be delicious when it emerges from the fireless.

Staying in the fireless a considerable length of time after it is done will not cause it to fall to pieces, but one hour or less will "see it through." When it is a baked fish, two radiators are used: if it is boiled or steamed, only one radiator in the bottom is necessary.

To cook vegetables it is necessary only to prepare them as usual, pour over them a small amount of boiling water and then place them in the cooker with the heated radiator at the bottom. Two radiators are used only when baking vegetables.

### BAKES BROWN BUT DOES NOT BURN

BREAD, biscuits, cakes and pies may be baked in the fireless with pronounced success. The crusts are browned to the right turn, yet there is no danger of burning.

In baking, of course, prepare the products as usual, then set in the cooker, using the baking rack, each baking between two hot radiators. Two bakings can be done at one time by using the middle radiator as the bottom radiator for one baking and as the top radiator for the other.

The time for baking and temperature for the radiators vary with the dish to be baked. Yeast bread requires about one hour for each loaf, quick breads will bake in one-half to one hour, cakes require forty-five minutes to an hour, excepting fruit-cakes, which need a much longer time—three or four hours or even overnight.

Breads to be steamed may be packed in a mold and put into the eight-quart pail surrounded by boiling water. After a preliminary fifteen-minute boiling on the stove, transfer to the fireless and cook for three hours over one radiator.

The cooker is an excellent place to set the bread to rise overnight, for there it is free from drafts and remains warm no matter how the temperature of the kitchen changes. This means no delay in the morning.

Meats may be roasted or baked in the fireless to excellent advantage. Do not preheat the meat but put it into the fireless cold and raw, using two radiators.

In general allow one-half hour to each pound. There is no evaporation in cooking in the fireless, hence when roasting do not add any water.

### COOKS WHILE YOU SLEEP

COOKING your cereal when you sleep appeals particularly to men as being efficient. Indeed the delightful flavors developed by this long cooking can hardly be duplicated in any other way.

There is now upon the market a double-boiler inset cereal cooker especially constructed for cooking cereals in the fireless cooker. Lacking this, however, one of the small triplicate utensils may be set into the large eight-quart pail and surrounded by boiling water.

When cooked in this way, the cereal is added to boiling, salted water, but it is unnecessary to cook the cereal on the stove. For all cereals use one radiator heated to the proper degree.

Papers or towels placed on top of the utensil and tucked snugly in will help to conserve the heat overnight.

### FRUITS A SPECIALTY

FRUITS to be stewed or baked need not shun the fireless cooker. Dried fruits in fact are one of the fireless specialties.

After they have been soaked in cold water for ten hours, they may be heated first and then put into the fireless with no radiators, or they may be put into the cooker cold on a radiator heated as hot as for meat.

Puddings of all kinds may find a happy

home in the fireless compartment. Treat steamed puddings as directed for steamed breads.

Tapioca puddings, fruit whips and dumpings are baked between two radiators. Bread puddings, cereal puddings and custards are baked by using one radiator on top.

Canning and freezing are perhaps two of the cooker's side lines. When canning in the fireless by the cold-pack method, rubbers, jars and tops should be perfectly sterilized as always.

Pack fruit in jars covering with a sirup, and vegetables in water to which a little salt has been added. Cans of either fruit or vegetables must be processed for fifteen minutes before they are removed to the fireless to remain there for the required time.

Since berries and other soft fruits do not need longer processing than sixteen to twenty minutes in the ordinary hot-water bath, it is hardly advisable to bother putting them in the fireless cooker.

They might better be finished where they are. Pineapple is the only one worth bothering with in the fireless cooker.

When the fireless is to be used, the water bath may consist of one of the eight-quart utensils and one of the wire racks for a false bottom. Fill the kettle with water to the neck of the jars and count time for processing after the water begins to boil.

After this preliminary processing, transfer the eight-quart utensil, with jars, immediately to the fireless cooker, using no radiators.

Vegetables should be left in the cooker for three hours. Pineapple should be left for two and one-half hours.

Tomatoes may be considered as a fruit in this connection, and are better finished in the regular hot-water bath.

For freezing a mousse or parfait, fill a one or two quart jar with the mixture and put it in the eight-quart utensil surrounded with ice and salt. Use three cups of ice to one of salt and place in the cooker for three hours.

### WHAT MAKES THE FIRELESS COOKER COOK?

THE fireless cooker is a near relative of the refrigerator, for both are built upon the "insulation" plan.

Sometimes the food to be cooked is heated on the stove, then placed in the cooker without any radiators. All the heat which the food has absorbed is retained, and so the cooking goes on.

In cooking on a stove, heat is continually lost by radiation so that more must be constantly supplied.

Ordinarily with the fireless, however, heat is supplied by heating soapstone or metal disks, called radiators, on the stove, or over the gas, oil or alcohol flame until the proper degree of heat has been reached.

This does not take long. Ten to twenty minutes will do it. Sometimes food is put in raw and cold with the heated radiators, again it may be preheated on the stove.

### HOW HOT SHALL THE RADIATORS BE?

HOW hot to heat the radiators is a matter of importance if good results are desired, and the housekeeper should learn to use one of the thermometers especially constructed for use on radiators. These thermometers are not expensive and in their use lies the secret of successful fireless cooking.

Tables of temperatures are furnished with such thermometers showing the exact degree to which a radiator should be heated for the article of food to be cooked, and the method employed for cooking it.

If forced to do without a thermometer, the flour test may be used. Drop a pinch of flour on the disk.

If it browns immediately a very light brown, the heat is sufficient to bake (1) cake or bread; (2) apples, macaroni and cheese.

If the flour browns immediately to a golden brown, the disk is hot enough to (1) bake pie or meat-pie, potatoes, fish, meat-loaf, hash, steam or boil fish, boil meat; (2) cook cereals, meat, stews, soups, vegetables; (3) steam bread and puddings; (4) bake most puddings and custards.

A chocolate-brown color indicates a temperature hot enough to roast meat.

### WHY NOT A WHOLE MEAL IN THE FIRELESS?

THERE is no reason why the whole meal—or practically all of it—can not be set to cook within the four safe walls of the fireless cooker, while you independently go about your business of working, calling, or shopping.

Choose dishes which require virtually the same temperature of radiator and, if possible, the same length of time to cook. This latter point is not always important, for comparatively few foods suffer if left in the cooker overtime.

With the cereal and possibly a hot dish of meat, potatoes, codfish, or something of the sort, all ready to serve, getting breakfast will consume only a few minutes in the morning. Even cocoa or stewed fruit may have been cooked in the fireless. If one wishes to cook eggs, it is a point of economy to use the already warm water over which the cereal was cooked.

There are plenty of lunch and dinner plans which make equally good use of the cooker.

For example, this dinner might be prepared in a two-compartment cooker: soup, veal cutlets, mashed potatoes, carrots, rice pudding—veal cutlets and rice pudding in one side of the cooker; the soup, potatoes and carrots in the other side.

For veal cutlets and the rice pudding use the double utensils with two radiators. For the soup, potatoes and carrots use the triplicate utensils with one radiator.



# white



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Shortening should have as little taste as possible so that it will not flavor the food cooked with it. No good cook wants her cake, for instance, to taste of the shortening she used. No good cook wants her fried food to lose its own flavor and taste only of the fat she fried it in.

When you use Snowdrift, you do *not* taste the shortening.

Snowdrift is rich fat—much richer than butter—but so pure and fresh and *delicate*

that when you use it for shortening or frying, it does not alter the flavor of the food a bit.

To secure this absence of flavor in Snowdrift, we use only vegetable oil of the very finest quality. This choice oil is always light in color. It is again refined, by an exclusive process of our own, to a purity which satisfies our standard for Snowdrift quality. It is then so white that, made into Snowdrift, Snowdrift is white.

And so the whiteness of Snowdrift is not the reason it is pure, but the purity of Snowdrift is the reason it is white.

Its purity is only one advantage of Snowdrift. We believe you will like Snowdrift much better than any other shortening you

ever used before, because Snowdrift is rich and creamy and *fresh*.

Snowdrift does not get too hard nor too soft, no matter what the weather. It is always just the rich creamy consistency that the good cook prefers.

And Snowdrift is always sweet and fresh. All shortening is fat and is better when it is fresh. Snowdrift is fresh as fresh eggs are fresh. It is sweet as sweet cream is sweet.

In 1, 2, 4 and 8 pound tins—*airtight* tins—the *only* package we have been able to find that *absolutely insures freshness*. Your grocer has Snowdrift or can easily and quickly get it for you.

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**DELTOX Rugs** combine quality with designs and coloring to suit all tastes. Cheaper rugs will lack durability and will soon be a disappointment.

**DELTOX GRASS RUG COMPANY**  
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# THOSE WEDDINGS AND GRADUATIONS

BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

"I **ACTUALLY** don't know which worries me the most," Katherine says, "the fear that I sha'n't be invited to the Senior Prom, or the fear that I shall."

"Because?" I ask, to be on the safe side, although I am almost sure what Katherine means, having gone to Senior Proms myself.

"If I'm not invited," she goes on, "I'll feel that I'm a social failure. And if I am, I shall have to lie awake nights from now till then, worrying for fear I'll do the wrong thing, either before or after I get there."

It is my own case of the violets and the white-silk gloves right over again. In my experience, it was a formal fraternity dinner-dance given at a lovely lakeside inn in violet time.

The guests went out by special train in the afternoon, taking their evening clothes in suit-cases. It was several violet times ago, but to this day I can not see a clump of early violets without thinking of white-silk gloves.

I had no long kid gloves. It had never occurred to me that one should wear kid gloves at a fraternity dance. I had long silk ones, white and fresh, reposing in my suit-case; and I was content with them until I heard one of the girls talking about her kid gloves. At that moment the party was spoiled for me.

**TO BEGIN** with the invitation which Katherine says is worrying her. There is one nice thing about an invitation; whether it is an engraved card for a reception or a telephone request to "come over for lunch to-morrow," an invitation tells its recipient exactly how it ought to be answered. The reply must be of the same kind as the invitation. If it is a formal affair, written in the third person, the answer should be formal, too, merely stating whether or not the recipient is able to accept. No explanations of any kind have a place in formal regrets. If the invitation, however, is a chatty note, it is proper and more courteous to give the reason in case it can not be accepted.

What to wear depends, of course, largely on Katherine's pocketbook. A dancing-frock should always be low-necked and short-sleeved; beyond that, anything which is pretty and becoming will answer the purpose.

If Katherine's frock must be inexpensive, it need not worry her. She must be careful that the style and color are becoming and trust to the blessed blindness of a prejudiced young man that he will never dream that the material was only forty cents a yard.

As to footwear, slippers that match the frock are nicest, of course, but black or white satin with silk stockings are always in good taste.

**LONG** white gloves have probably caused more worry than the tariff or taxes. To wear them or not to wear them, to keep them on all the evening or to take them off for supper—there are just two of the questions!

They are questions that an outsider can not settle for Katherine. The glove problem is answered differently in every community, and it is Katherine's place to find out how her particular community answers it.

Ask some one who knows. Any girl who went to the Senior Prom last year is a better authority for Katherine than the most experienced fashion editor. There is no reason for Katherine to be ashamed to admit that she herself does not know. A well-known business man said:

"I like to have college girls work for me. They don't necessarily know any more about the question at hand than other girls, but they know when they don't know and they know how to find out."

**THE** same principle holds true in social matters. The girl who looks ahead and makes an intelligent effort to settle any uncertain questions before they present themselves is the girl who will be well-poised and at her ease when the puzzling points come bobbing up.

"I won't know whether he is coming in a taxi or not," Katherine suggests. "If he does, must I have an evening coat? Suppose we go on the street-car—shall I wear a hat?"

An evening coat is delightful, but fortunately it is a luxury without which one can manage nicely. Any long coat will serve in case the young man comes in a carriage. If Katherine goes in a trolley, she can wear a hat and carry her slippers in a fancy bag, repairing her coiffure and changing her shoes in the dressing-room at the party.

When Katherine and her escort arrive at the party, he meets her after they have both removed their wraps and they go at once to speak to their hostesses in the receiving-line. As there are usually many guests, this greeting is brief. Even if Katherine knows one of the hostesses well, she does not stop for more than a pleasant greeting.

"**IT WOULD** be all right, wouldn't it, when we get home to thank whoever takes me and tell him that I enjoyed the evening?" Katherine asks, adding wisely, "If I don't do it too fulsomely, being canny and not making him think it's the only party to which I ever was invited."

Of course! If Katherine makes a trifling mistake or two, she need not worry about them. Social charm and ease come largely by experience. One often learns how to handle a situation gracefully by finding out first how it ought not to be handled.

In this consolation she has an advantage over the Catherine who spells her name with a C and is to be married instead of graduated this June.

"It's the only time I shall ever be married,"

Catherine says, "and I do so want everything just right!"

That being so, her invitations should be sent from fifteen days to four weeks before the chosen date. They may be engraved and invite a thousand guests to a city church or they may be intimate letters, inviting half a dozen of her nearest and dearest friends to the bride's home.

If the invitations are to be engraved, any good stationer can recommend the phraseology, which is always formal.

**THE** bride's parents assume nearly all the expenses of a wedding and are responsible for its planning. The bridegroom, of course, pays the clergyman.

If the marriage is to be performed in church, ushers must be chosen to seat the guests. While these young men are chosen by the bridegroom, friends or relatives of the bride are included.

A church ceremony is always rehearsed. One of the ushers should reach the church half an hour before the hour set for the wedding and see that every detail is attended to, that the organist is ready, that the other ushers understand which seats are to be reserved for the families and most intimate friends of the young people.

There is usually music while the guests are assembling. At the hour set, the bride and her attendant are waiting in the vestibule.

The doors are closed and word sent to the bridegroom and organist. The bridegroom and his best man, who have been waiting in a vestry-room at the front of the church, walk to the altar.

The clergyman enters from the other side and the wedding march is played. The order of the procession depends on the number of attendants.

Usually the ushers come first, walking two by two, then the bridesmaids. If there is a maid of honor or a matron of honor, she walks alone.

**THEN** comes the bride. She is escorted by her father or guardian who is to give her away.

At the altar the ushers separate, half going to each side. The bridesmaids also gather in two little groups at the right and left of the altar, with the ushers forming two crescents between which the bride and bridegroom are to stand.

As the bride approaches, the bridegroom steps forward and takes her right hand for the last few steps. Her father steps back a little and the couple face the clergyman. When the question, "Who gives this woman?" is asked, the father steps forward for just a moment.

The maid of honor holds the bride's bouquet while the ceremony is being performed. The ring finger is usually slit in the bride's left glove so that the ring can be slipped on. The best man is trusted with the ring, which he hands to the bridegroom just before it is to be used.

After the ceremony and the prayer which follows it are over, the newly married couple turn and walk down the aisle. The bridegroom, who has stood at the right during the ceremony, is now on the left. The bride's veil is thrown back.

"But I have no father," Catherine says, "nor a guardian. May Mother give me away?"

**MOTHER** certainly may. In this case, she should be waiting in the first seat and rise when the minister asks, "Who gives this woman?" In this case the bride enters the church alone.

It is the bridegroom's place to see that a carriage is waiting to take him and his wife to her home for the wedding reception. The other guests remain in their seats until the bridal party and the guests in the seats of honor have left the church.

Refreshments may be served in any way the bride likes; the size of the home and the number of guests usually decide this question. When several little tables are set, no place-cards are used.

One table is reserved for the bridal party, and the guests seat themselves as they like at the others. It is quite as correct not to seat the guests but to serve them as they stand.

If the marriage ceremony is performed at high noon, a "breakfast" may be served afterward. This is, in reality, a light luncheon, consisting usually of salad or patties, coffee, rolls, ice-cream and cake.

A wedding supper is much the same or it can be simpler. Refreshments may be served by hired waiters or at an informal wedding by friends of the bride.

**WHEN** it is time for the bride to leave, she slips up-stairs to change her gown, and the custom of pausing on the stairs to toss her bridal bouquet among the guests is still popular.

"I know that the bridegroom always sends the bride's bouquet and that it is all white," Catherine says, "but what about the bridesmaids or assistants? Ought he to send flowers to them, too?"

If there is a formal wedding procession, he does. If the girls are merely assisting, it would be a courtesy, but is not in the least necessary.

**THE** display of wedding presents depends upon the taste of the bride. When they are shown, they are usually gathered in one room and the givers' cards removed. For every gift the bride's appreciative I-thank-you note should be sent, the sooner after the gift's arrival the better.

Really, a wedding is nothing to worry Catherine!





# Pale, sallow skins ~ The new steam treatment for them



FIRST the steam! THEN the lather! You will find the steam treatment in detail in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

**A** SOFT, lovely skin, radiant with color! This attraction you, too, can have. In a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment by taking on a greater loveliness.

When your skin is colorless—"pasty"—it means that your pores are unable to throw off all the waste matter they should.

To correct this condition, try this new steam treatment. Steam penetrates the skin in a way water alone cannot do. It enables you to cleanse thoroughly the pores that have become clogged, to stimulate inactive blood vessels and give the skin new color.

## To make your skin soft and colorful

One night a week fill your bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. This opens the pores wide, stimulates the tiny blood vessels of the face and brings the blood to the surface.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin in an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. This closes the pores and makes the skin firm in texture.

The other six nights of the week, cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water.

Use this steam treatment weekly until your skin no longer requires it. After the very first treatment, your skin will show more color. Before long you will notice an improvement—a promise of the greater loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Get a cake of Woodbury's and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

## Booklet of famous skin treatments

You will find complete treatments, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

### CONTENTS

BABIES—What physicians recommend  
BATH—How much it means  
BLACKHEADS—A confession  
BLEMISHES—How to get rid of them

CHILD OF FIVE—How to preserve clear color of  
CONSPICUOUS NOSE PORES—How to reduce them  
ENLARGED PORES—How to make your skin fine  
OILY SKIN AND SHINY NOSE—How to correct them  
SHAMPOO—The right way  
SLUGGISH SKIN—To rouse it  
TENDER SKIN—New Treatment

## Sample cake of soap

Booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week of any Woodbury treatment, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch", giving the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Or for 15 cents we will send, in addition,

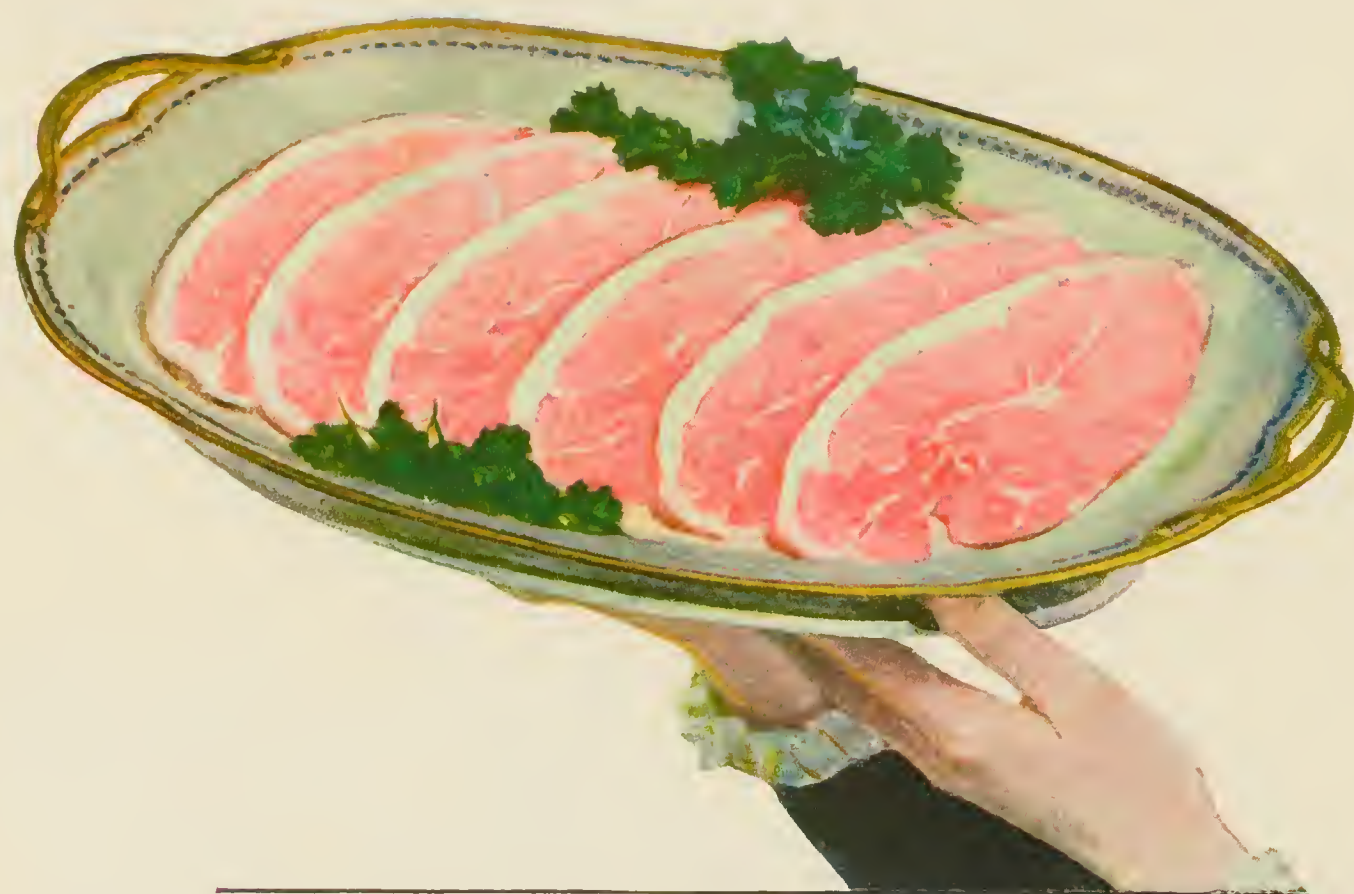
samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1906 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1906 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



A soft, lovely skin, radiant with color! Every girl should have it! Begin today to use the particular Woodbury treatment your skin needs.



Tastes as good  
as it looks



# MORRIS



There's nothing quite so delicious as cold, boiled ham for luncheon or supper—*provided* you serve boiled ham that has the right flavor.

The first taste will tell. Just try Morris *Supreme* Boiled Ham and see.

Thank our mild cure for this wonderful flavor. We're very proud of this one cure that meets our *Supreme* Test.

There are many other foods that bear this same flavor-mark, *Supreme*. Get them into *your* market basket.

MORRIS & COMPANY · U. S. A





# HELP FOR YOU—FREELY ASK A WEALTH OF SERVICE AT OUR READERS' COMMAND

## YOU, YOURSELF

**BEAUTY**—Nine out of ten beautiful women are such through their own efforts. Write to Celia Caroline Cole, the Beauty Editor, for advice and for her invaluable booklets:

- Care of the Complexion.
- Care of the Hair and Scalp.
- Home Treatment for the Hair and Scalp.
- Facial Blemishes.
- Facial Exercises and Massage to Reduce Wrinkles.
- Care of the Hands.
- Rules for Maintaining Health.
- How to Keep Cool and Attractive in Summer.
- Don't You Want to be Thinner?
- Don't You Want to be Fatter?

*Any three of the above will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

"Beauty and Health through Proper Exercise" is an exceedingly valuable book which will be sent on receipt of the price, twenty-four cents.

**ETIQUETTE**—The precise points, little and big, that you need every day and on special occasions. This knowledge Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly can give you. Write for the following booklets:

- Introductions, Invitations and Replies.
- Calls and the Use of Cards.
- Courtesies of To-day Between Men and Women.
- Weddings.
- Travel.
- Entertaining.
- At the Table.

*Any three of these will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**PERSONAL PROBLEMS**—A word of advice in time about your intimate, personal problems may save a lifetime of unhappiness. Mary Alexander, the Personal - Problems Editor, will help you solve your problem.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**VOCATION**—Keep pace with the widening opportunities for women. Anne Franklin, the Vocation Editor, will guide you.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING**—Your handwriting reveals you, your character, says Hélène Grandet, a lifelong student of graphology.

*Send fifty cents and a sample of your handwriting to Miss Grandet.*

## YOUR CHILDREN

**INFANT HYGIENE**—Too precious to be trifled with is the wonderful mechanism of your baby's body. Your ignorance of its laws can cause untold harm. Write to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, the Infant-Hygiene Editor, for expert advice and for her booklets:

- Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.
- Directions for the Care of Your Baby's Eyes.
- Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness Among Babies.
- Information About Present Laws in Your State for Saving Sight of Babies.
- Weight-Chart for Baby's First Year.
- Rules for the Nursing Mother.
- Advice to Expectant Mothers.
- Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby During First Year.
- Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby During Second Year.
- How to Organize a Baby Health Center.

*Any three of these will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**CHILD-TRAINING, SCHOOL, PLAY**—Healthy, happy, helpful men and women are often spoiled in the making by the thoughtlessness or ignorance of parents.

For help in child-training write to Kathryn Archibald, Child Training Editor.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

- For (a) Play Programs for different ages of children, and for (b) Games for Warm Weather, write to Dorothy Hale, Children's Play Editor.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

- For help with methods of education write to Elizabeth Hansen, School Problems Editor.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

## YOUR HOME

**HOMEMAKING**—The latest, least difficult, most economical methods. Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, will show you the way. Write to her for:

- Government and State College Bulletins on Homemaking.
- Lists of Labor-Saving Devices.
- Recipes for Currant Shortcake, Fruit Punch, Strawberry Saint Nicholas, Cherry Pie, and Strawberry Aristocrat, pictured on another page of this issue.
- A Week's Menus for June.

*Any three of these will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**THE GARDEN**—What to grow and how to grow vegetables and flowers. Write to Raymond Vail, Garden Editor.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**INTERIOR DECORATION**—Good taste; practical new ideas for small homes and large. Clearly and fully explain your needs to Harriet Baxter Sheldon, Interior Decoration Editor.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

## YOUR PLEASURE

**ENTERTAINMENT**—No matter what kind of entertainment you desire to give, Grace Lee Davison, the Entertainment Editor, will help you plan it. Write to her, stating the time you desire to give your party, how many guests you will have, and how much you can spend. Ask, too, for:

- Place-Cards and Invitation Cards, designed by John Wolcott Adams, for Wedding and Bridal Parties.

*Twelve of these cards will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

- Suggestions for an Outdoor June Wedding.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**MUSIC**—The titles and lists of selections, of records, of rolls that you personally need. All musical information. Write for these lists:

- Songs by American Composers.
- Violin Selections by American Composers.
- Piano Selections by American Composers.
- Some Worth-While Records.
- Some Worth-While Rolls.
- Pieces Your Children Will Like to Practise.

*Any three of these will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**VACATION TRIPS**—Frances Field will help you to make the most of your time and money; write for her list of books on travel in America.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**AUTOMOBILE**—Detailed, technical instruction, covering the every-day problems of the motorist. Clifford Brokaw, the Automobile Editor, will help you master your automobile. Tell him your problem.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

**BOOKS**—You may be missing the books you crave and need the most. Write Elizabeth Seymour, the Book Editor, telling her all about your needs and tastes. Ask for her lists and suggestions.

*Enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*

## YOUR COMMUNITY

**YOUR HOME TOWN**—For more beautiful surroundings, more healthful conditions, happier social life, consult the Community Editor. Send, too, for:

- List of Rural Pageants.
- Songs for the Home Town to Sing.
- List of Phonograph Records for Community Singing.
- A Year's Program for a Community Club.
- All About the Community House.
- How to Secure an Art Exhibit for Your Town.

*Any three of these will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

**WOMEN'S CLUBS**—Margaret Winton, the Club Activities Editor, will suggest worth-while programs.

*These programs will be sent for three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.*



## Add Another Joy to June

Strawberries are vastly better with Puffed Rice scattered on them.

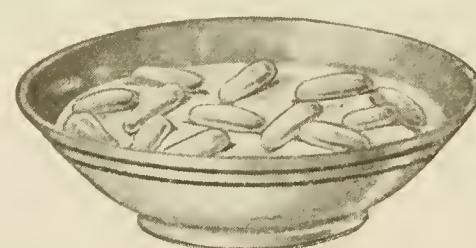
These grains are so thin, so flimsy, so flavory that they just fit in with fruit. And they add what crust adds to a shortcake—a delicious blend.

The ideal summer supper is Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk.

These grains are toasted whole-wheat bubbles, crisp and flaky, eight times normal size. Every food cell is exploded, so they easily digest.

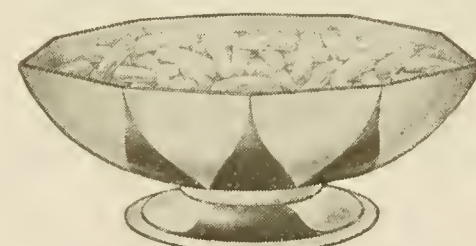
Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

Teach girls to use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in home candy making. They make candy lighter and give a nut-like taste.



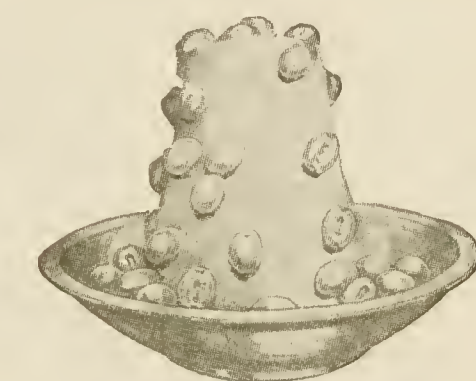
**Float in Milk**

Or serve with cream and sugar. At a touch the grains will crush into almond-flavored granules.



**As Confections**

Salted or lightly buttered they are perfect playtime dainties.



Use like nut meats as a garnish on ice cream.

## Whole Grains Steam Exploded

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole-grain foods, of which children get too little.

Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus every granule of the whole grain is fitted to digest.

Serve them abundantly.

In summer time keep all three kinds on hand.

**Puffed  
Rice  
—  
Puffed  
Wheat  
—  
Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c

Except in Far West

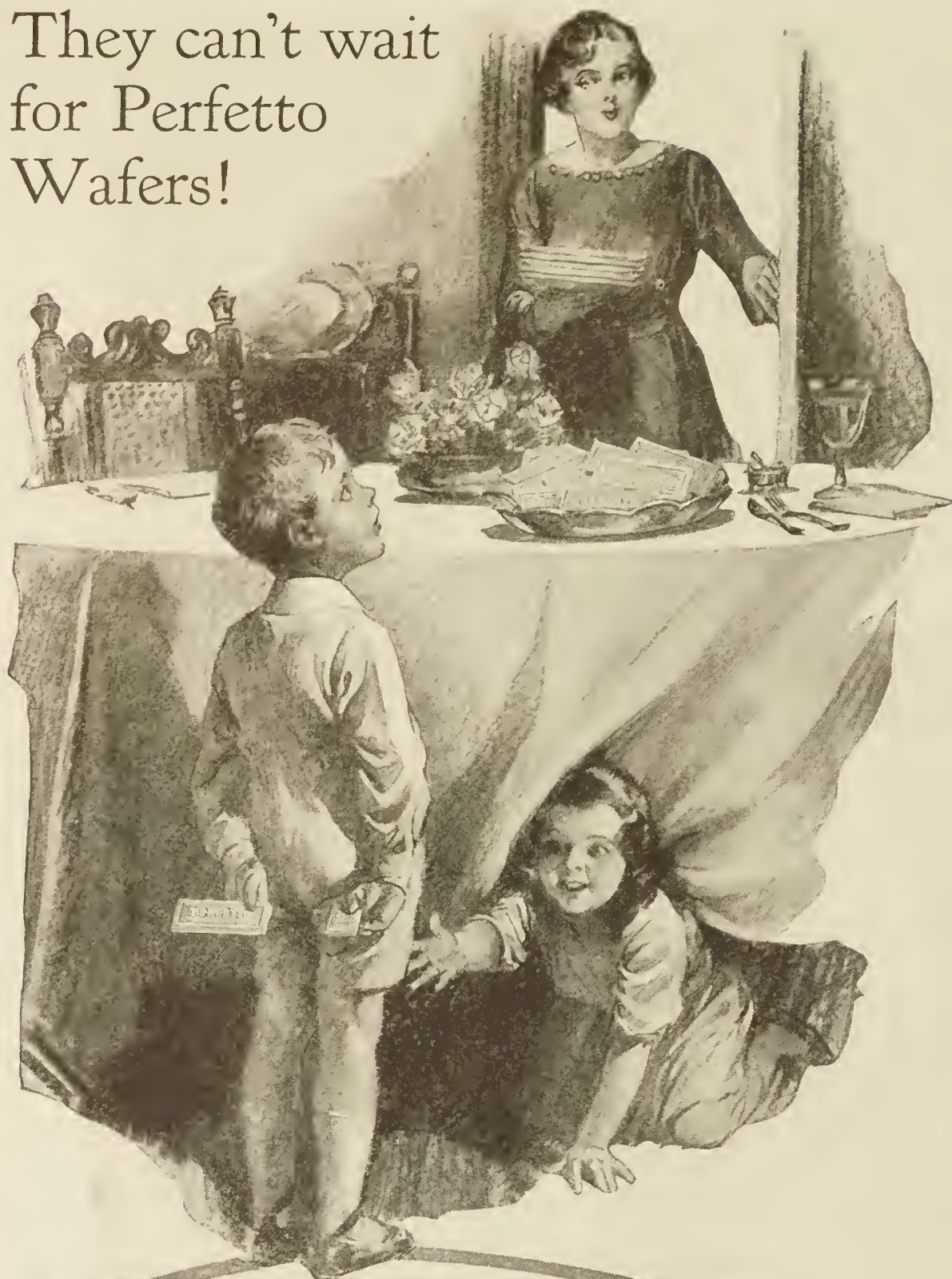
**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

(3083)



They can't wait  
for Perfetto  
Wafers!



PARENTS try to be stern, but they remember when they did these things themselves. And they remember also how good and nourishing Perfetto Wafers are. These tidbits were invented to serve with afternoon tea; but women, hunting a dessert certain to make a hit in an emergency, now keep a supply always in the house.

# Sunshine Biscuits

Perfetto is the name of one of many varieties of Sunshine Biscuits, all made in the famous Sunshine Bakeries, all baked in white tiled ovens located upon the top floor of the Thousand Window Bakery. Fresh always, nourishing always, they cause your guests to ask you if other kinds of Sunshine Biscuits are as good.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits  
Branches in over 100 cities

Look for this  
Sunshine  
Display Rack



## THE SILLIPUTES

BY MARIE LEE WARNER



O-GUMMY

O-GUMMY, the Dog,\* was as patient a pup  
As any dog ever could be;  
Though the Silliputes scrambled all over  
his back,  
Of barks or of growls none had he.

They poked his paprika eyes with their  
fists,  
And tickled his funny brown ear,  
And harnessed him up to a butter-scootch  
cart,  
But not a complaint did they hear.

One day the Spice Man went driving  
along  
Just outside the peanut-bar wall.  
And Silliputes all went a-scampering  
out  
As soon as they heard his loud call.

They bought some new cloves for their  
stockings and shoes  
And ginger to warm up their fire,  
Then listened to him while the old Spice  
Man sang  
His song, which they all much admire:

"Now here's your rich spice that smells  
very nice,  
Come out and your pennies all bring—"  
The rest of the song was very much like  
The tune which the hand-organs sing.

And as he was driving away down the road  
The Silliputes heard a gruff sound,  
And looked at O-Gummy, from whom the  
noise came,  
And a very strange thing there they  
found.

The Spice Man had scattered some cinna-  
mon-bark  
Which the Dog had proceeded to eat:  
And now he was barking and growling so  
fast  
He scarcely could stand on his feet.

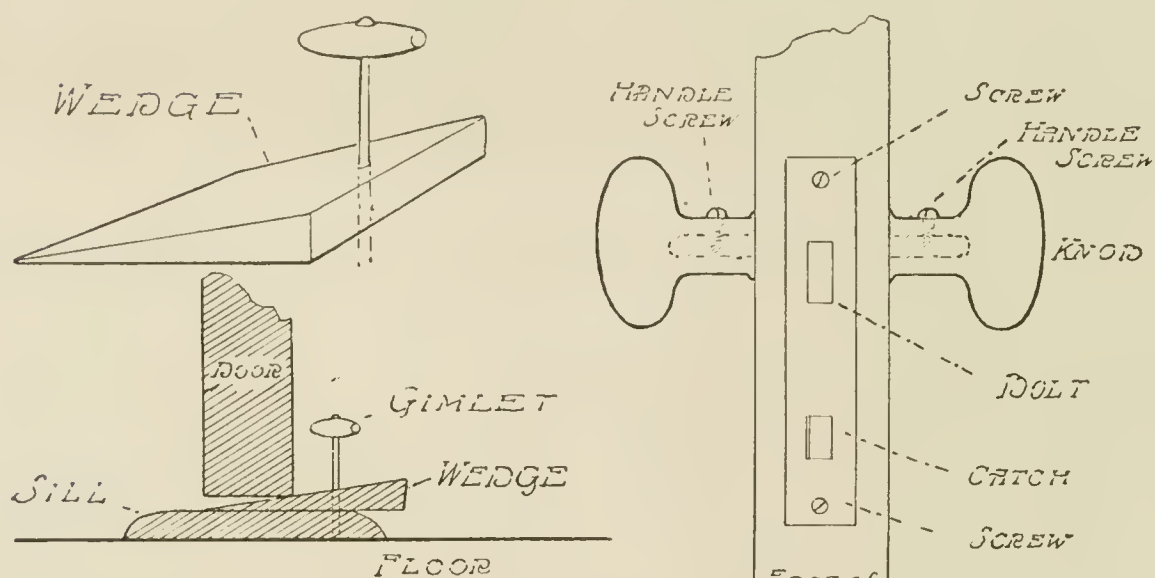
And ever since then the small Silliputes  
know  
If his hickory meat they forget,  
Or their play is too rough, loud O-Gummy  
will growl,  
For his cinnamon-bark he has yet.

\* (O-Gummy is made of one oblong candy, four cloves, three small cloves or bits of stick for ears and tail, eyes of moistened paprika or candy coloring.)

## WOMAN AS A HANDY MAN

CONCERNING DOORS THAT STICK

BY C. H. CLAUDY



LIKE everything else in a house, a door is capable of giving trouble. But door troubles are so simple and easy to cure that, unless she wills to save herself a little trouble, no woman need send for a carpenter to cure them.

The door is made of wood, and wood swells in damp weather and dries out again when the damp weather goes. So the sticking door will cure itself in time.

BUT you do not want to wait for cool weather. Take your hand-plane, and, standing on a table-top or a step-ladder, plane off the top of the door where it shows a white mark on the varnish, this white mark having been made by the wood swelling so that the top of the door no longer closes into the frame but strikes against it.

If it is the bottom and not the top of the door which sticks, the cause may be in the sagging of the whole door-frame, due to settling of the house (indeed, this may cause the top of the door to bind, also), or it may be in loose hinges; or it may be the sill "rides up" because nails pull loose and dust works under it.

If the "bind" is due to a sagging frame, the remedy is to take off the door—done either by removing the screws in the hinges or by prying out the hinge-pins with the cold-chisel or screw-driver and hammer—and plane off its bottom edge, or else plane off the sill.

THE former treatment is the better because the plane-marks do not show on the bottom of the door and do show on the sill. If the "bind" is due to loose hinges, the remedy is screwing up all the screws tightly. If the difficulty still is not remedied, it may be that the hinge is not set deep enough into the door-frame.

It is not a difficult matter to take off the hinges and, with a chisel, make the "hinge sink" an eighth of an inch deeper. Nor need one fear to make it too deep, for the "sink" can always be filled up with pieces of paste-board cut to fit.

If the trouble is in a loose sill, it should be made tight again by half-a-dozen thin wire nails, driven in and sunk slightly below the surface with a nail-punch, a little tool which costs only about a quarter and which is most useful in the family tool-chest.

Locks which "won't work" are usually afflicted with a broken spring.

TAKING a lock out of a door is a matter of removing three or four screws. Two of them you will find fastening the lock into the door. The illustration on the page shows this condition.

The other two are between the knobs and the door. When all four of these screws are removed, the knobs pull off and the square shaft which operates the lock pulls out, after which the lock itself can be pried out of the edge of the door with the screw-driver or the cold-chisel.

Usually it is necessary to remove only one of the two knob-screws, the other knob and square shaft coming away together.

The only caution you need observe in replacing the lock is to be sure to get it right side up, otherwise the lock-shaft will not find any socket to slip through.

If you are nervous about any door because you consider its fastenings flimsy, borrow an idea from the expected burglar and take his door-knob for your own. When a burglar wants to make sure he will not be interrupted in a room without having time to make his "get-away," he uses a simple little wedge and gimlet to fasten the door.

A DOOR so fastened simply can not be opened without breaking it down. It is the one variety of "unpickable" fastening.

The sketch shows the shape of the little wedge. It is best made of hardwood, should be half an inch thick at the wide end, tapering through four or five inches to a wafer edge, and have a hole half an inch from the butt of the wedge, through which a gimlet can be passed.

Inside the room in which you wish to fasten yourself so no intruder can possibly trouble you, slip this wedge underneath the door close to the lock edge; that is, the edge which is not hinged. Push the wedge in tightly with your fingers; no force is necessary. Then screw the gimlet through the hole into the floor.

The gimlet keeps the wedge from being pushed back, and there is no man in the world strong enough to come through that door unless he breaks it down. The harder he pushes the more tightly the wedge holds.





*“They got the idea from me—”*

“MY FRIENDS used to comment on my pretty gloves—now they all wear the same kind, for women are quick to realize that their hands look prettiest in Van Raalte Silk Gloves.

“The pure silk fabric washes and wears splendidly and its firm texture holds the shapely slenderness of the gloves as long as you wear them.

“I like Van Raalte *styles*, too—they’re full of original little touches that add individuality and smartness to every one of my costumes.

“Of course, you know all gloves with ‘Van Raalte’ in the hem are double-tipped for double wear with a guarantee in every pair.” For sale at all good shops.

Niagara Silk Mills, Fifth Avenue at 16th Street, New York

*Makers of Van Raalte Veils, Silk Nets, Silk Underwear and Silk Hosiery*

# VAN RAALTE

*“Niagara Maid”*

## Double-tipped SILK GLOVES





IF babies could talk they would demand Colgate's Talc. They would not know why it made them more comfortable—but the Mothers would. Mothers know the value of boric acid and appreciate Colgate's, the talc with the right amount of that mild yet efficient antiseptic.

Colgate's Talc is made on the formula of an eminent physician, for years in charge of a baby hospital.

If you wish to be sure that the talc you are using for your baby is the safest and best, send for a copy of the impartial report on talc powders made by Dr. Breneman, M. Sc., of New York. Sent free on request.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 53 199 Fulton St., New York

# COLGATE'S

## Talc Powder



Eleven different perfumes in Colgate's to choose from. A dainty trial box sent for 2c.

Do you use Talc often enough?

## THE KIDDIES' CORNER

### PUZZLES TO TEST THEIR WITS

BY R. F. FOSTER

THE words wanted in the first of last month's puzzles are called group nouns, and they are many.

Uneducated persons call almost every group a "bunch."

A number of actors gathered together is called a troupe. This word is not spelled the same as a troop of cavalry.

Then we have a library of books, a bouquet of flowers, a horde of savages, a group of statues, a bunch of grapes, a bevy of girls, a swarm of bees, a covey of partridges, a drove of oxen, a school of fish, a force of workmen, and a gang of hoodlums.

#### SOME ENIGMATICAL TREES

YOUR knowledge of animals has been tested, so now let us see what you know about trees. People who live in cities know very little about the names of trees, some of which may suggest what are called puzzle-enigmas.

For instance, if you were asked which tree would boil if water was poured on it, would you know it was the lime-tree? See if you can guess the names of the trees that would answer these enigmas:

- What tree is of great use in history?
- What tree is a favorite trimming for dresses?
- What tree best withstands the fury of the ocean?
- What tree is a favorite supper-dish?
- What tree is always making trouble?
- What tree is a good poker hand if big enough?
- What tree plagued the Egyptians?
- What tree would you put a lock on?
- What tree has a girl's name?
- What tree is not at all beautiful?
- What tree always takes a tip?
- What tree would surely lose a race?

#### SOME ENIGMATICAL TRADES

A PRETTY game for children's parties can be made out of these guessing-lists, if the players are asked to put their answers on a slip of paper. The one that gets the greatest number of correct answers is the winner.

The questions may be asked aloud, one at a time; but it is better to have them written as on a blackboard, so that each may have time to study over the hard ones.

This time the game is guessing trades. Suppose the questions were:

"What trade has its best work trampled underfoot?" The answer would be "Shoe-maker's."

Now let us see how many of these you can guess:

- What trade are all the Presidents?
- What trade would keep flies from mirrors?
- What trade deserves the gratitude of colleges?
- Of what trade is a theater-manager?
- What trade should alarm pretty girls?
- Of what trade is the sun?
- What trade is the sun in the month of May?
- What trade is a minister at a wedding?
- What trade is best fitted to cook a hare?
- What trade never turns to the left?
- What trade is more than full?
- Of what trade are the greater part of authors?

#### THAT REBUS

THE name of the town given last month should have been very easy to guess—Columbus. At the Centennial Exhibition there was a map showing one hundred and forty towns of this name in the United States, so the Post-Office Department had a law passed that there should never be more than one town of the same name in any State.

The name of a town that is very well known is shown in illustration on this page.

Next month we shall have one that is not so easy.

#### THOSE TEN DIGITS

LAST month's puzzle was to arrange the digits in such a manner that they should add up one hundred. There are two ways of doing this. Instead of stopping the addition in the middle of the sum and going on again, the puzzle may be solved by making vulgar fractions of some of the figures.

Here are examples of both:

1	56	4	
45	34	53	
7	7	6	95 3-7
9	1	8	4 16-28
62	98	71	100
38	2	29	
100	100	100	

THERE are many tricks that are not so easy as this one, such as placing the digits in such a way that they shall represent twenty. This can be done only by putting them in the form of a fraction in which the numerator is larger than the denominator. Here is an example:

$$6 + \frac{13258}{947} = 20$$

There are other tricks with figures that are based on the peculiar power of the figure nine. One of these is very puzzling until one is shown the secret.

There are two ways of doing it.

The simpler is to ask one of your friends to write a row of figures, say five or six, but the number does not matter.

Ask another to write another row under the first and so on, until three or four have done so. There must always be the same number of figures in each line.

Then you take the sum and add to it as many lines, less one, as they have written. Draw a line under them all and offer to add up the sum as quickly as you can write down the figures. Suppose the sum looks like this; the lines marked "A B C" are those written by your friends; the lines marked "D" being yours:

A	6	4	8	3	2
B	5	4	8	1	5
C	7	3	6	2	4
	4	5	1	8	4
	2	6	3	7	5
D	2	6	4	8	3

TAKE no notice of the top line, "A,"

but take each digit in the next line, "B," from nine, and write the difference in your first row. Do the same with the line "C."

Having done this, draw a line under the sum. All you need to do to add it is to deduct the number of lines you have written, in this case two, from the right-hand figure in the top row. Put down the difference, in this case 0, then copy the four remaining figures in the top row from right to left, and put the 2 to the left of all of them.

You may vary this by writing the top row yourself, and then answer on the sixth or eighth line below, as you know how many lines you will ask to be written in. Covering up this answer, ask your friend to write his figures under the top row.

Then you write your line under his, deducting each of his from 9.

Another person writes a line and you deduct. If you have arranged for six lines, including the answer, you can then uncover the last line and show them you added the sum, in advance.

#### THOSE QUEER ANIMALS

THE animal described last month was an ass. Do you know the difference between a donkey and an ass? See if you can recognize this animal:

The size of an animal does not make much difference when it comes to speed. A deer can outrun a horse and beat it jumping, and a greyhound can outrun a deer; but there is an animal that has hind legs longer than its forelegs and can beat them all when it comes to sprinting.

The dogs can never catch him asleep, because he sleeps with his eyes open and can see as far behind him as in front.

Unlike other animals he never makes a sound, and can run up-hill faster than down. Whenever he is hard-pressed he makes for a hill, just as a deer makes for water.

Perhaps the most peculiar thing about this animal is that it has what you might call whiskers inside its mouth, as hair grows inside its cheeks.

#### ANAGRAMS IN SENTENCES

HERE is one of the ways in which the eighteen words in the sentence given last month might be transposed, so as to change the meaning.

The first is the original; the second is the new arrangement of the same words:

A boy in the road tried to bend a piece of lead round a horseshoe with a string.

A boy tried to lead a horse round a bend in the road with a piece of shoe-string.

You see in this case one of the words entirely changed its meaning in the new arrangement.

Here is another one, only fourteen words this time, so it should be easy:

It was hot coffee-cakes for breakfast and Johnny had such a cold that day.

#### HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU ADD?

TO DO the little sum in addition that was given last month probably took longer than you thought it would.

Miles	Furlongs	Rods	Yards	Feet	Inches
1	0	0	0	0	0
	7	39	5	1	6
2	0	0	0	0	0

#### ANOTHER LITTLE TRICK

YOU probably have a number of friends among the grown-ups who play cards. While you are out of the room, some person is to choose one of three cards, multiply the spots on it by two, add five and multiply by five.

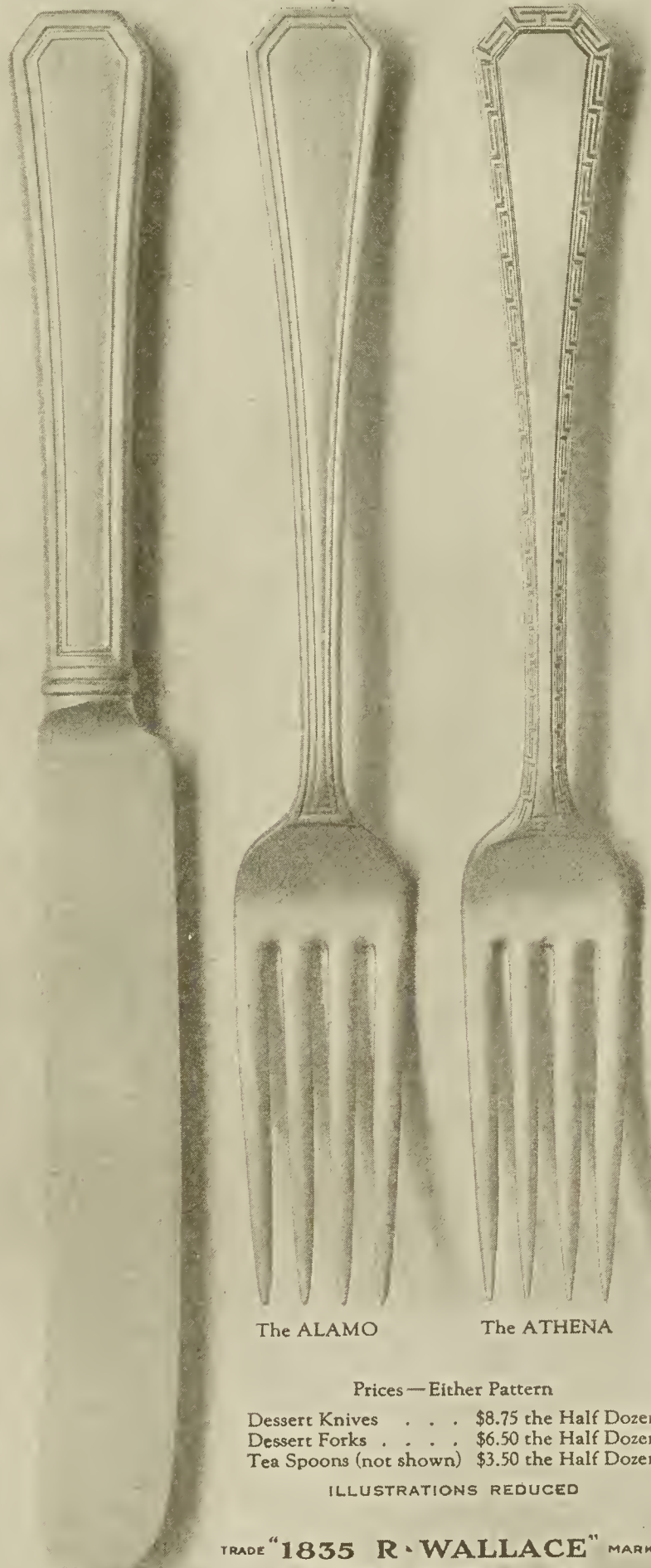
The result is told to a second person, who chooses one or other of the two remaining cards. He adds the number of spots on the card he chooses, and multiplies all by ten. A third person adds the spots on the card left.

When you come in to the room again, you tell them the order in which they chose the three cards if they tell you the grand total. From the total they give you, deduct two hundred and fifty, and the remainder is the row of figures in the order chosen.

Suppose they chose eight, six, nine. Twice eight is sixteen, plus five: twenty-one; five times: one hundred and five. Add the second card, six: one hundred and eleven; multiply by ten and add the last card: one thousand one hundred and nineteen. This is the figure you are told. Deduct two hundred and fifty and you get eight, six, nine. If the result is four figures, like one thousand one hundred and one, the cards are ten, ten, ace.



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Send twenty cents for the famous "R. Wallace" book on "Table Settings and Social Conventions, by Winnifred S. Fales





## They Spent 4 Years On Baked Beans

This problem of bean baking was not easy to solve. The scientific cooks in the Van Camp kitchens spent four years on this dish, and at least \$100,000.

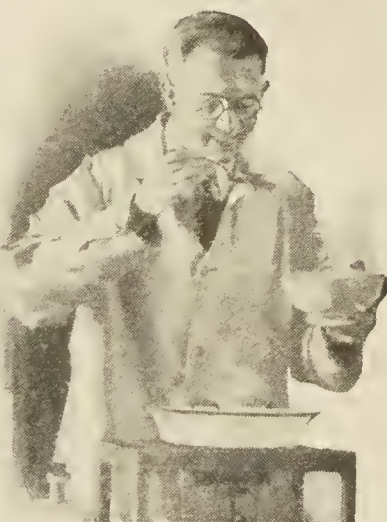
But millions know what ease of digestion, what zest and savor, what nuttiness and mellowness they gained.



### The Scientific Way

None but modern experts, college trained, could create a dish like this. The beans must be selected by analysis. The water used to boil them must be freed from minerals.

The ovens must be heated by live steam. A very high heat must be applied for hours to fit beans for digestion. Ordinary ovens crisp and burst beans before they are one-fourth baked.



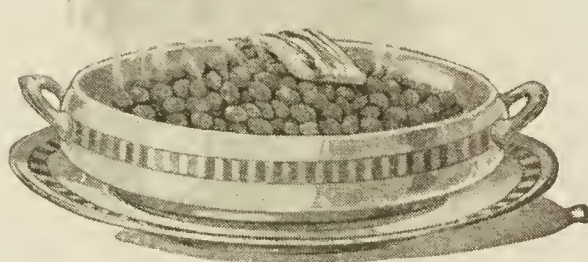
### Zest Is Important

The sauce was another problem. These scientists tested 856 recipes to perfect the Van Camp sauce. But you never have tasted such a savory tang. And they bake that sauce into the beans.

The result is a dish which does not tax digestion. The beans are four times better baked, yet they are not crisped or broken.

The mellow texture and the zestful sauce have changed the whole conception of Baked Beans.

Have you discovered this new-type dish? If not, ask your grocer for it.



# VAN CAMP'S

## Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

**Other Van Camp Products Include**  
Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter  
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*Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis*



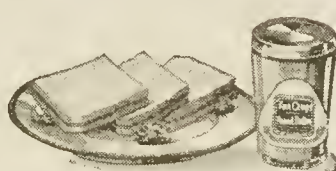
Van Camp's Soups  
18 Kinds

These are famous Parisian recipes, perfected here by countless tests in a scientific way.



Van Camp's  
Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe which these culinary experts gave a multiplied delight.



Van Camp's  
Peanut Butter

A new grade, made from blended peanuts, with every germ and every skin removed.

[525]

## LEADING YOUR CHILD INTO MUSIC

### ABOUT THE NOTES ABOVE THE STAFF

BY ALICE T. PRENTICE

WITH so much already learned, from now on the child will find new ideas easy to grasp. The notes above the staff in the treble, and three-part time or rhythm, both of which will be taught now, are closely related to what has been learned in preceding lessons.

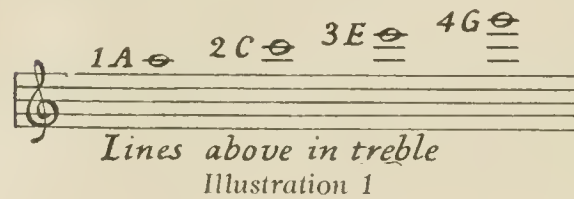
Begin with the lines and spaces above the staff, by saying:

Up here in the treble on the piano are ever so many keys whose letters we know. We shall need them in our playing, but we haven't learned yet how they look in the printed music.

If we had long lines for them all, such as we have for the five lines and four spaces, our task would be harder. In music many of our difficulties are made easier by little signs.

You remember that we have learned all about the D in the first space below the staff and B in the second space below. The C had a little short line running through it and the B was put under a little short line.

This time we are going to learn to read a few of those notes above the staff in the treble. They will be printed with little short lines like that C and B we already know. See Illustration 1.



Lines above in treble  
Illustration 1

OF COURSE the treble staff ends with F on the fifth line. Skip the white note next above it for a space, and touch A.

That A is on the first line above the treble. It has one little line through it. Find it on the printed music.

If A is on the first line above, and we skip the key next to it for a space, we come to C on the second line above. It has two little lines to show its name.

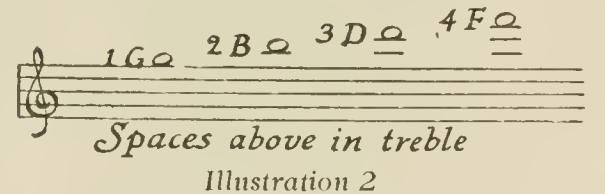
Skip another key for a space and we come to E, which is on the third line above, and so it has three little lines.

Skip one key for a space, and we come to G on the fourth line above. It has four lines. Those little short lines tell us what all these notes are.

Just after F, which is on the fourth space of the staff in the treble, comes another G, which is in the first space above the treble staff. We skip one note and then comes the second space above, which is B. Find that B.

Now skip a key and we come to the third space above, D.

Skip one more key, and we touch the fourth space above, and it is F. Let us find those spaces just above their little lines on the printed music, and then find them on the piano, one at a time. See Illustration 2.



Spaces above in treble  
Illustration 2

We must not forget the little helper that I told you about. It is a sign like the one in Illustration 3, and means for us to play an octave higher. Octave means eight.

8va  
Illustration 3

For instance, we have to play eight notes beginning with A. Well, the first seven will be A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and the eighth will be A again, the very letter we started with, only it is eight keys, or an octave, higher.

Last lesson we learned all about two-four time or rhythm, and played it in a game with the half of a circle. This time we will find out all about three-four time, and play it with three of the parts of a whole circle.

YOU remember that in two-four time each measure had two quarter-notes, or the value of two quarter-notes, which made a half-circle. In three-four time there are three quarter-notes or their value, which make three full parts of a circle. It has a little sign like the one at the beginning of the music. See Illustration 4.

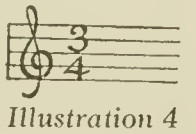


Illustration 4

Now take three quarter-note parts of a circle, and put them together as an illustration. Then let the child make three full parts of a circle with eighth-note parts, then with sixteenth-note parts; finally have him mix various note parts together, always being careful to end with three full fourth-parts of a circle.

Explain that in exactly the same way it takes three quarter-notes or their value to make a measure in three-four time.

Finally explain that in three-four time we count three and that the first count is played loud, and the two after it softer.

## CYLINDERS AND COMPRESSION

BY H. CLIFFORD BROKAW

Supervisor, West Side Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, New York City

THERE are two reasons for compression in the cylinder. A keg of powder ignited in the open goes off with a puff that is harmless; but if confined it rends the containers. The same thing is true of the charge of gasoline mixture in the cylinder: its force ignited without compression is small, but compressed it has a high expansion and drives the piston down with force enough to propel the car at any desired speed.

The other reason is that when compressed the mixture ignites much more easily. In fact, the designers have to avoid too high compression, which heats the mixture to such a degree that preignition occurs. One of our school cars was troubled this way and a fiber gasket was placed under the cylinder to enlarge the combustion chamber, thus reducing the compression.

The chief difficulty with a motor usually is too low compression and this may result from a variety of causes, the chief being leaky valves or piston-rings. It will be readily understood that if the compression in the several cylinders is not uniform the motion of the crank-shaft can not be steady, since the downward pressure of the pistons would vary. The jerky motion causes much vibration of the engine.

IF YOU are wise, you will test the compression of each cylinder whenever there is irregular running. Open all the pet-cocks except on the cylinder to be tested—or remove spark-plugs—and turn the engine over by hand.

In each two revolutions there should be a place where there is a decided resistance to the cranking, and, as top center is passed, a sudden down-movement.

All cylinders, tested in turn, should show practically the same resistance. If one or more do not, it is evidence that there is rather a serious leak.

First examine the valve push-rods to see if there is proper clearance when the valve is closed. There should be the thickness of a visiting-card between push-rod and valve-stem. If there is not, perhaps the valve is being held open by the push-rod and an adjustment will restore the compression.

If the fault is not here, take off the breather-cap and while the engine is turned over, listen closely to determine if there is a slight hissing noise when the cylinder is under compression. That will tell often when the piston-rings are at fault.

If this experiment gives no clue to the trouble, examine the valves, particularly the exhaust-valve. Often particles of carbon will lodge on the valve-seat and be hammered

down into a lump which produces a slight leak, or the seat may be worn. If so it will be necessary to grind the valve.

Valves are of different types, but usually are held by springs, and to remove a valve the spring must be compressed by a proper tool and a key removed, after which the valve may be lifted.

It sounds easy, and sometimes is, but if your motor has a solid, removable head, it is necessary to remove this to get at the valve and in some cases a mud-guard must come off before the valve-cap can be reached. However, in the average car the work can be done easily by any man or woman.

HERE let me give you a word of caution. Do not become a valve-grinder just because it is a fascinating task. Do not grind unless you have to, and then only as much as may be necessary to get a good seat.

The process is to remove the valve and smear evenly over the bevel edge a small quantity of fine valve-grinding compound. Replace it and rotate the valve by means of a screw-driver or valve tool, back and forth for a quarter of a minute. Then lift it and move the valve around a quarter-turn and repeat the rotation.

As soon as you can see a gray circle all round the valve and seat, stop and wipe out every bit of the compound or it will keep on grinding forever.

If you grind too much, in time there will be a "well" in the cylinder-casting, limiting the exhaust, and perhaps it will be ground through. Therefore, grind only when imperative and no more than needed each time.

IF THE piston-rings leak, take off the cylinder and clean out the carbon and gum lodged under the ring, that keeps it from its work, or replace the rings with new ones if they have lost their elasticity.

Sometimes pins are broken off and the rings work around in the grooves until the openings are in line, and this spoils compression. Usually leaky rings allow gasoline to work down into the crank-case to thin the oil and ruin its lubricating qualities, resulting eventually in burned bearings.

Other places where leaks might occur affecting the compression are at the spark-plugs, either at the base or at the porcelain, and about pet or priming cocks. A few drops of oil squirted at these places will show by bubbles if there is a leak. With the removable cylinder-head there may be a leak due to an imperfect gasket or to the head not being bolted down tight.



# Keep growing feet strong and shapely



THE *growing* years—from 2 to 16 are the *formative* years in the child's life.

The proper training of the growing feet is a duty parents often neglect—because its importance is not fully understood.

Unless the child's feet are properly developed, its whole physical well-being will suffer. Weak ankles, twisted toes, broken arches, corns and bunions are some of the results from the wearing of wrongly shaped shoes in childhood.

The Brown Shaping Lasts positively prevent foot troubles—for they are scientifically designed, after years of study, to give the correct shape to each shoe for every age from 2 to 16.

## For Girls **BUSTER BROWN** For Boys **SHOES** of 2 to 16

**B**USTER Brown Shoes are the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts. They give the needed support to the growing feet—keep them shapely—make them sturdy—save them from all these annoying ailments.

The boy or girl who wears Buster Brown Shoes during the growing years will have sound, shapely, serviceable feet.

Good shoe stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up, according to size and style—in button, lace and blucher—high and low cut—and various leathers.

Every parent should read "Training the Growing Feet," an interesting book which explains this important subject in detail. Mailed free on request by

### Brown Shoe Company

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

St. Louis, .: .: U. S. A.

Brown Shaping Lasts follow nature's lines of grace and beauty.



They provide for freedom of action of each bone and muscle.



One of the many styles in Buster Brown Shoes.







## The Petal-Texture of Baby's Skin

An apple-tree in Spring glimmers with pink and white petals that fall in rosy showers or sway in clouds of bloom. There is nothing of fresher, more innocent beauty in the world, except—

Yes, a Baby! That tree might be the Tree of Life. Babies are like those blossoms. Or think of a rose-garden in the summertime. The tiny hands and feet of a baby are like those silken-soft uncrumpling petals.

But, after all, a Baby is not a fairy, but an intensely sensitive little human organism that demands constant care and protection, needs plenty of healthful sleep, and is subject to tortures of physical irritation during its first years.

Also, there is nothing more helpless in nature. Even flowers are adapted to their environment and can protect themselves from the elements.

The first dictate of common sense to the mother is care of that delicate, flower-soft baby skin by using constantly a safe talcum powder. The rest of the family may take a fancy to baby's talcum. They usually do. But make them buy their own MENNEN'S. And remember that MENNEN'S is the powder you want for Baby. It was the original Borated Talcum and there is nothing just like it for skin-comfort.

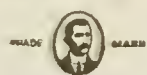


## MENNEN TALCUM POWDERS

Mennen Talcums—with the original borated formula—include

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Talcum for Men

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
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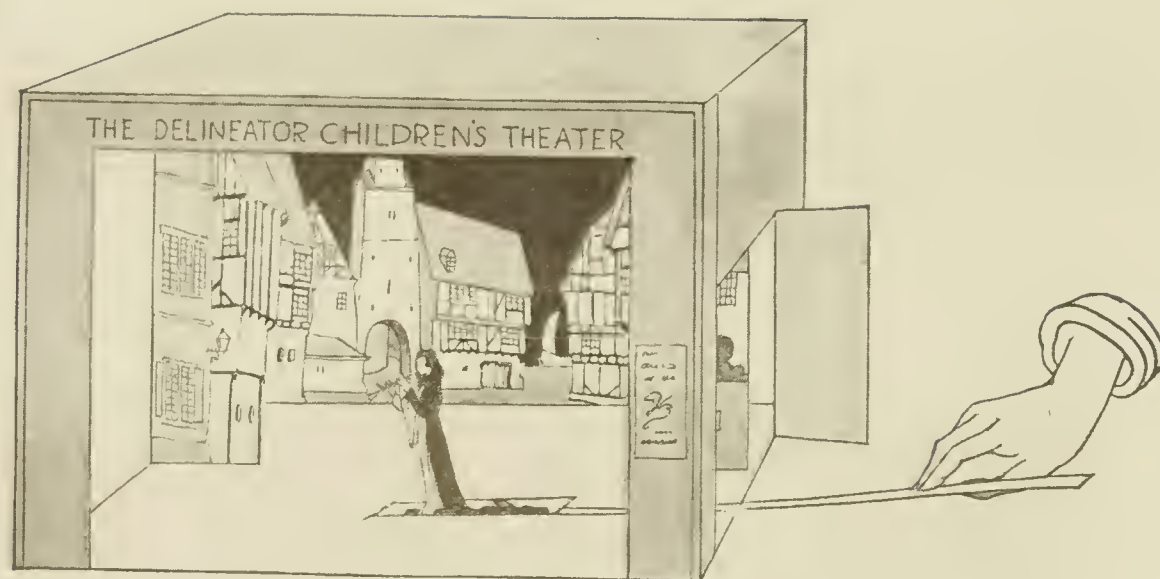


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The Pied Piper in Act II

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A PLAY FOR THE CHILDREN'S THEATER

(SCENERY IN COLORS ON PAGE 18)

### PROLOGUE

**H**AMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its walls on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
But when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.  
Rats!  
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cooks' own  
ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chaps  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

### ACT I

SCENE: The Market-Place in front of the Town Hall.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE have gathered in the market-place to complain of the terrible condition of Hamelin Town.)

TOWNSPEOPLE: 'Tis clear, our Mayor's a noddy;

And as for our Corporation—shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

(The MAYOR and the CORPORATION come out of the Town Hall to quiet the people.)

TOWNSPEOPLE: Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking

To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!

(At this the MAYOR and CORPORATION quaked with a mighty consternation.)

MAYOR: Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!

(A strange-looking man appears at the far end of the street.)

MAYOR: Bless us, what's that?

(The MAYOR, the CORPORATION and the TOWNSPEOPLE in speechless amazement watch the stranger approach.)

PIPER (advancing to the MAYOR and the CORPORATION): Please your honors, I'm able

By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep or swim or fly or run,  
After me as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole and toad and newt and viper;  
And people call me the Pied Piper

(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;  
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe:

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying  
As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

PIPER: Yet, poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats,  
I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:  
And as for what your brain bewilders,  
If I can rid your town of rats  
Will you give me a thousand guilders?

MAYOR and CORPORATION: One? Fifty thousand!

(Down the street the PIPER stepped,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while.)

### ACT II

SCENE: Same as Act I.

(The MAYOR, the CORPORATION and the TOWNSPEOPLE are listening in wonder to the music of the PIPER. At last they catch sight of him moving slowly toward them.)

They heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.)

(The MAYOR, the CORPORATION and the TOWNSPEOPLE are too astonished to speak as the PIPER passes them, followed by the rats.)

From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step by step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished!

MAYOR: Go, ring the bells till they rock the steeple.

Go, get long poles,  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!

PIPER (appearing suddenly in the market-place):

First, if you please, my thousand guilders!

MAYOR and CORPORATION: A thousand guilders!

MAYOR (after a moment winks knowingly):

Our business was done at the river's brink;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something to drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
But as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.  
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!

PIPER: No trifling! I can't wait,  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe after another fashion.

MAYOR: How? D'ye think I brook  
Being worse treated than a cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!

(Exit the PIPER.)

(The MAYOR, the CORPORATION and the TOWNSPEOPLE hear the pipe again, and cast frightened glances one at another.)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,  
Out came the children running,  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.)

(The PIPER appears blowing his pipe, but this time he is followed, not by the rats, but by all the children of the town.)

(The MAYOR was dumb, and the COUNCIL stood

As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by,  
—Could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However, he turned from south to west,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed.)

TOWNSPEOPLE: He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop!  
And we shall see our children stop!

(Then, lo, as they reached the mountainside,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountainside shut fast.)

### EPILOGUE

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south  
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him,  
Until they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,  
And piper and dancers were gone forever.  
So, Willy, let me and you be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or  
from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

### DIRECTIONS

Make the theater from a pasteboard box the same size as the arch. Cut the picture of the market-place out of the arch and paste the arch on the lid of the box.

Then cut from the lid the same space the picture occupied. Paste the picture on the inside of the bottom of the box. Set the box on its side, the long way.

This forms the stage, with the back-drop already in place.

Then paste the wings on either side of the stage, half-way in.

The characters are to be mounted on long strips of cardboard and inserted through the opening made in the side of the box, as shown in the diagram, when they come in for their parts.





Enjoy cool summer-time breakfasts on the porch. Or pick the cool spot for luncheon—and remember also that a dainty dinner is easily prepared wherever a lamp socket is available.

## General Electric Type

The preparation and serving of these electrically cooked meals will add a daintiness and zest that measures the full joy of home service. Moreover electricity goes far to eliminate the ever-present servant problem.

You attach these appliances as easily as a new Mazda; operating cost is low; and you enjoy a wonderful return in continued convenience, comfort and satisfaction.

### General Electric Percolator Type

You will be astonished to see how quickly the percolation begins, starting with cold water—you will enjoy watching and hearing it. Uniformly perfect coffee always zipping hot.

Many different styles and sizes:

Paneled Grecian urn (9-cup) as shown on the table above, \$21.50. Without panels \$18.50. The 7-cup Nickle pot shown at the left is \$13.75; without paneled sides \$12.00. Aluminum pot 6-cup \$10.00. Nickle pot 7-cup \$11.50.

### General Electric Toaster Type

Yes, you will appreciate your toast piping hot as you take it from the toaster, crunchy brown and you will enjoy making it as wanted—all men do.

Two Styles: Ornamental toaster as shown on table above \$7.00; another style with detachable rack \$6.50.

### General Electric Grill Type

With the grill illustrated at the left you cook to perfection two dishes at the same time. For instance, you cream potatoes below while you are frying eggs above—countless other combinations. The three heat switch gives complete control; nothing special to learn; use your regular recipes.

Round grill, 3-heat as illustrated, with dishes \$10.00. Rectangular grill, single heat \$10.00.

### General Electric Iron Type

Because an electric iron saves most in work, in time, in health, it is the most commonly used electric appliance; it makes ironing pleasant and easy.

Household iron (6 lbs.) \$6.50. Travelers' iron (3 lbs.) \$3.50. Travelling set, 3lb. iron and curling tong in bag, \$7.00.

## EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc. CHICAGO

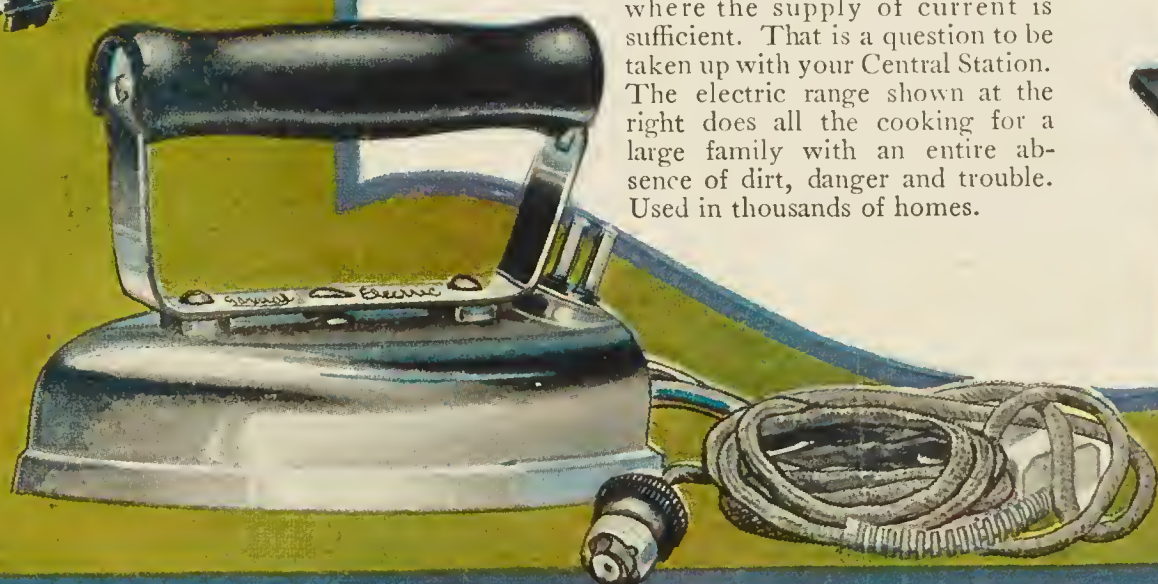
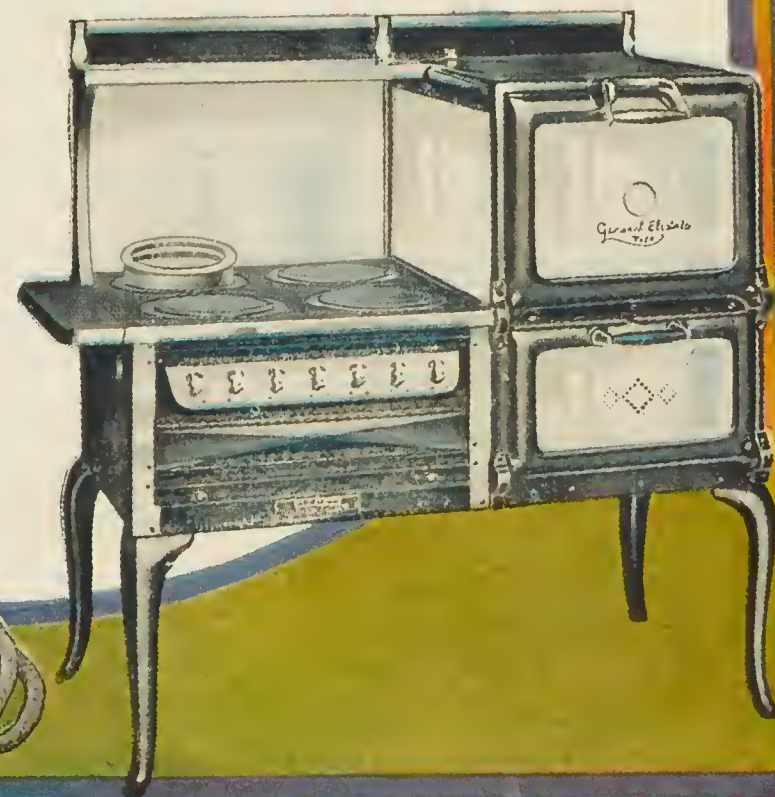
NEW YORK

ONTARIO, CALIF.

ATLANTA

### General Electric Range Type

The ideal kitchen is equipped with an electric range in cities where the supply of current is sufficient. That is a question to be taken up with your Central Station. The electric range shown at the right does all the cooking for a large family with an entire absence of dirt, danger and trouble. Used in thousands of homes.





## Golden brown *-fresh from your own oven*

Good, homemade bread is different, somehow, isn't it?

Different flavor; fine, full, rich, satisfying. Different crust; you know how eagerly the children await the heel of the first loaf to cool on bake day.

Homemade bread is better because of the care and pride with which it is made as good as possible for the family. Its very fragrance increases the keenness of the appetite. Haven't you noticed the enthusiasm with which the entire family relish their meals when good, homemade bread is served?

Enjoy it regularly. It's easily made with Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast.

Begin today to reduce your food expense by baking your bread at home. It's true kitchen thrift these days. Its lasting freshness is economy in itself.

Send for booklet  
"The Art of Baking Bread"

*Magic Yeast-Yeast Foam, Just the same except in name*  
Northwestern Yeast Company Chicago





Continued from page 1

## WHICH?

This diverse shaping of a man's destiny by the hand of his wife was brought out recently at a wedding-breakfast where an unmarried man and an unmarried woman—each of them thirty-five and each possessed of a wide experience with different kinds of people—began to talk on the familiar theme.

"HOW happy they do look!" the man ventured, looking after the wedding pair. "That's the way all of them go off. Remember seven years ago—our coming to this very hotel to see Dorothy and Dudley married?"

"Poor old Dudley! Would anybody have ever thought then she'd turn out the way she has?"

"But how has she turned out?" asked the woman, her eyes widening. "Why, everybody speaks of Dudley Seton as one of the most successful young architects in town, and they all say Dorothy has made him what he is."

"She has," retorted he grimly. "If you don't believe it, go out to Long Island and look at their big estate. Flock of cars, lot of servants, all sorts of luxuries, and poor old Dudley just going to pieces trying to hold them all up."

"Successful? He's only thirty-seven now and he's had two attacks of nervous prostration already. By the time he's forty he'll be one of two things—dead or an invalid. Another victim of a social-climber wife."

"SOCIAL climber!" echoed she in bewilderment. "She—Dorothy Seton? I always considered her one of the few intellectual women I know."

"The very worst kind," commented the man bitterly. "If a woman's a fluffy little thing, the man can generally see through the meringue and be on his guard. An intellectual like Dorothy, though—she can make it so plausible, you see."

"She is so clever about suggesting that Dudley ought to join another smart, expensive club; she talks so much about accepting invitations only on his account—oh, no; he never suspects that he's on this strain of keeping up a front just because he's got a wife that is determined to go with the best people and to see her photograph at the Piping Rock races in one of our society magazines."

"OH, YES; social climbing!" he added fiercely. "I wonder how many men in America are breaking down at forty just because their wives are trying to get up on the next rung?"

"And the worst of it is you can never tell about a woman. Her eyes may be blue as something you pick in a field, she may be gentle as the well-known gazelle; yes, she may even read Browning and talk Debussy—yet beware!"

"Under all this the social-ambition germ may be dormant. And if it doesn't break out for herself, it probably will for her children."

"DEAR, dear!" smiled back the woman. "I'm not nearly so gloomy as you, I see. Why, all I have to do to offset you is to think of Phyllis Douglas, the one that married her brother's tutor."

"As soon as they were married, he wanted to get a job in a broker's office; he couldn't bear to take her away from the orehids and the sables, you see. Would she let him do it, though? Not a bit of it."

"You are a born teacher," said she, "and you would always be a failure at anything commercial."

"So he took her advice. He got a position as assistant professor in a big university. This year he was made head of the department and the novel he wrote last year—oh, but you must read it! It's really big, and just full of her fine, wise spirit."

"There is a wife, now, who wanted her husband to develop along the lines of his own ability. She didn't want to make—well, a squirrel out of a fish."

HE SMILED back at her rather tolerantly. "Well," he admitted at last, "I suppose one's own temperament always makes the glasses that one looks through. I, for my part, was just thinking of a very different kind of wife. Before she was married they had powdered her with a few French verbs and told her just how to receive her mother's guests."

"Neither of these helped her very much when she married a poor young real-estate agent in my home town out West. He was an easy-going, good-natured chap—the kind that needed an energetic, firm-willed wife if ever a man did."

"As it was, he couldn't bear to think that he had taken this pretty, helpless child away from a comfortable home and brought her to a tiny house where they couldn't afford even a maid. And gradually he got to helping her around the house—getting up before she did and cooking the breakfast, washing the supper-dishes, and, later on, when the children came, preparing their food and dressing them and putting them to bed."

"At first she accepted this. Then she began to demand it."

"And it didn't matter how important his business engagement was, she would call him up on the telephone in the very midst of it and tell him he would simply have to go out and hunt a washerwoman, or come home and make Robert behave."

"OF COURSE the result of all this was that people began to go to the other real-estate man in town. They were sorry for the poor fellow, but they couldn't trust a big deal to a man who would have to go to the phone in the midst of it and say, 'Well, darling, you might cook some ham and cabbage!'"

"He was really too distracted by his household cares to attend properly to his business. So clients slipped away from him and he finally had to take a clerkship in a factory out there. It sounds grotesque—doesn't it?—but he is only one of thousands of men who have sacrificed their swivel-chair to become a little household helper."

THE woman listened attentively. Then when he had finished she gave a little long laugh.

"Admitted," said she, "that there are a few apron victims in the world, just think of the other kind! Why, I know a man down in my home town who was simply made by his wife."

"When she married him he was a machinist in a thresher manufactory. After three years of this, she said to him one day:

"Now we've saved up a thousand dollars and it's time for you to go to school."

"He looked at her blankly."

"And what are you going to do—you and the kids?" he asked.

"She had that all settled, however, and when he entered the dental college where he had always wanted to go, she set up—with several hundred dollars of borrowed capital—a little millinery shop."

"She had been a milliner's assistant before she married. She knew the practical end of the business and she also had excellent taste."

"At the end of her second season she was the leading milliner in the place, and she was not only supporting herself and the two children, but she was helping him through school."

"She was the kind of woman who had courage and foresight. She was willing to sacrifice the comfort of to-day for the success of tomorrow, and she now has her reward. Her husband has a practise of ten thousand a year."

"HMPH!" commented the man. "It isn't always like that. You know what Bacon said—that a wife and children were hostages to fortune."

"Generally a married man is afraid to take a chance. He doesn't dare give up a job at thirty-five a week to try some business where he might make three hundred."

"There was Judson, a fellow I knew out home. He had a clerkship in the State House, a wife and three kids."

"There wasn't any future for him, and when he got an offer to become vice-president of a lumber-mill just started by one of his friends, he jumped at the chance. But would his wife let him? Oh, no; there was no sense of 'perhaps' in that woman."

"What!" she cried. "Why, you're crazy! What if they do give you a lot of shares in the concern? The big men will always be able to squeeze you out."

"Besides, look at the other risks! Didn't my brother's mill with all his lumber burn down? Aren't mills always doing that? And how about freight? You never know about conditions there."

"Well, the upshot of it was that he lost his chance. The lumber-mill made everybody that went into it rich—and poor old Judson is still a clerk in the State House."

"It was his one opportunity to better himself, to get away from drudgery into real operative business; and his wife stood in the way."

HIS companion looked thoughtfully into space.

"I was just thinking," she said at last, "about such an interesting woman I met the other day—the wife of a manufacturer in the women's-wear business. Her husband failed and it simply broke him up. He thought he was done for eternally."

"Why," said his wife, "what's a failure? That just shows us how to make good the next time. Now we'll borrow some money and come down to your place and find out just where the waste comes in."

"She did it, too. She put all the talent for details that women have got out of years of housekeeping into the running of that factory."

"And what did Mrs. Phoenix do?" asked the man, with polite skepticism.

"WELL for one thing she found out that by giving her husband's employees a cup of tea every afternoon she increased their efficiency and made them contented—not just the tea, you understand, but the pleasant atmosphere that she created."

"For another, she found out that her husband had been wasting hundreds of dollars a year by not weighing express packages—just guessing at their weight and giving the expressman an approximate amount. So she set up scales in the shipping-room."

"She also worked out a pattern system which saved the expense of drapers."

"The fact of it is she put her husband's business on a paying basis—mostly by stopping up the little waste-holes that had made his factory a perfect sieve. They now have one of the biggest establishments in the city and he will tell you gratefully that she did it all."

"HOW you do see the reverse side of the picture!" remarked the man. "Let me tell you now about a lawyer I know. He married a writer, the kind who thought that a husband and a career could be driven in the same team."

"Mental calories! Oh, yes; she gave him plenty of those. She was a delightful companion, but a poor homemaker."

"Only a football player could have tackled their house on days when she was busy with an order; and they had one slatternly maid who was there to sort of break the fall of cold soups and underdone pork-chops."

"Later on, the husband ran for Congress, and he would have got his election, too, if he had had a home where he could entertain people—you know how much a charming, hospitable wife and a comfortable house do count in a political career—"

"MATCHED again!" exclaimed his companion triumphantly. "I know a wonderful old chief justice who is noted for the number of opinions that he writes."

"How do you ever get so much work done?" people always ask him. "It's superhuman."

"And he always answers with a twinkle, 'No; superwifely.'"

Concluded on page 50

A Discovery  
in Summer Shoes

Hood Leisure Shoes are a "discovery"—an advancement in the art of making footwear.

This footwear is fashioned entirely without leather. A new process enters into its manufacture. Smart snow-white canvas uppers are joined to a rubber sole in one continuous piece. A fibre insole and extra lining are used for protective comfort, giving an ensemble of fashion, ease and durability which distinguishes Hood Leisure Shoes as the aristocrats of footwear.

They are beautiful shoes. Summer shoes of fairy lightness. Lasting shoes that never lose their shape—that keep their good looks because they fit the instep, the ankle and the curve of the foot—perfectly fashioned from heel to toe.

# HOOD Leisure SHOES

Hood Leisure Shoes combine the acme of fashion with everyday utility. Moisture cannot hurt them. They are cool. The foot breathes in them. They're a "pleasure" shoe for outdoor or indoor wear with any frock.

Hood Leisure Shoes are a discovery in price as well as of fashion. They will adorn your feet in the latest style, give you a perfect fit, glove-like comfort and much wear—at a surprisingly low cost.

You can buy them in high boots, pumps or oxfords, with the French or Military heel.

\$3.<sup>50</sup> to \$4.<sup>50</sup> the pair

Just ask your dealer

We will send you on request a beautiful Summer Style Booklet describing these remarkable shoes. Write for it.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY  
Watertown, Mass.

CLASSIC OXFORD

VASSAR PUMP



# Carnation Milk

"From  
Contented  
Cows"



Enjoy its richness  
—as cream with cereals

Carnation Milk is of the consistency of cream and with its appetizing flavor makes your dish or breakfast cereals complete.

It is pure and wholesome and should be used as it comes from the can for cereals and coffee.

For drinking or cooking, reduce its richness with pure water. (Half water and half Carnation is the usual proportion, but if you prefer thin milk, add more water.)

Carnation Milk has the consistency of ordinary cream, because most of the water has been evaporated, leaving it about twice as rich in butter fat (cream) and the healthful milk solids.

Carnation is just rich, sweet, pure cows' milk, evaporated, hermetically sealed and sterilized. It is always *safe*, pure and sweet. It is convenient—always ready for use. It is economical—the wasteless milk supply—because you use just the quantity you need, and the rest will stay sweet for several days.

Try it, not only with breakfast cereals, but in all your cooking. Once you know by actual experience how good Carnation Milk is, you will always use it; as hundreds of thousands of housewives have been doing for years.

Guaranteed by  
Carnation Milk Products Co. Chicago  
Carnation Milk Products Co., Ltd. Aylmer, Ontario  
Seattle

## Special recipe book free

Write us for a free copy of our special book containing a hundred choice recipes. Address 656 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.



Clip these recipes, try them and paste in favorite cook book

### Carnation with Cereals

With breakfast cereals serve Carnation Milk undiluted, or, should you find it too rich in that way, reduce its richness by adding pure water. For drinking add water.

### Cocoa and Chocolate

4 even teaspoonfuls cocoa, 6 teaspoonfuls sugar, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1-4 teaspoonful salt. Mix cocoa and sugar in a cup. Have water boiling. Heat cocoa pot by allowing hot water to stand in it a few minutes. Heat Carnation Milk by standing cup of Carnation Milk in basin of hot water for five or more minutes. Pour a little boiling water into cup of cocoa and sugar to dissolve them. Pour into cocoa pot, add remainder of water boiling hot, then the hot Carnation Milk and salt. Serve at once. (For chocolate, use two or three times as much cocoa as above.)

### Boiled soft Custard

3-4 cup Carnation Milk, 1 1-4 cup water, yolks 3 eggs, 1-4 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Heat Carnation Milk and water. Beat eggs, sugar and salt. Add slowly to milk, flavor and cook in a double boiler until a coating forms on spoon.

### Carnation Milk for Infants

(consult your family physician)

All that is needed to prepare Carnation Milk for the infant's use is a proper dilution with sterilized or pure water. The following is taken from our Booklet in which more complete details are given—written by an eminent physician.  
"To 4 teaspoonfuls of Carnation Milk add 12 teaspoonfuls of water; this makes about the proper amount to give an infant of four or five weeks old. Afterwards the strength may be increased to a dilution of six teaspoonfuls of Carnation to 21-2 or 15 teaspoonfuls of water for the next four to six months."

Remember—Your Grocer has Carnation

Continued from page 2

## TO KEEP EUROPE ALIVE—MILK

The hospitals and sanitariums were swamped with consumptive patients. Babies born at this time averaged thirty per cent. below normal weight and strength, and gained only a third as fast as they should, a condition which presages ill for their continued battle for life. Yet to-day, by superhuman efforts, those children are being kept alive; the infant-mortality rate is below the normal.

A REPORT from Poland, not recent, but the latest figures received from there, states that in the Warsaw district three hundred children were born weekly, and four hundred were dying.

Many of the new-born were too feeble to live more than a few days, coming into the world malformed, without finger-nails, even without eyes—the heritage of a starved motherhood.

More than ten thousand older children in Warsaw, from five years to twelve, were invalids of famine, with wasted bodies, enfeebled minds, atrophied limbs, too weak to walk. That is what lack of milk has done in Poland.

Regarding conditions in Italy, the Italian food representative in this country says:

"We are not in a position to give statistics; but our infant mortality, because of scarcity of milk, is high and is occasioning great anxiety."

"On account of the difficulties of transportation the conditions are particularly bad in the cities. Central and southern Italy are suffering severely."

FUGITIVES from Russia report a great prevalence of diseases arising from impoverishment of blood—scurvy, rickets and carbuncles.

Consumption is raging as an effect of the famine condition, and the hospitals and sanitariums, quite insufficient to care for the cases, have little or no milk.

In Austria and in Hungary the deaths from tuberculosis are double the normal rate, and Germany, despite its established scientific system of sanitarium treatment for the consumptive, is almost as bad.

To complicate a situation already fraught with danger, the terrific influenza plague, sweeping Europe, has greatly added to the essential demand for milk, for both hospital use and home treatment.

Moreover, there is almost certain to be a further increase in tuberculosis, following the epidemic, as was the case with the pandemic influenza of 1890-91.

UPON the wounded, still filling the military hospitals of the continent last Winter, the milk shortage exercised a malign influence. Repeated messages came back home from our surgeons in service over there:

"Our patients' wounds are not healing. They can make no progress without the right kind of food. We need milk; fresh milk."

In response to that insistent call the United States Department of Agriculture has sent the assistant chief of its Dairy Division across to establish and build up special hospital herds in France.

In so far as the total decrease in European cattle is reckonable, the situation would appear, at first sight, reassuring. Less than twenty per cent., probably, of the numerical strength of the herds has been lost.

But this is no fair index. The loss and destruction have been ill apportioned, leaving certain districts with a fair supply, while others are denuded.

Worse than this, and common to all parts of Europe, is the deterioration of the cattle themselves, through shortage of fodder, and a consequent diminution and degeneration of the milk supply, both in quantity and quality, wholly disproportionate to the actual loss of cattle.

To offset this, careful systems of rationing, based on the conservation of milk for those who most need it, have been generally established.

FRANCE lost two million cows through the war, a decrease of about sixteen per cent. of her herds, with a much heavier decrease in milk supply because of enforced short rations for the remaining cattle. The price of milk more than doubled.

Throughout the invaded territory the Germans took all the cattle for their own use, leaving nothing for the inhabitants.

"Every child in this region," reports an American welfare worker there, "is a foster-child of American canned milk."

In Paris no milk or cream is sold in the restaurants after 9 A.M., and milk is obtainable in private homes only for children or the sick, either fresh or canned; and the inmates were kept alive—or not—on rice-water substitute.

HOLLAND has absolutely stopped the distribution of whole milk; not even the milk saloons are allowed to sell it. An allowance of skim-milk has been established of 0.6 of a pint per day for adults, 1.05 pint for children, and 2.11 pints for infants.

Italy undertook milk rationing soon after her entry into the war.

Cattle were killed in large numbers to supply meat to the army. There has been an almost total lack of bran for feed, and as no fertilizer has been imported, the grazing-meadows have become poor and the yield of the cows correspondingly scant.

Last Fall the milk production for all Italy was only four-sevenths of the normal; since then it has fallen off further. Cheese, subordinate only to bread, macaroni and potatoes as a necessity in Italy, has almost disappeared from the markets. In Rome it sells for more than two dollars a pound.

VENICE had practically no cheese in December, and milk, which up to then had been selling at forty cents a quart on card-allowance only, suddenly shot upward to a panic price of two dollars a pint. Butter was unobtainable.

Milan now commandeers all milk produced in or sent to the city and distributes it under municipal authority. In Turin the allowance is a half-pint per day per person, with families of more than six members limited to a quart and a half.

To make matters worse, in central Italy there is a grave shortage of olive-oil, which to the poorer Italian is a substitute for butter, and even for milk.

Last year a slight relief came from the United States in the form of seven hundred and fifty tons of condensed and evaporated milk, but it was a mere drop compared with Italy's shortage of three hundred thousand tons.

ONE of Switzerland's principal industries, the preparation of condensed milk, has been completely wiped out by lack of the basic material.

Here, as in Holland, an allowance system is maintained—a trifle more than one quart per day for children up to five years old; three-quarters of that amount for those between five and fifteen, and half of it for adults. Even on this meager dolo there is not enough to go around.

Austria and Hungary are suffering severely. Vienna reported early last Winter that in the face of a rapidly diminishing output the minimum milk requirements for invalids and children could barely be met.

In Prague the use of milk is restricted to infants, on the pitiful allowance of half a pint a day for each little one.

THE German herds, theretofore much depleted, suffered further last Spring when hundreds of thousands of cattle between six months and a year old were slaughtered; a whole year's stock being thus destroyed, with the inevitable effect of shortening the milk supply for several seasons.

Last November the allowance for "black cards," issued to men only, and good for just over a pint of skim-milk per day, was cut off, and the supply limited to women and children only.

Of the milk condition in the three principal enemy nations last Winter a British authority wrote:

"The milk yield in general is greatly diminished; in fact almost to a vanishing-point in central Europe. Germany, Austria, and even Hungary, may be said to have no regular milk supply at all."

OF THE Scandinavian nations, Denmark alone has a sufficient supply for herself.

As the great dairy country of Europe she would naturally be looked to to relieve the most pressing needs of her neighbors, but the production of her herds has been cut down by shortage of fodder, and she is anxiously hoping

Concluded on page 52

Concluded from page 49

## WHICH?

"That's just it, too. They have a big, comfortable house with lots of easy-chairs and big, cozy fireplaces.

"The place is always clean, but it isn't fussy clean. You know there are wives that sacrifice their husbands' comfort to their houses' tidiness."

"Know it?" groaned the other. "It's the real reason I never married. I was always afraid there would be a house policeman lurking behind the dimples and the soft eyes."

"Ah, yes; but this wife isn't," said the woman. "She does see to it that they have two good servants, that his food should be just what he ought to have to keep up his strength; but there isn't any of the awful rigidity of housekeeping in their home."

"Why, they might be without a maid; they might be in the midst of the Spring housecleaning; but she would always throw down her household work to go out on a picnic with him. It is just wonderful to see them, too, these middle-aged people, starting out on their bicycles with their picnic frying-pans and their books on birds and botany."

"Here are married people who never got over the joy of discovering things together, of enjoying the little, priceless gaieties. This woman has always given her husband such a

sense of physical well-being, such a bracing companionship, too, that he can really do twice as much work as the ordinary man."

"Yet, if you please, she has a career. She has written a book on birds that is an authority."

Her companion was silent for a moment.

"Well," he pondered at last, "how do you make it out—the two various pictures? Of course all of us have faults—"

"Faults!" The woman caught him up with an eager smile. "Ah, that's just it! We all have them. The only difference is that some women have the gift for loving—or else they cultivate it—and others don't."

"If a woman really loves, she is trying to understand her husband better and better. When she understands, she helps."

"She forgets herself in thinking of his good. That is the only thing that makes the difference between the wife who destroys and the one who constructs."

The gift for loving! In these words it seems to us that this woman has captured the mysterious essence which makes one woman "bear over her husband's threshold with good omen" and the other with an evil one. For it is only through loving that we learn to understand.



# OWN A HOME

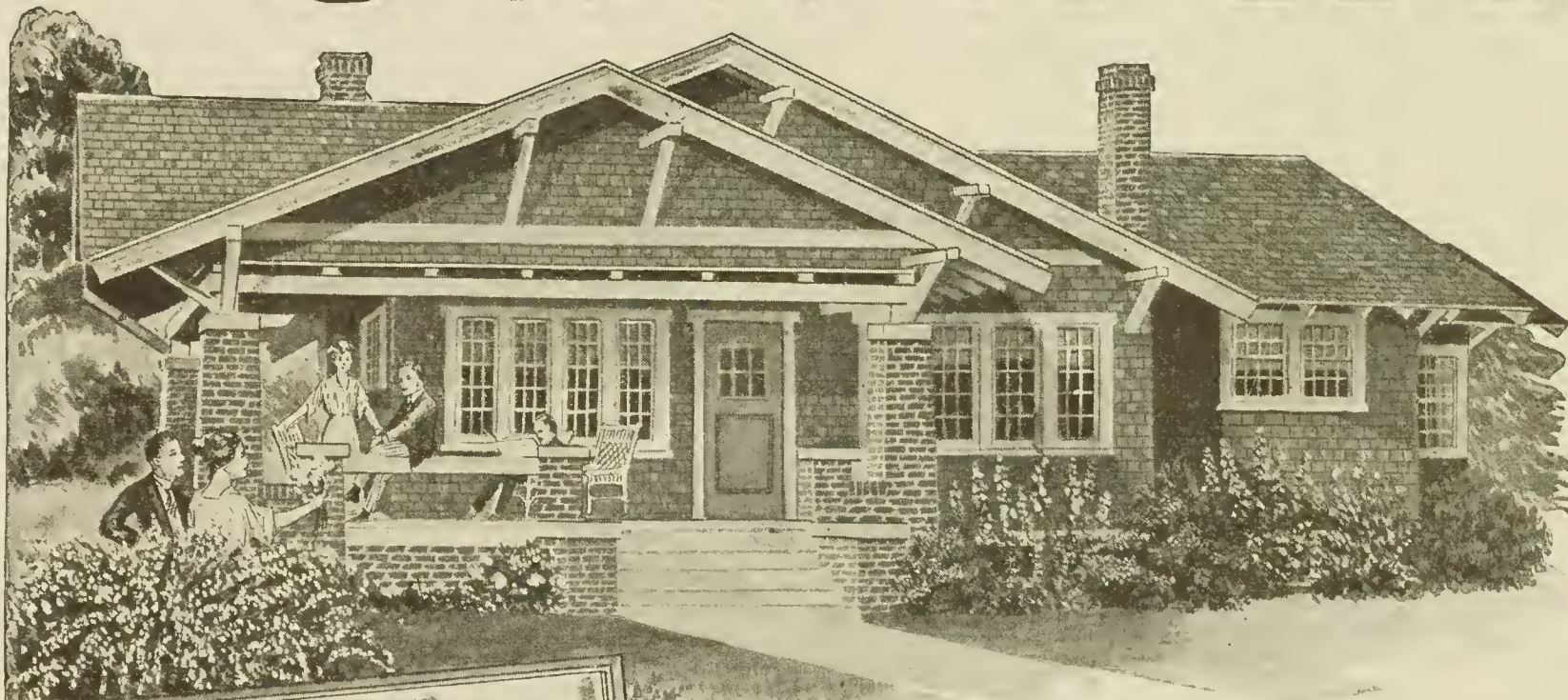
which embodies

beauty

convenience

protection

comfort



National Builders Bureau  
Home No. 568

Secure the "Home of Your Dreams"

By Using

## National Builders Bureau Plans and Specifications

THE first step toward independence is to "Own Your Home." Rent-receipts represent money spent. A home occupied and well taken care of is an asset. *Own a home—build or buy now!* Pay for it by the month. Invest your money in place of spending it.

A home means everything to the family. We spend half of our time at home, and home-owning is one of the most important functions of life. A home-owning family always has ample credit and stands high among the prominent citizens of the community.

### Our Catalog—A Magnificent Volume of Step-Saving Homes

When you contemplate building, before deciding on your design, fill out and mail the coupon below that our representative may show you National Builders Bureau Plan Book, containing hundreds of different designs, costing us to perfect over \$30,000.00. A large selection to choose from; for instance, ninety-two different types of *modern, moderate-priced*, five-room homes. Dozens of other designs, ranging from two to ten rooms. Also Churches, School Houses, Garages, Barns, Elevators, Grain-Bins, Poultry-Houses and other buildings.

### All Waste Eliminated

With a view to both economy and comfort, we make it possible for you to build complete for a definite sum of money. We have gone to enormous expense in listing for every one of our designs all the necessary lumber, mill-work, built-in features, hardware, paint, number of days' labor, etc., and have at your disposal complete blue-printed plans and specifications.

### No Delays

Our representatives carry in stock all necessary materials for any structure and will make prompt delivery. No obligation in asking for complete details of our service. Thousands have used our service, saved money, and secured the "home of their dreams."

### Build from Plans

Guessing at the total cost is expensive. Select a plan made by an architect who knows his business. Make a definite contract—\$000.00 for your home *complete*—No Extras.

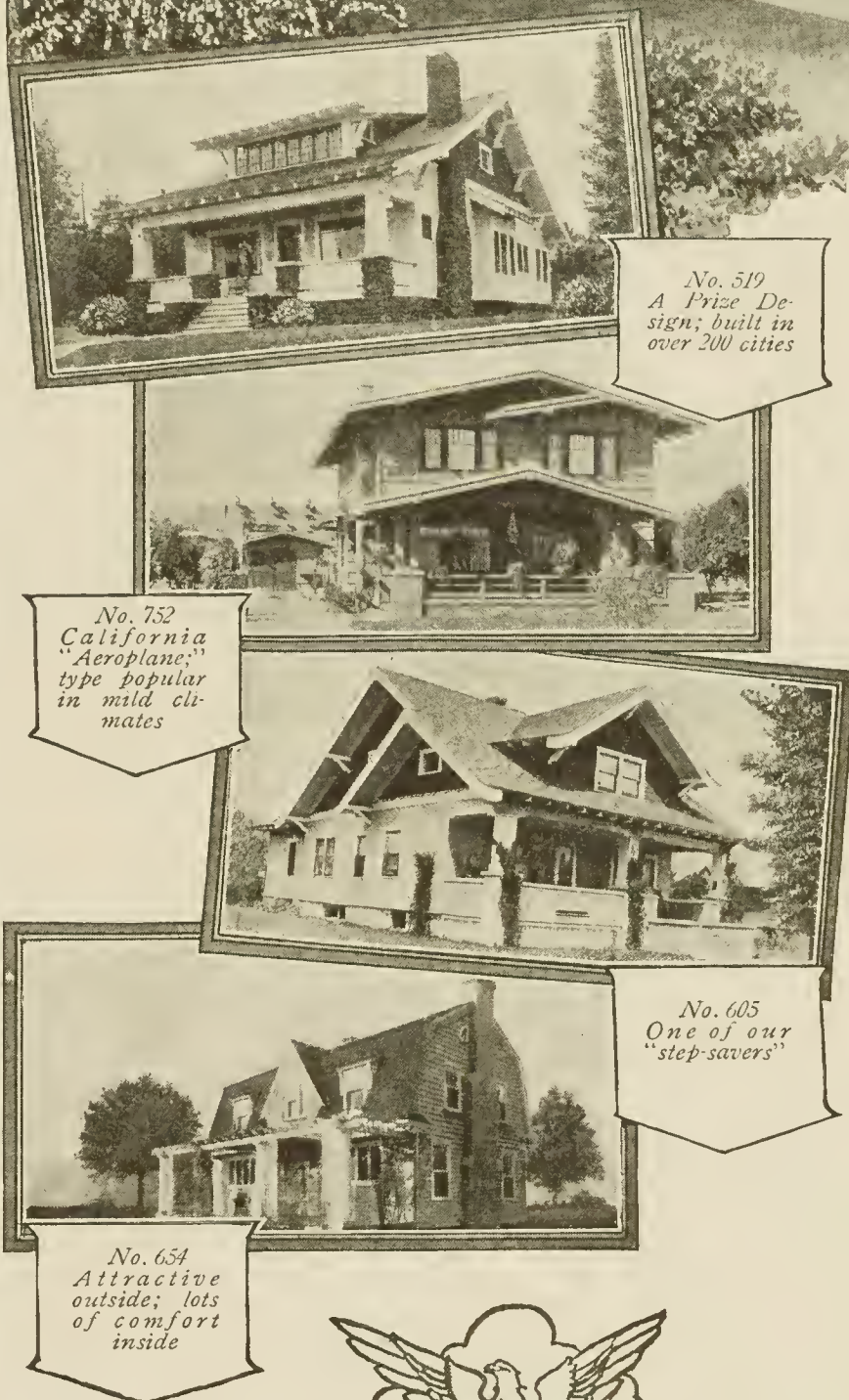
*Get what you want. Pay for what you get.* 20,000 families now living in homes built from National Builders Bureau Plans.

### A Free Service

Our representatives will furnish to their customers our entire service, including blue-printed plans, specifications, professional and expert advice.

Every National Builders Bureau design has been built by a satisfied customer. We have had *twenty continuous years* of experience in planning homes and other buildings. The value of homes built in the United States from National Builders Bureau designs exceeds \$45,000,000. Can we offer greater proof of our ability to serve and *save you money?*

If interested, fill out coupon below and mail to our Spokane, Washington, address.



No. 519  
A Prize Design,  
built in  
over 200 cities

No. 752  
California  
"Aeroplane"  
type popular  
in mild climates

No. 605  
One of our  
"step-savers"

No. 654  
Attractive  
outside; lots  
of comfort  
inside



This emblem identifies our local representative, and you will find him a man devoted to better homes and buildings for your community.

### Building Material Merchants —Your Opportunity!

Our national advertising is telling America how to build more efficiently and economically. Where this Bureau is not already represented there is an opportunity for one responsible member. Write for full particulars now.

## NATIONAL BUILDERS BUREAU

An Organization for Efficiency  
and Economy in Building

SPOKANE, WASH.  
316 Columbia Building

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  
720 McKnight Building

KANSAS CITY, MO.  
201 Railway Exchange Building

Check the building in  
which you are interested

NATIONAL BUILDERS BUREAU  
Columbia Building,  
Spokane, Wash.

I am planning on building as indicated on margin,  
and would like to inspect your \$30,000.00 book  
of designs, without obligation on my part.

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS  
OR R. F. D. ....

CITY..... STATE.....

Home
Church
School
Garage
Barn
Silo
Grain-Bin
Elevator
Poultry-House





# A Woman's School of Economy

Would Have Lessons Like These

## Lesson No. 1



Quaker Oats  
1810 Calories Per Pound  
5c Per 1000 Calories

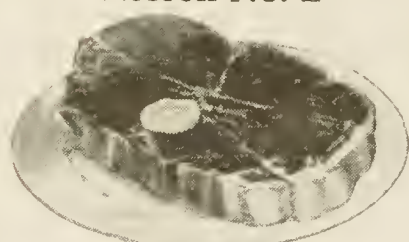
One thing to know in buying food is the cost per calory unit. That's the energy measure of food value.

Meats and fish on this basis cost at least ten times Quaker Oats. And some foods cost up to twice as much as meat.

Each 30-cent package of Quaker Oats used to displace meat at breakfast saves about \$3.

Another thing to know is the sort of nutriment.

## Lesson No. 2



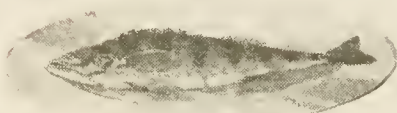
Round Steak  
890 Calories Per Pound  
41c Per 1000 Calories

The oat is the food of foods. As a vim-food it has age-old fame. In protein it equals beef, and stands first among the grain foods. It is rich in needed minerals.

Quaker Oats with milk forms almost the ideal food.

One needs a mixed diet. Some costly foods are necessary.

## Lesson No. 3

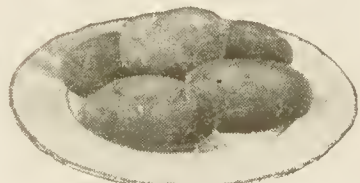


Average Fish  
288 Calories Per Pound  
60c Per 1000 Calories

But the supreme breakfast is a dish of Quaker Oats. The cost is one-half cent.

It means a delicious breakfast, an extremely nutritious breakfast. And the trifling cost will average up the costlier meals of the day.

## Lesson No. 4

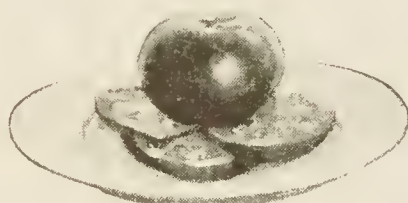


Potatoes Parsnips  
Turnips Squash  
Average 186 Calories Per Pound  
One-Tenth Quaker Oats

# Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavorly Flakes

## Lesson No. 5



Tomatoes String Beans  
Beets Cucumbers  
Cabbage Lettuce  
Celery Spinach  
Average 104 Calories Per Pound

Make your oat dishes delightful by using Quaker Oats. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Get the extra flavor which we bring you in this way.

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(3091)

Concluded from page 50

# TO KEEP EUROPE ALIVE—MILK

for a relaxation of shipping restrictions which will enable her to import the necessary cattle food.

Because of Sweden's shortage of milk and butter the Government is now distributing cheese.

A significant item is reported from Norway, where a scientist has succeeded in producing a "butter" without milk or cream—these being very difficult to get—through the fermentation of certain fungi.

IN RUSSIA what meager reports are received indicate that fluid milk has practically disappeared from the larger cities, and the canned substitutes are worth their weight in gold.

A Red Cross officer in Serbia states that in an eight-months stay he never saw fluid milk or fresh butter.

Bulgaria's herds, already decimated in 1917, have suffered a further loss of nearly fifty per cent.

Sixteen districts in Eastern Galicia report their decrease of cattle from sixty thousand to two thousand five hundred.

Greece has a cheese and milk famine. Finland, Poland and Armenia are almost destitute of dairy products, and Turkey and Roumania are supposed to be almost as hard-pressed.

EVEN Great Britain, advantageous as is her position in this respect, has suffered severely in the last two years.

To add to her troubles, a very wet Autumn impaired her grass crop last year, with the result that the grazing was fifteen per cent. below normal.

The food controller was obliged to appeal for a general conservation of milk in the interests of children and the sick.

No milk is allowed to be served in restaurants except to children under ten, or residents.

A curious effect of this restriction came to my notice early this year, when I went to meet an incoming ship, and ran across a man whom I knew and who had been in France and England for ten weeks. Hardly responding to my greeting, he brushed by me, ran into the street, stared about him for a moment and then plunged into the nearest saloon. Surprised, for I knew he was not a hard drinker, and uneasy because of the peculiar, strained expression of his face, I followed, arriving in time to hear his order:

"Give me a long glass of milk. Quick!" The astonished bartender complied and continued to look progressively astonished as my acquaintance ordered and consumed no less than eight glasses of the fluid, explaining to me between gulps that he had been suffering from milk starvation.

"I NEVER realized how a man could crave milk," he said, "until these recent weeks when I've been unable to get even a sip of it. In my opinion there has been actual starvation, and a good deal of it, right in England and France, among people who have had plenty of food in bulk, but have been unable to get those essential food elements only to be had in milk, and in a very few substitutes in lesser degree."

"Of course their deaths have been set down to tuberculosis or pneumonia, or whatever disease happened along to prey on their starved systems. But the underlying cause was starvation."

As he happens to be a high authority on both hygiene and diet, I was impressed with his theory, particularly when I came to check it up with the sinister tuberculosis figures. Further, he stated that lack of milk was adding heavily to the influenza mortality.

WHAT are America's responsibility and part in the crisis, which threatens not only the Europe of to-day, but the Europe of the future? Addressing the National Milk and Dairy Farmers' Convention, Mr. Hoover said:

"The day may yet come when the child-life of the world will be in your hands."

To an extent that condition now exists. It depends upon us Americans—not only the dairymen, but all of us who use and waste milk—whether the waning young generation of the European nations is to be strengthened and saved, or whether it is to be left to an unequal struggle against conditions which, without our aid, can not be generally remedied.

Only milk and the milk products can do it. We have them in abundance, and to spare, if we carefully husband our resources.

It is not, however, a question of stinting ourselves, as was the case with wheat, pork and sugar. Cutting down of these articles involved no harm to the public.

Miserliness with milk means the absolutely essential elements of growth and vigor withheld from our children, a procedure which would be intolerable. Never by appeal or suggestion has the National Food Administrator advocated a reduction of necessary milk supply.

THE problem is one of maintaining our present production, stimulating it where possible, and eliminating waste. Obviously in the present condition of shipping we can not send over our fresh, liquid milk, the most desirable form.

But condensed or evaporated milk is of great value, and without it the tragedy of the invaded territories would be far worse than it has been.

Belgium, it is not too much to say, has been kept alive on American canned milk.

From sixteen million pounds of this product, shipped out in 1914, our exports rose to five hundred and thirty million pounds last year, and we could have spared another hundred million had there been facilities for preparing and transporting it.

In addition to this, a most important development has been the manufacture of powdered whole milk by several processes so thoroughly perfected that when reconstituted

it has all the nutritive value and the flavor of fresh milk.

The Society for Supplying Free Milk to France is now shipping this product—which is highly economical of shipping space—at a cost of one thousand one hundred dollars a ton, figuring out to thirteen cents a quart, liquid form, in France.

COULD all the milk wasted through negligence and ignorance in this country be thus treated and shipped, it would supply the immediate and pressing wants of France and probably leave a considerable surplus for Italy.

And as I write this at my home in central New York there are ponds of milk within a few miles of me, where the farmers have "dumped" the output of their dairies rather than submit longer to a scale of prices which does not give them a living profit for their product.

Destruction of this sort is not frequent, and waste such as that which I told of above in the incident of the choked sewer would rarely be found to-day.

Nevertheless, enormous quantities of this most valuable of all foodstuffs go back to the earth—which doesn't need it. Not less than eighteen million dollars per year, it is estimated, is thrown away through careless or negligent handling.

Household waste aggregates a large total. The United States Department of Agriculture points out that half a cup of milk wasted daily in each American home amounts to a total of nearly a billion quarts a year, the product of a herd of four hundred thousand cows.

Four hundred thousand cows established in any country in Europe to-day, with the exception of Russia, would—supposing fodder could be found for them—solve the most anxious problem in the distressful heritage of war: the maintenance of the young children.

The skim-milk which we feed to our pigs—in itself a wasteful process, as one hundred pounds of it is converted into less than five pounds of pork, whereas it contains twice that weight of edible solids—can be cheaply and readily converted into cottage-cheese, an article of high food value.

It may be said without exaggeration that hundreds of thousands of people across the Atlantic could be kept alive on the cottage-cheese made from the milk which we either feed to pigs and chickens or, worse still, pour out upon the ground.

With the terrible picture of milk famine in Europe before us, we in this country are swiftly and blindly approaching a condition where we shall not have sufficient dairy products to maintain ourselves properly, far less help out those worse off than ourselves.

As stated above, we have more than enough now. But our herds are by no means keeping pace with the increase in our population, and there is the gravest danger that unless some way is found to satisfy the dairy farmer the cattle will be killed for meat and the herds reduced below the margin of safety.

WITHIN my own brief radius of observation I have seen milk-station after milk-station go out of business because the supply had dwindled to a point where it was no longer profitable to handle it.

Meantime the price of milk has doubled, constituting a social problem of the utmost gravity. An article such as this affords no space to go into the complicated economics of milk; but two salient points may be cited.

First, the producer gets less than half the price paid by the consumer, the rest going into cost of transportation and distribution and middle-man's profit. A minor and probably extreme instance of the absurdly wasteful method of distribution is found in a small and detached residence section of a Boston suburb, where twenty-five homes are served by fourteen different companies.

Second, whether rightly or wrongly, the farmer believes that he is not getting a fair profit on his milk cattle—in many districts it is probable that he gets no profit whatever—and he is going out of the business.

Our present status for the entire country is about one quart of milk per day per person, of which half goes into cheese and butter, leaving one pint of liquid milk per person. If many dairies go out of business, how long will it be before the danger-point is reached?

ALREADY it has been reached in some of the larger cities. Since the rapid rise of prices the milk consumption in the tenement districts of New York has decreased nearly fifty per cent.

A survey of twenty-two hundred tenement-inhabiting families shows twenty-one hundred children under six years of age shifted, in whole or in part, from milk to coffee or tea as a regular beverage, a process which will probably be reflected in the hospital and death-rates later.

Up to the present the United States has been a fluid-milk-drinking nation. It may be that circumstances will force us to take our milk in other forms. Some students of dairy conditions prophesy that the solution of the problem lies in canned milk; and there is no question but that its use is rapidly increasing and that it is preferable to low-grade, unclean, germ-infected milk.

BUT neither condensed, evaporated nor powdered milk can be produced without cows; and the poignant question for this country is whether we are to allow our herds to be killed off, in the face of a situation approaching the critical here, and across the seas that "heavy curtain from behind which come faint cries of help."

It is a time for concerted thought and action—political if need be—to make milk economically self-supporting. It is a time to eliminate every element of waste, and to support every project for transferring our present surplus to those who are dying for lack of it.

Thus while we are aiding Europe we shall be learning to conserve against a future condition which is at best dubious.



# Armour SPREADS

For Every Taste



## Another Example of Oval Label Goodness

THE convenience, variety and quality of foods guaranteed by the Armour Oval Label were never better expressed than in the spreads pictured here. For formal or impromptu entertainment, for the outing hamper, or for the family meals of midsummer, Armour Spreads offer many appetizing suggestions for wholesome, nutritious dainties, ready to serve.

These spreads, with other Oval Label foods on the Armour shelf in your pantry, provide the proteins, fats and carbohydrates, essential to the perfectly balanced diet. And they add the final touch of delicacy and flavor to meals for every occasion.

Thus, whether your needs be for butter, oleomargarine, nut margarine, peanut butter, jams, jellies, potted or deviled meats, your dealer can supply you with Oval Label quality. Also under this reliable trade-mark

you can enjoy the same wide range of choice in prepared meats, cooking fats, desserts, sea foods, beverages and other staple delicacies. If your dealer has not these products on his shelves he can readily obtain them for you from our nearest Branch House.

For new and appetizing ways to serve all Armour foods, write our Department of Food Economics, Division 75 D, Armour and Company, Chicago, for a free copy of "The Business of Being a Housewife." This book is full of practical information on economical home management.

ARMOUR  COMPANY



2975



Continued from page 9

## THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

LINE FOR LINE THEIR PROFILES  
WERE THE SAME

Drink  
**Coca-Cola**

DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

You can't think of  
"delicious" or "refresh-  
ing" without thinking  
of Coca-Cola.

You can't drink Coca-Cola  
without being delighted and  
refreshed.

The taste is the test of  
Coca-Cola quality—so clearly  
distinguishes it from imita-  
tions that you cannot be de-  
ceived.

Demand the genuine by  
full name—nicknames  
encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.



Sold  
Everywhere

them was witness of the curious instant that followed Rosalie's taking up of the pen to sign. She put it to the paper and then she paused, held it suspended.

"Sign right there, Rosalie," said Gerald.

"But I—I don't know what to sign." She said it with a little laugh, and looked up at him, lifting her head as if with an effort, and they saw that the pink in her cheeks had ebbed away, leaving her white. "You see—it's absurd to be explaining this only now!—but Rosalie Byrnes is my professional name. It was my mother's name and I took it for—professional purposes. But Rosalie Byrnes is the name I have gone by for three years, and I much prefer it. I—had almost forgotten I have another name. Should I sign that one?"

They all laughed to cover a moment that for some inexplicable reason seemed extremely awkward. And Rosalie signed in a hand that shook a little:

"Leona Maddern."

Gerald looked over her shoulder. "Leona Maddern," he read. "Nice to have a choice of names! Which shall I call you, Rosalie?" He, too, was covering the moment like a gentleman.

She gave a tiny shiver. "Never, never Leona Maddern!" she cried. "I—I don't like it. I am Rosalie Byrnes—you won't forget, will you, Gerald?"

"Rosalie Byrnes Cromwell," he said gravely. She looked up at him with quick gratitude, the color delicately returning to her cheeks. The chaplain shook hands, wished them joy again, and went away. There was a hurried looking at wrist watches, no one knowing quite what to do next. But some one knocked and asked for Miss Christine. The life of the house was flowing on again; the wedding of Gerald Cromwell and Rosalie Byrnes had become already an incident of the past.

And at last they were alone. They looked at each other. Just for an instant their wistful faces wore their little boy and girl expression, then they stretched out their arms to each other. A vivid flame was in their eyes.

"Gerald, you're not sorry? You do love me—you do?"

"I love you—I love you—" he murmured with his lips against the sweetness of her cheek. "It had to be this way, dearest. I wanted you to fight for, to think about. I wanted you to look forward to. I'm coming back, don't you ever doubt that. Nothing can touch me, now I've got you, nothing!"

THEY clung to each other as if their young strength could keep away the inevitable that was separating them; they talked, saying the same things over and over, trying not to think of the black nothingness beyond the edges of their island. They reviewed the enchanting, astounding week that had ended in this moment. And she admitted, with her face against his breast, that she had known from the night he came in when she was singing "Knowest Thou the Land" that he was falling in love with her. And she—the wonder of it!—she, too, from the instant he stood beside the piano, had felt the troubled ecstasy of that experience. Their spirits had flown straight to each other; their blood had called to each other.

The short September twilight deepened the shadows in the room until at last they could see only the white ovals of each other's faces. A despairing sense of the flying moments crowded their minds with things they wanted to say and tied their tongues with the growing poignancy of the long separation.

"You are sure you have my address in New York?" she asked for the fifth time. "And if there's the least tiny chance of my seeing you again before you sail, you'll wire or telephone me?"

"Yes, yes. And, dearest dear, as soon as my mother comes to see you or writes, you'll

go to see her? You'll let her take care of you, for my sake, won't you, darling? I'm sure you'll like her, and she can't help loving you."

HE SAID it stoutly, and she listened, assenting, but the ears of her feminine sense, keener than the keenest masculine ears, told her that this question of his family lay at the back of his consciousness, worrying him, troubling him.

And his sister, Eleanor. From the very first Rosalie had somehow shrunk from Eleanor. Poor Gerald thought he was painting a gallant picture of his sister, but what Rosalie's feminine sense told her was that Eleanor was a strong-willed, ambitious woman, who was forever in riding-clothes, who had refused two men because they lacked the right combination of money and family, and was now engaged to a third. He had a political future, he was three years younger than Eleanor, and Rosalie felt sorry for him. She knew that Eleanor had a domineering eye, although she had never seen a portrait of her. And instinct told her that Eleanor would not like her.

It was with reluctance that she gave Gerald a photograph of herself in one of her gauzy-white concert dresses to send with his letter to his mother announcing their marriage. The letter was to be written in his very first free moment.

"This isn't me, this picture," she mourned; "it was taken for the managers and it looks theatrical. You will tell your mother that I'm not theatrical, won't you, dear? You'll tell her I love to sing, but I love home, too. You'll make her understand, won't you, that I'm just an ordinary nice girl, and I—I want to love her, because I love you so, Gerald!"

"Precious, if I wrote for a week, I couldn't tell her how wonderful you are. But she'll only have to see you to know."

"Gerald dear," she said quietly, "don't you think we'd better leave your family out of our plans until you come home? You know, I told you at the very first, that I have taken care of myself ever since mother died, and before that I was always mother's helper and adviser. I am really quite capable of looking after myself. New York is the safest place in the world if a girl goes about her life right. And you know we agreed that I should go on with my work. My singing is part of me. I don't want to give it up. If I study and work, I believe I have a future—not a great one—I know my limitations—but a satisfying one. And I love to sing. Perhaps if I went to live with your family they wouldn't want me to sing, and that would break my heart. Don't you think we might just leave things as they are? Let me go on living in my comfortable little apartment, working and studying with all my might, and then when you come home—"

THEIR arms tightened. He buried his face in the soft fragrance of her hair. "When I come home—oh, darling, I must come home!"

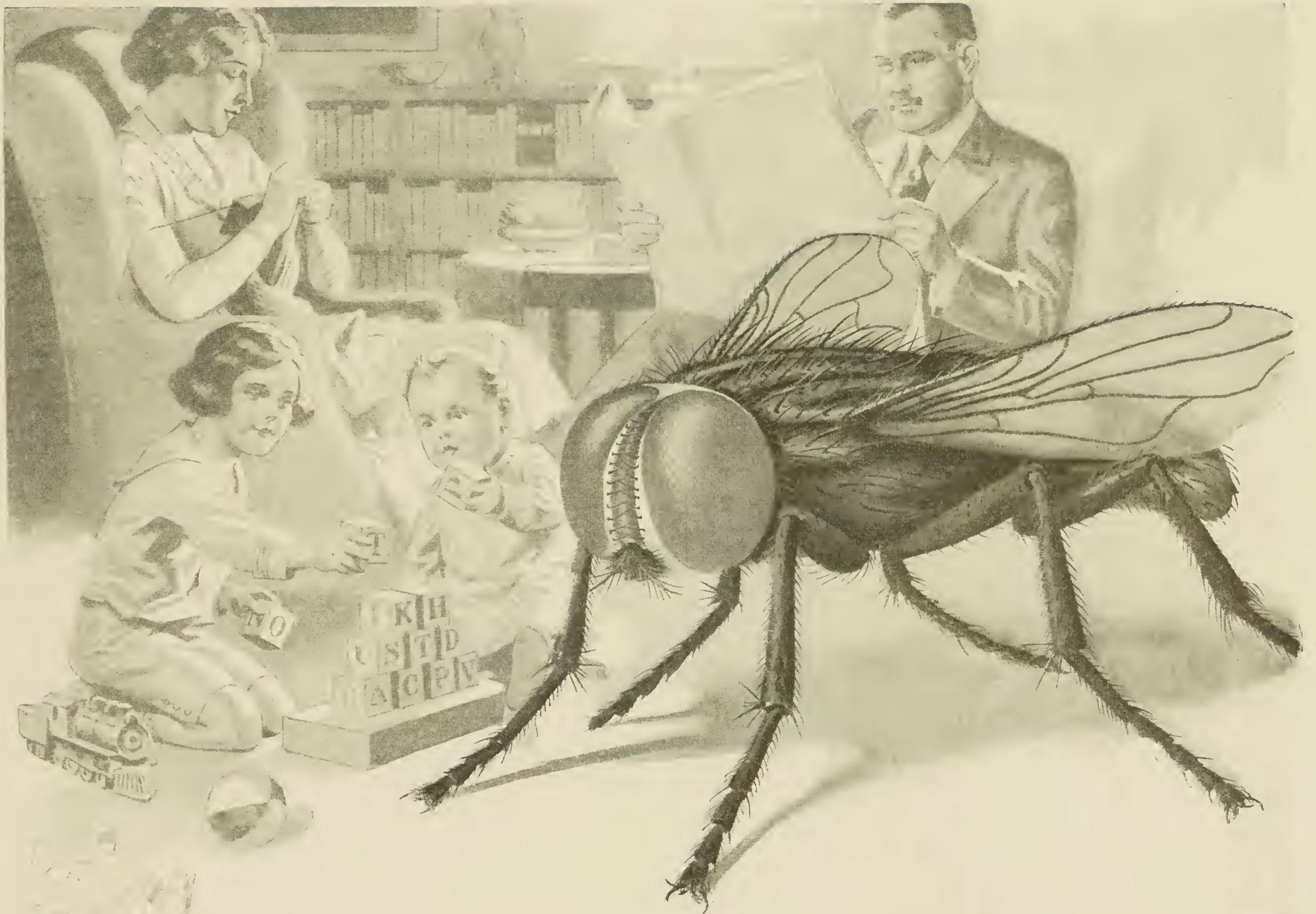
His voice went on, but Rosalie's eyes went past his face, and in them there was a shadow of uncertainty and dread. Twice she started to speak, and each time his caresses stopped her. She realized then that he was desperately drinking the joy of this, their own hour, trying not to think that it might be their only one. And a smile of sweetness and tenderness came into her face, a smile just touched with the divine softness of the maternal. As if she said to herself: "It is your hour—nothing shall mar it, nothing cloud it!" she lifted her face with its loveliest expression.

"You are right," she said, "nothing really matters but this, that we belong to each other now, never, never to let anything part us."

"Never—anything," he replied.

Continued on page 56





## Don't Ignore the Menace of the Deadly Fly

Somewhere in every city, town and village there are disease-breeding places—places where you will find filth and dirt, garbage and disease.

It is in such places that multitudes of flies breed. And it is from these places that hordes of these disease-laden emissaries of death scatter and enter homes—your home.

Many a fatal illness owes its origin to a hardly-noticed fly bite.

The menace of the fly is so deadly you must not ignore it. You must fight the fly in its gathering- and breeding-places.

Flies keep away from garbage-cans that contain Lysol solution. Flies cannot breed in wall-cracks and floor-cracks or in dark corners if these places are sprayed or washed with water that contains a little Lysol, for Lysol kills the eggs.

Buy W. S. S.  
Regularly



# Lysol

## Disinfectant

Besides keeping flies away, Lysol also makes the home germ-proof. Its systematic use kills all germ-life in sinks, drains, toilets, and in dark, sunless corners. Use Lysol regularly wherever flies gather or germs can breed, and you will make a better fight against disease than disease can make against you.

A little Lysol goes a long way. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of powerful disinfectant—a 25c bottle makes 2 gallons. Lysol is also invaluable for Personal Hygiene. Buy only in original yellow package.

### Lysol Toilet Soap

Contains Lysol, and therefore protects the skin from germ infection. It is refreshingly soothing and healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND



### Lysol Shaving Cream

Contains Lysol, and kills germs on razor and shaving brush (where germs abound), guards the tiny cuts from infection, and gives the antiseptic shave. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to order a supply for you.

Samples Mailed Free. Send us your name and address, and we will gladly send you samples of Lysol Toilet Soap and also of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men of your family.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Manufacturing Chemists—Makers of Pebecco Tooth Paste—120 William Street, New York



# BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR WITH "DANDERINE"

Only 35 Cents! Freshen and Invigorate Your Scalp!

"Danderine" Removes Dandruff and Makes Your  
Hair Soft, Fluffy, and Lustrous



If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair. You cannot have nice healthy hair if you have dandruff.

So, if your hair has been

neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed and you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—you must use Knowlton's Danderine.

**35 Cents a Bottle—Drug Stores and Toilet Counters**

Continued from page 54

## THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

THE minutes made themselves into seconds, into fractions of seconds and passed as one winks an eye. Then it was—

"I must go now, dear—not a minute more to spare."

"Ah, I can't—I can't bear it!"

"Listen, my own dearest: you're a soldier's wife now, aren't you?"

"Y-y-yes!"

"Well, how does a soldier's wife say good-by?"

She made her mouth into a tremulous, crooked smile, her eyes lifted themselves in spite of the tears that drowned them. She raised her right hand in the salute.

"Lieutenant! Good-by! Good—good—luck!"

ELEANOR CROMWELL walked briskly home through the park after her usual hard canter. She walked with long strides, with the precise confidence of one who along with perfect good health has always had her own way. Now and then she slapped at her booted leg with her crop and as she approached her own house she was thinking that, after all, the power of quick decision is one of the most desirable attributes a man or woman may have. If she had not had that power she would probably have hesitated ten minutes before, as she passed Verna Gildersleeve, and as Verna was on horseback also, this hesitation would have made it necessary for her to have wheeled and cantered after the other girl. Which would have looked altogether too eager. As it was, she had thought quickly enough to toss off, just as Verna passed her:

"We have a new photograph of Gerald. Come to tea to-morrow and see it!"

EXHILARATED by this small exercise of her own skill with human pawns—a skill she had cultivated in her boarding-school days—she ran up the worn brownstone steps that led to the door of the old Cromwell house. Her mind leaped ahead to what they would do with the old house when she and her brother were both married. She recognized its distinction, but she also knew that it had been steadily growing shabbier every year since she left school. Even if they had had the money properly to do it over, it would still have remained a house built in the gloomiest moment of the black-walnut-and-marble era. No, if her mother insisted on keeping it in the family, they could rent it, and her mother could then spend half her time at the cures she found so fascinating and the other half with her and Hugo.

An elderly maid servant opened the door and announced as she did so that Mr. Stone was in the drawing-room.

"What did Doctor Barth say about my mother, Susan?"

"He thinks she's better, Miss Eleanor. He says try to keep her mind off Mr. Gerald, and give her the brown pills instead of the gray powder to-night if she doesn't sleep."

"Yes, yes." An impatient frown puckered Eleanor's high brow. "Tell my mother Mr. Hugo and I will be up after we have had tea. Bring tea into the library. Is that letter for me?"

SHE dressed quickly. When she sauntered into the drawing-room, a tall man of thirty, whose coldly brilliant gray eyes might have been the eyes of fifty, rose to greet her. He touched his lips to her cheek with a careful blend of respect and proprietorship that would have made any woman with a sense of humor smile.

"Nice ride?" he inquired.

"Splendid! I saw Verna Gildersleeve. She's coming to tea to-morrow to see Gerald's new photograph."

Their eyes met, exchanging glances that were of the same quality of repressed triumph. The golden name of Gildersleeve acted on the minds of both of them like a tonic.

"We should never have come back to town so early if mother hadn't begun fidgeting about Gerald. I think this letter's from him. He must have sent it just before he embarked. It seems to have a photograph in it. Do you mind?"

She tore it open with her long, rather bony, but aristocratic, fingers. And then she drew out several hastily scrawled sheets wrapped about the photograph of a girl in a gauzy white evening frock. At her exclamation her fiancé came to her elbow; they looked down at the photograph together.

"My word, what a pretty girl!" Eleanor exclaimed. "But why is Gerald sending it to me?"

"Perhaps his letter will explain," replied Hugo dryly.

HE TOOK the photograph from her hand scrutinizing it. And as he did so, there began to grow in his face a marked puzzlement, as if he was trying to recall where he had seen this extremely provocative profile before. Tag ends of memories, wisps of recollection drifted across his mind: slowly they were forming into something almost definite, something that in another moment he would be able to pin down and say: "Ah, yes, now I remember!" when an exclamation from Eleanor made him glance around.

She stood staring at the letter with a shocked, incredulous face; she turned back to the first page, read a line, and then she clenched her hand with the letter in it. It made a harsh cracking in the silence of the room.

"I won't believe it! It's preposterous!" Her voice was high, frightened, and under the eyes of her fiancé her face grew a queer, mottled red.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"Gerald—he says he's married!"

"By Jove! To this girl!" He looked at the photograph, at the round chin of Rosalie, rising so deliciously out of the cloud of tulle about her throat, at the wide dark eyes glancing sidewise with their bright look, at her hair turned to a misty nimbus by the

photographer's artful lighting. "Who is she—who the devil is she?"

ELEANOR smoothed out the letter with her shaking hands. "She seems to have two names—where is it? Here he says—'Rosalie Byrnes, but that is her mother's name, which she took for her singing name; her own is Maddern—Leona Maddern—' Hugo! What is it? Do you know her?"

At the name Maddern he had turned a startled glance at the photograph; his pale eyes seemed to grow prominent, glazed with astonishment.

"Maddern! Do you know who this girl is?" he exclaimed.

"How should I? We don't know any one by that name, do we?"

He gave a short laugh. "Not socially! But it's a name that was good for columns in the papers—especially the yellow ones—two Winters ago."

"What do you mean, Hugo?" Her face was white now, and her dry lips seemed with difficulty to cover her teeth.

He gave the photograph another long scrutiny. "There isn't a doubt about it. I've seen her half a dozen times in Henderson's shows. By Jove, I was with Timmy Cosgrove the first time he saw her. I remember, now. We joked him about her. She certainly gave him the eye, all right. Next night he dropped in for the second act again. That's how it began—"

He broke off short, for Eleanor had given a sharp cry. "Hugo, you don't mean that she is the girl Timmy Cosgrove got into that scandalous affair about in some restaurant on Broadway? What was it? Didn't she shoot him, or something?"

"No, no; the other girl shot at him—the one he'd been playing around with before he saw this Maddern girl. His former flame walked up to the table where he and the Maddern girl were having supper after the show, and called the Maddern girl some sort of name. She jumped up and flashed something back—Tim told the first girl to get out and mind her own affairs, and she whipped out a revolver and winged him. Of course, it was in every paper in town next day, and Mrs. Tim heard about Tim's past for the first time—presumably. Don't you remember?"

SHE suddenly covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair. He threw the photograph on a table and walked to the window. His eyes were no longer glazed, but keen and cold. Presently he asked for further details.

She silently held out the letter to him.

"But this is to your mother," he remarked.

"Yes, he enclosed it in one to me. He had a second thought that it would be better if I broke the news to mother first and then gave her his letter. He was quite right. This will almost kill her."

Stone bent over the letter, reading it rapidly. As he read he had no vision of the boy sitting on his cot writing with mingled exaltation and uneasiness in his heart; agonizing over the right word that would make his mother and sister see, not the catastrophe of what he had done, but the glory and the wonder of it.

"—she is the most wonderful girl I have ever seen, mother. She is so talented and yet so simple and sweet. I want you to love her for me—for my sake—It had to be this way—try to forgive me—there wasn't any time to tell you about it—I had only four hours, mother."

STONE absorbed the facts in the letter without being touched in any way by the spirit of it. All the time as he read he was seeing the girl on the stage. Also his mind was leaping ahead to consequences, and to what effect these would have on his own future. Suddenly he thought of a golden possibility that was now a thing of the past! He ground his teeth.

"The young fool! And he could have had Verna Gildersleeve!" he exclaimed.

He looked at Eleanor with a little bitter smile and she winced. The maid came in with the tea-things. For a moment or two they had to put on their masks, pretending to drink their tea; but the instant the woman had left the room they set down their cups.

"We may be wrong," Eleanor said drearily. "Perhaps this isn't the same girl. Not that it will make much difference. He has spoiled his future."

"And mine!" she thought, as she watched her fiancé's face. She had not realized until that instant how much both of them had taken into their calculations the almost certain fact that the Gildersleeve money was coming into the family. Stone had a future, but that was practically all. His inherited income was modest. He was going to acquire money along with fame, both of them felt certain; but the Gildersleeve connection would have made both these desirable adjuncts materialize more quickly.

"Tim Cosgrove would know," he said thoughtfully.

"I wish I knew. I must know before I tell mother."

HE STOOD beside the table, rapping his knuckles absently on the back of the photograph.

Then he took up the telephone that stood at his elbow, asked for a number and after a pause said: "That you, Simpson? Do you happen to know whether Mr. Cosgrove is in the club now? Yes? No, don't call him; I'll run over myself."

He slipped the photograph into his pocket and walked to the door. "I'll be back in a very few minutes. We'll clear up the girl's identity before we do anything further."

With a gesture of her long hands over her face as if she wiped off its bitter expression, Eleanor went up to her mother's room. It was the largest and most desirable room in the

Continued on page 58



# Orangeade In Your Own Home Ready When You Want It An Announcement of Interest to Every Member of a Thirsty Family

NOW YOU can have the drink you've always wanted, the drink you've never before been able to get at home. Orangeade with all the zest and tang and health-building qualities of the real fresh fruit, served in your own home, in your own clean glasses—and always ready when you want it! That's

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the beverage that people call "the newest drink"—but that Nature knows to be as old as oranges. There never has been a flavor so downright good as orange—there's never been a drink so conveniently obliging as FAM-LY-ADE.

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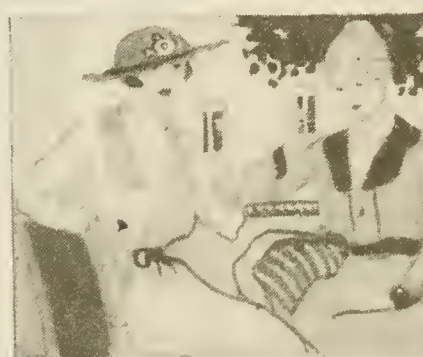
IT'S ALWAYS ready when you want it. No need to worry any longer when the children are thirsty—home-made FAM-LY-ADE is pure. No need to keep your guests waiting while you bother with refreshments—FAM-LY-ADE is ready in a jiffy. It's quick, convenient, and economical, as well.

### *Less Than a Penny a Glass*

IN THE FAM-LY-ADE bottle that your grocer or druggist will show you is a concentrated essence as rich as 16 oranges—enough for 32 glasses at less than a penny a glass. It's the undiluted goodness of



Nature; and your clean sugar and your own pure table water are the only other ingredients you need. Wholesome—that's what—good for little children and for thirsty grownups, too.



*Ask for FAM-LY-ADE today at your own grocer's or druggist's—and give the family a treat so inexpensive they can have it every day. 25 cents the tube. Order from us direct, if you should experience difficulty. Canadian price 35 cents.*

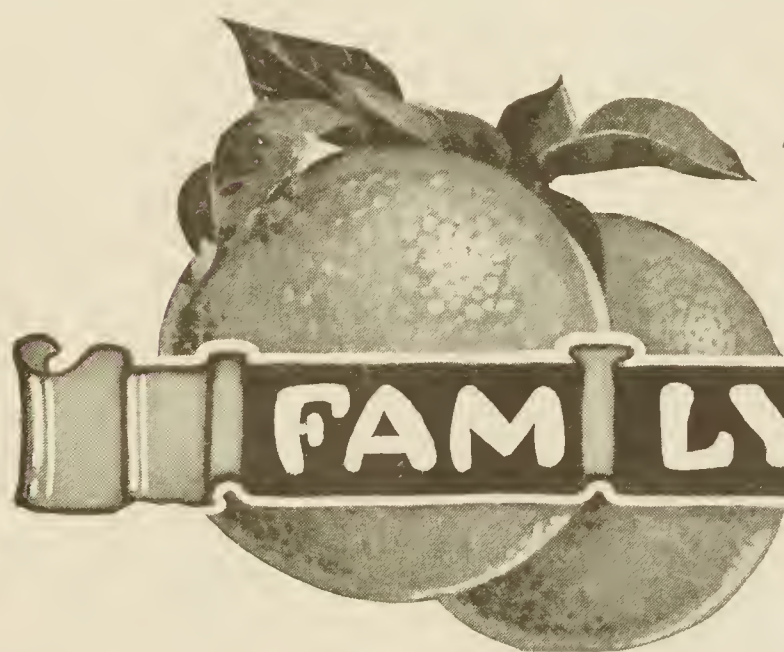
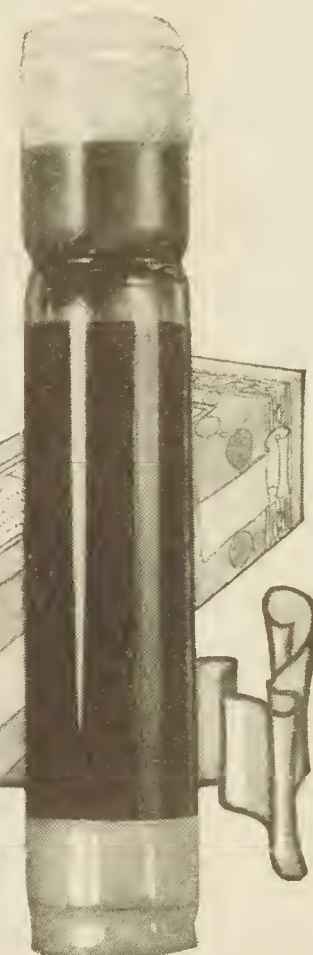
### How to Make It— Ready Until Used

Let 4 cups of your own snowy sugar and 2 cups of your own pure table water come to a boil on the stove until the solution is thoroughly dissolved in the form of a rich syrup. Take it off the fire and let it cool.

When the syrup is quite cold, add the contents of the FAM-LY-ADE bottle—stirring until thoroughly mixed.

You now have a quart of the purest orange syrup to put away in a covered container on the pantry shelf or wherever convenient—ready to keep indefinitely. Whenever you, or the children, are thirsty, or when an unexpected guest drops in, simply dilute 1 part of the syrup in 5 to 7 parts of water (in one of your own clean, sparkling tumblers) and serve—ready in a jiffy.

*32 glasses of Nature's finest flavor at less than a penny a glass; and not a single drop is wasted. It's ready when you want it.*



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Continued from page 56

## THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

house. It had become through several years of imaginary invalidism a sort of reception-room, council-chamber and confessional. Gerald's mother was the sort of woman who beneath an appearance of fragility hides an astonishing egotistic power over the destiny of her household. In her fine skin and white hair, carefully groomed for an hour each morning by a devoted maid, in the soft curves of her lips and her tiny hands, there remained testimony to her early beauty. Her husband had adored and been half afraid of her to the end of his days, but Gerald was the only human being in whom she had ever been able to forget herself.

"Nothing in the mail?" she asked as soon as Eleanor came into the room.

There was an almost imperceptible pause before Eleanor said firmly: "Nothing for you, dear. Shall I read to you?"

When she heard the footsteps of the elderly maid on the stairs, she put down the book and went out, to stop her before she could announce that Mr. Stone had returned. He was waiting in the library.

They did not greet each other beyond a meeting of eyes.

"I was right," Stone said with grim brevity. "It's the Maddern girl. Tim says he'd know the most beautiful profile in New York any time."

Eleanor pressed her lips together tightly. "What did you tell him?"

"Nothing, naturally! But I got it out of him that he hasn't seen the Maddern girl in some months. He doesn't know whether she's in the city or not. I fancy their affair terminated with the shooting, if it was an affair. It makes no difference. The girl is déclassée, that's enough for us."

"Yes."

THE word dropped into a bitter, preoccupied silence. They sat with their eyes down-bent while the air in the room seemed to grow heavy with their thoughts. At last Eleanor moved, clenched her hands and cried: "If we'd only known in time to stop it!"

He glanced at her quickly as if he had been merely waiting for this word. At once he became alive, aggressive. "What if it isn't too late now?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this: Gerald is young; he's had practically no experience with women. He was caught in an extremely emotional moment, just before he sailed, evidently. I should judge from his letter the whole thing was a matter of impulse. Evidently he has no suspicion who she really is. He was at college two Winters ago when the Cosgrove episode took place. He's been taken in, that's plain, by a girl who is confoundingly clever. She has rather a good voice and no end of magnetism. Well! Suppose the girl consents to a separation and, as soon as it can be arranged, a divorce? Suppose she writes to him and tells him so? Suppose at the same time he is told without mincing matters exactly who and what she is and how his family look at the thing? Don't you think that now that he has had time to get away and think it over, he will thank us for helping him out of a situation that will be extremely unpleasant for him when he comes back?"

Her face became sharpened and pinched by her thoughts. "Oh! I don't know what to say! I always thought Gerald was too proud of his family name to do anything like this! He never has got into scrapes, like other boys. He never has acted silly over girls. I don't know how he'd take our interference."

He gave a knowing smile that made his face incredibly mean. "A girl like that will do almost anything for money. Let's be frank. It means as much to me as to you to get Gerald off. What, when it comes to a question of money, is going to be our limit?"

IN THE West Forties, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, there is a shabby brownstone house that has never been made into modern apartments, although it has for years been an apartment-house. Here and there some of the large rooms have been doubled by means of thin partitions, closets have been turned into kitchenettes or bathrooms. But modern it is not, and therefore, in spite of its convenient location at the edge of the theater and shopping districts, its rents have remained low.

On the top floor, once trunk-rooms and servants' quarters, there is an apartment whose sitting-room faces south. Climbing up to this room from the sophistication of the Forties is a piquant surprise, for this room resembles the small-town parlor of a comfortable, middle-class family. There is a Brussels carpet, much worn in spots, a marble-topped center-table, a "patent" rooker in red plush with half its red chenille tassels missing, and over the mantelpiece a crayon portrait of a kindly-faced man with a spade-shaped beard. One or two wicker chairs have been added with gay chintz cushions. On the small, very shabby grand piano, there are piles of the most modern music; but they do not succeed in bringing this room into line with the time and the place. It remains a comfortable, shabby, country living-room.

ON AN afternoon about a week after Gerald Cromwell's letter had arrived at the Cromwell house, not more than a dozen blocks away from this house in the West Forties, a girl turned east out of Broadway and walked rapidly toward the old brownstone dwelling.

She stood in the entrance-hall ringing the bell to the top-floor apartment impatiently, and then, as there came no answer, she went to the top of the brownstone steps, where she stood looking up and down the street with a very depressed air.

It was plain that this was an air not habitual to her sparkling exterior. From her very wide-brimmed black hat with its pale-yellow bird of paradise floating over her black-satin shoulder, to the rhinestone buckles on her

high-heeled black-satin pumps, she was markedly *à la mode*, vivaciously, hardly equipped against melancholy. But as she stood there, swinging her silver-mounted, bead-embroidered bag, she bit her red lower lip, while into her eyes there came a desperate and worried expression.

Some one coming out opened the door behind her. She started, turned about and before the door could close she had darted in.

Upward over the dingily carpeted stairs she climbed for three flights until she came to the door of the top apartment. There were two doors to the apartment and she tried them both. They were locked. But at the second door she tried a trick that had evidently worked before. It consisted in lifting up hard on the door-knob and then giving it a quick, inward push. The door came open at the first try. She walked through the small, semidark dining-room into the living-room.

First she glanced into the bedroom, then she came back, took off her hat, sighed and threw herself into the old, worn Morris-chair. Now that she was out of the street, it was as if a hard, bright mask melted from her face. It fell as nearly into lines as a young face can fall. She brooded, her restless eyes stilled and fixed on one of the faded red roses in the Brussels carpet. But long-continued thought was plainly as alien to her as melancholy. Presently she took off her satin shoe, examined a worn spot on the toe, yawned, fell back in the chair to gaze at the ceiling with a vacant eye, sprang up, stretched her arms, murmured: "Oh, Lord, what's the use?" with a mixture of despondency and ennui, and then fell to wandering aimlessly about the apartment.

There stood between the windows a small desk. She went through this quite thoroughly, curiosity brightening her face as she examined the outside of letters, and the inside of a little bank-book she found in one of the pigeon-holes. This little book evidently aroused her to indulge in figures.

She sat down and taking a sheet of note-paper she wrote with much painful thought:

"Rent—\$85—won't wait.

"Boudet—\$32—take back red hat.

"Cleaner—\$23—ugly.

"Photographer—\$20—necessary.

"Fox Furs—\$125 (?)

"Molly—\$18—make her wait.

"Lonny Kent on loan—\$100—offer him \$50.

"Madame Cécile—\$45—last call."

After regarding this list for five scowling minutes, she ran her pencil through the items that had to do with the milliner, the photographer, Molly and Madame Cécile, subtracted their total from the total of the remaining items and bit her lips over the result.

AFTER a few minutes of this, during which she walked twice to the door, opened it and listened, looking meanwhile continually at the clock, she at last went to the telephone, called a number, and presently said in a voice that was throaty but sweet:

"Hello, Rosen! Yes, this is Leontine. Say, listen, I've got something on my mind. What? Oh, quit the Weber and Fields' stuff; I mean this seriously. Are you listening? Well, what do you think of this? I've got a straight tip, and I've called you up to give you a chance to come in on it. But you've got to get quick action or it'll be too late. Listen: I want you to buy a hundred shares of a certain stock before two o'clock, and I'll give you the straight tip if you'll go fifty-fifty with me on what you clean up. What? Oh, listen, Max—I tell you I've got the right dope this time. What is it? Well, how do I stand if I tell you? All right! Now listen: the A. D. Z. Carburetor people are going to declare a big dividend this afternoon. Do you get me? It came to me straight. What? Oh, Max, you're always a kill-joy. I tell you, I got it straight not more than half an hour ago. Well, I'll tell you, just to prove it to you I'm right. I just saw young Kilber—sure, Pete Kilber. Well! Oughtn't he to know? His own father's the president—what do you know about that?"

Pressing the receiver tightly to her ear she listened eagerly for the reply. It was apparently given promptly and its nature was evident in the keen disappointment in her face.

"But I tell you he said it was going to be a big dividend! What do you know about their pay-roll? I should think Pete Kilber's own word would be better than any gossip about their not meeting their old pay-roll. I don't see why you can't take my word for once and do this for me! I tell you, Max, it's the best tip I've ever had. What? There's no use being sarcastic about it! I know I haven't been lucky lately, but what of it? Look here, I'll tell you something: I've got to cover my margin on that C. B. & Q. stock before the market closes or I'll be done for. Yes, absolutely! I'm giving it to you straight. I'm up against it, Max, and I'm telling you because you're my best friend."

HER voice went on, cajoling, whimpering, and finally falling silent as the wire buzzed under a strident masculine refusal.

Suddenly she hung up the receiver, her arms dropping limply at her sides, her whole figure sagging. She stood thus in despairing thought for a moment. Then she said aloud:

"Vasco Lemar! He'd be at his club now, most likely. But I don't want to ask him. No, I'll give her ten minutes, and then I'll go. If she's been singing lately she'll have some money. I can wait a little while longer."

She wandered restlessly about the room, went automatically toward the mirror over a console-table, examined her eyes with care, and then, just as she was turning away, her glance fell on a photograph in a silver frame that stood just under the mirror.

It was the picture of a young lieutenant in a new uniform, a clean, straight-backed boy with rather grave gray eyes. Across the bottom of the photograph was written:

Continued on page 59



Continued from page 58

## THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

"From Gerald to Rosalie. September, 1918."  
The girl examined it with an amused grimace. "Ah, Rosie—human, are you? Picked a lieutenant? Good for you!"

SHE was still holding the photograph in her hand when the bell sounded. It rang through the silent apartment so suddenly that she started nervously, her eyes dilating. She deliberated a moment before she pressed the button that opened the entrance-door below. As she waited she automatically reached into the gay, blue-bearded bag for her lip-stick and powder-puff. She had used these with lightning skill and stood waiting in the door when the visitor reached the last landing.

"You are Miss Maddern?" he asked.  
She saw, even in the dark hallway, that he was distinguished, tall and carried a stick. Her head went a bit on one side, her voice was very suave and sweet, there was a gleam of malicious mischief in her eyes as she replied: "Yes. Will you come in?"

He came in, deposited his hat and stick on the console-table in front of the picture of the young lieutenant.

"Good likeness of Gerald, that!" he remarked.

"I think so," she returned demurely.  
Then he took from his pocket a photograph of a girl in a gauzy white evening frock, glanced at it and lifted his cold eyes to the face of the waiting girl.

"You look younger in your photograph," he said calmly.

"Do you think that's a nice thing to say?"

"Not polite, perhaps; but what I mean is that you were made up for an ingénue rôle, weren't you?"

"Perhaps!"

"For Gerald's sake?" His eyes met hers as if they offered her the freemasonry of a dubious understanding. For a long instant they gazed at each other. Then suddenly the man said:

"What was your game in marrying Gerald?"  
A tremor of startled astonishment, and then a quick change to a haughty indignation. "Well! I should like to know first who you are and what right you have to ask me such a question?"

He laughed easily and sat down. "Quite right! I'll explain, and we won't waste time. I'm the nearest friend of Gerald's family. They received the news yesterday of his marriage. Quite naturally, they wonder what is your reason for marrying him. It can't be money, for he has very little of his own. Therefore, it must be for his name. That was it, wasn't it?"

SHE said nothing. She had seated herself in the chair opposite his; they gazed at each other across the marble-topped table like two players of a game that subtly excited them both.

"Is the name such a prize?" she asked ironically.

"Not for you," he retorted. "And I think you're going to be clever enough to see that. Not to mince words, the family will cut off Gerald absolutely now. You see, we know you rather well, and believe me, my dear young woman, the family absolutely won't stand for you. You'd have done better to have stuck to your own world. Even Gerald, when he comes back, will see that you won't do. And where will you be then? No money, no social position gained, nothing!"

She looked up at him through her long lashes, and her voice was small and sweet.

"Perhaps I married him for love," she suggested.

He laughed shortly. "Oh, come now, Miss Maddern, don't! This isn't a musical comedy, and I'm here on business—"

She sat up straight, her eyes growing hard. "You've got a proposition—they always have. What is it?"

"Five hundred dollars to-day, and a thousand when the divorce decree is handed down."

She laughed shrilly, immoderately. "Only fifteen hundred!"

He rose immediately and took up his hat. "I see you don't realize that the Cromwell family is not a wealthy one. I'm sorry you haven't better sense. I rather expected you'd meet us half way. Well, good-by—"

HE TURNED toward the door slowly. She stood up. Her hands were tightly twisted together and in her eyes there was the terrible, hunted, feverish light of a soul that wrestles with and is throttled by that most ignominious of all the passions, cupidity. He watched her, reading the emotions that devastated the prettiness of her face. She moistened her red lips, while in her eyes there slowly grew the light of a crafty speculation.

"Five hundred doesn't mean much in my young life. Make it a thousand down, and I might consider it."

They looked at each other warily, everything that was mean in each face coming to the surface.

"Very well," he said abruptly, "call it a thousand down to-day, and a thousand when the thing is finished."

"A thousand cash?" she cried, her eyes blazing hungrily. "Right here on the table?" She rapped the old-fashioned marble-top with the knuckles of her hand.

He shrugged his shoulders. "When you have written a letter to Gerald at my dictation."

She recoiled, an expression of fear in her eyes. "I couldn't write—say, what do you take me for? What would you want me to write, anyway?"

They sparred over this point for a few minutes, during which time she stood, biting her lips, every fiber of her strained and nervous. Finally he took from his pocketbook a type-written note, brief, evidently carefully prepared beforehand for some such emergency as this. He placed it upon the table, and beside it he put a neat, thin sheaf of bank-notes,

which he first counted with a care that left not one of their yellow backs undisclosed. She watched him in fascinated silence.

"You will read this and sign it," he said curtly.

She took up the typewritten note and read:

"This is to certify that, upon mature consideration, I believe my marriage to Gerald Cromwell to be a mistake that will be prejudicial to my future happiness and well-being. In consideration of a sum hereinafter mentioned, I waive all future claims upon him, and without having been coerced in any way, I hereby ask him to take the necessary steps to dissolve our marriage. Signed "

Her lips curled as she read this. "You're a slick fish, you are! I don't think it would be so much to belong to the same family as you do! What are you going to do with this?"

He explained that the signed statement would be sent to Gerald with a full and detailed account of this interview with her. Also a frank account of her history to date would be given.

"The story of my life!" she chanted derisively.

Somewhere below, a door slammed and voices sounded. She started, took up her hat and pinned it on hastily. Her hands shook a little and her eyes were dilated.

"I've got to go—be late for my date—" she muttered.

HER eyes went back to the bank-notes as if they were harried and driven to that sinister green-and-yellow pile. Suddenly she gave a shrug and a mocking laugh. Catching up the notes, she counted them quickly. Then she stuffed them into the beaded bag, took the fountain-pen he handed to her, and without sitting wrote at the end of the typewritten note: "L. Maddern."

"Sign your other name below it," he said curtly.

And she scrawled: "Rosalie Byrnes."

As she stood, up, a spot of color redder than the faint rouge on her cheeks burned high under her eyes.

"Now, you get out," she snarled. "I'm bad enough, but you're worse. I hope to God I'll never see you again."

"You'll see me again when I've heard from Gerald," he said imperturbably. "Sign this receipt—you'll notice that it also pledges you to keep this matter of your marriage quiet. Have you told any one yet?"

"No," she snapped. "Where do I sign?"

A MOMENT later she stood in the room alone, listening to the sound of his footsteps going down the stairs. She seemed almost to crouch there, so intently was she listening. Then with a short, excited laugh she caught up her bag, assured herself that the notes were safely tucked within it, and turned toward the door.

Her hand was reaching toward the knob when she heard the scrape of a key being put in the lock. The color ebbed out from under her rouge, leaving her face curiously yellow. Moistening her lips she faced the door.

It opened slowly. The girl who came in gave a start of astonishment, and then cried: "Leontine! How did you get in?"

"Dining-room door, as usual," the other muttered. Then she laughed, too loudly.

FACE to face they looked at each other, one questioning and the other defiantly. And they were as much alike as if their Creator having made one, had in that moment of delight in His exquisite handiwork made the other.

Feature for feature they were alike. In height, in the way their lovely hair waved over their foreheads, in the way they carried their heads, in the delicate slope of their shoulders, they were alike. But beyond these details they were amazingly unlike, as if their very similarity accentuated their deep and fundamental difference. Line for line their profiles were the same, the delicate rounded piquancy of the chin, the straight, short nose, the lovely slender curve of the throat. But it was in the full face that one saw their curious dissimilarity.

It was as if the two flames that were their spirits were fed from sources utterly alien to each other. In the face of one sister there was sweetness and peace; she had the piquancy of youth, but she looked as if she had endured and thought and found a refuge in her own soul.

The flame behind the shell of the other was a hungry and restless thing. Now, while she was young, it gave her vivacity and allurements of a murky sort. In a few years when she had rapidly aged, it would be predatory, a thing to shrink from. Already her face was hardening into a defensive mask; behind the brilliance there were no depths, nothing but the muddy shallows of fear or discontent or desire.

They were twin sisters in every detail but the immortal detail of the spirit.

Rosalie Byrnes came slowly into the room. The other girl moved nervously toward the door.

"I've got to go, Leona. I've waited an hour, now. I've got to get down-town before the market closes."

Rosalie Byrnes made an entreating gesture. "Oh, Tina, are you still throwing away your money that way? Don't you know by this time it's no use—"

The other girl laughed shrilly. The hand that reached for the door-knob shook with excitement.

"But this time's going to be different. I've got a straight tip, and the—"

Her mouth closed suddenly over the word. She clutched the beaded bag tightly under her arm.

"Wait a minute, Tina," said Rosalie. "There's something I want to talk to you about."

To be continued

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Continued from page 12

## PLAIN GINGHAM WITH A HEM

so far of the optimistic young man's life. The minute that Penelope stepped off the train and stood on the wooden platform, with just the faintest motion toward holding up her dainty skirts, just the faintest straightening of her sensitive lips, pricking consciousness was born in Terry.

Confound it, trees came cheap in Cleopas; why hadn't a few been left standing? And had he actually imagined that Pen would hobnob with those staring women in dressingsacks whom they saw leaning over fences or sitting on sawed-off porches?

THEY took one of the little frame houses, built on the doll-house plan, in a dreary new row that straggled down the length of an unpaved street where the mill-workers streamed by night and morning and dust sifted in. And almost before they knew it Winter was upon them, the wonderful Northern Winter with its dry snow and sparkling air.

The Winter sports stung Pen's blood, brought intoxication. Skiing over snowy slopes—striking the ice with flying feet under starry skies—she had known nothing like it. She threw and exulted, and Terry's anxieties vanished. Life itself, he decided, could be trusted to handle most temperamental problems.

BUT when the next Winter came Penelope could not ski, could not skate, and the cold closed in about her like prison bars. She had never really known before what it meant not to be well. Weakness infuriated her.

She felt somehow demeaned, brought down to the level of women like fat, middle-aged Lena Pohlson, who waddled about in an ungainly coat, plaintively detailing her symptoms. She lost her hairiness, would not leave the shelter of the house, cried when the blizzards swept down upon them.

Before the Winter was over Terry had need of all his philosophy and Pen of all his love.

"It isn't—it isn't—fair!" she brought out once through her teeth, between quailings of deadly nausea. "It degrades!"

There was a note of extremity in her voice. "It won't leave anything—not even myself! I can not bear it! Terry, I want—to—die!"

"Dear love—dear love—"

Terry bent over her, the clear blue of his keen eyes, so rarely misted, now suffused with tears.

"I adore you just—this way! See—I am at your feet."

NOTHING could have served him better than that humility. Somehow he enthroned her in her own sight, and she was comforted and loved him and clung to him.

So the months went easier, and not even when Pain took her for his own, and played with her, tossing and rending her poor body, did she say or think again, "I want to die."

SUMMER brought Ellie, as it was to bring Ellie for many succeeding Summers. Ellie expected to find a changed and melted Penelope—she had said confidentially to friends: "I give Pen until her first baby comes!"

Now she had to confess that it was Terry who was changed by that same baby. He was so big and yet so gentle. She liked this brisk, serene Terry!

"Show me your daughter—oh, show me your daughter," she had commanded joyously as they ran up the steps, Pen chattering like a schoolgirl.

"She howls," Penelope confessed with an unwilling smile. "She's the colicky kind that never sleeps except when you don't want 'em to. She can make the welkin ring."

"You brute of a Pen!" breathed Ellie when she had tiny Peggy in her arms. "You never told me. She's a perfect little angel, the loveliest baby I ever saw! Oh, you sweetest, you darlings!"

She put her face down against the baby's in a perfect ecstasy.

"Look out!" cried Pen in alarm. "Miss Meserve has told me never to do that!"

ELLIE fixed her with a cold eye. "Penelope Haddon Rogers, do you mean to say that you are the white-livered kind that lets herself be bossed by a trained nurse?"

Pen did not answer at once. She touched the downy head of her daughter with an experimental sort of finger.

"Terry's crazy about her," she murmured. "I should think he would be," retorted Ellie indignantly. "Aren't you? I never saw such a perfect little love!"

"She is—rather nice," Pen admitted. "If it wasn't for the howling. But I'll not be her slave, Ellie, my dear."

ELLIE hovered like a moth around the nursery flame. And she saw more than Peggy's enchanting little face.

"Do you entirely trust that paragon of yours?" she ventured on one occasion. She sticks things around instead of washing them, and she simply slaps those formulas together."

Penelope looked at her in annoyance.

"I see right through you, Ellie Wood! You want me to get rid of Miss Meserve. And I shall do nothing of the kind. She came to me highly recommended, and you needn't suppose it's very easy to get a woman of her stamp to bury herself in a hole of a place like this!"

"Not such a hole!" retorted her friend. "I like Cleopas!" belligerently. "But what's the matter with your neighbors, Pen? I thought in little towns like this there was always a lot of running back and forth."

"Do you expect me to chum with those Hungarians?" Pen was scornful. "Or Mrs. Bessenssen, who has seven children, does all her own work and takes in washing besides?"

"Well, she lives next door, doesn't she? And she's got an awfully nice baby—he's fatter than Peggy, if he hasn't a trained nurse!"

"Oh, you're not to be trusted, Ellie, when it

comes to a baby!" Penelope's lip curled. "Do let's talk about something else! Did you know that Terry and I were going to take you on a five-days' fishing-trip next week?"

THEY "roughed it" those five days beside a jewel of a lake.

"I wonder if that new milkman has a decent stable," Pen said frowningly the morning before they went home. "Miss Meserve said she'd make inquiries, but—"

"She would, of course," Ellie assured her. "It's terribly hot, though."

ON THE evening of the day of their return to Cleopas Ellie sat on the front steps in the warm dusk dreamily considering the case of Miss Meserve. Had it been a furtive gleam she caught in the small gray eye?

A low, hesitating voice spoke out of the dark.

"If it ain't no offense, ma'am, I want to ask how the baby is to-night? I ben worried—my own boy near of an age an' Mis' Rogers away—"

"Why, Mrs. Bessenssen, the baby's all right!" Ellie exclaimed wonderingly. "Perfectly all right, thank you!"

The woman moved back a little. She cleared her throat.

"You ben sure, ma'am? Till to-day she ain't stop crying, day or night—"

Ellie sprang up, her heart like ice.

"I'll go right in," she stammered, and reached for the woman's hard hand. "Oh, you were good and kind to come, Mrs. Bessenssen!"

"ONE hundred and five and five-tenths!"

Penelope tossed the clinical thermometer down and looked at Ellie across the child's cradle, with a face from which the youth had fled. "We thought she was sleeping—she's dying!"

They had paid a hasty visit to Miss Meserve's room, when she was not to be found at her post of duty. A sodden slumber, a bottle and hypodermic needle concealed among the tumbled bedclothes told them all they needed to know.

"I could kill her!" Penelope had cried in a voice that frightened Ellie. "Get her out of here in the morning, Ellie—out of my sight!"

TERRY rounded up the doctor—two doctors. They shook their heads. It would be a fight. Intestinal poisoning; infected milk. Yes, and the heat; careless handling, perhaps.

Terry telegraphed for a specialist from the city—a nurse, too, although he did not tell Pen this, and she was made small use of when she arrived. Pen had taken charge with a swiftness, a competence, which astonished them all.

Neither that night nor the next day did she close her eyes. And when the fever at last went down and Peggy woke from her stupor and began a feeble wailing that was to last intermittently for days upon wearing days, Pen had her in her arms at once upon a little air-cushion, and with a patient strength which no fatigue seemed to break she bore her up and down, up and down, through the heated rooms.

"Dearest!" Terry besought her. "It makes so little difference to her whether she is in your arms or in her little bed, and you are so tired! You break my heart, Pen, put her down—or give her to me!"

Penelope did not pause in her slow, swinging movement across the room.

"It gives her a little air," she said in a rigid voice. "Not so much as we had—up in the woods—but a—little!"

And then, as she turned and caught Terry's look:

"Oh, I'll give her to you when I'm tired; I will, truly, Terry, dear!"

It was Ellie who answered inquiries at the door, so many of them it touched her deeply.

"I believe every mother in Cleopas has come," she told Terry.

PEGGY lived. And Penelope did not break, as both Ellie and Terry had feared she would.

The first night she was able to go to her own bed her husband found Penelope an hour after she was supposed to be asleep sitting erect in the dark, her hands locked on her knees, her long, dark braids hanging on each side of her absorbed face.

"Pen, darling, why, what are you doing?"

"Thinking, Terry!—thinking!" with a slow smile.

"Lie right down this minute and go to sleep," he scolded tenderly. "What business have you to think when you are worn out?"

She obeyed docilely, and let him tuck her in. "But it feels good—" she said, as if out of some hidden wonder.

BUT if this experience marked a definite stage in Penelope's slow development, it was never confessed. When Ellie visited Cleopas again, Terry had sold a piece of timber advantageously and she found them settled in the house of Pen's dreams, surrounded by noble trees, near the river both loved.

Peggy, a witching bit of femininity if there ever was one, toddled about in the daintiest of silk socks and white embroideries.

"She's the friendliest little soul that ever lived," Pen observed. "I have to watch her every minute we're down-town, or there's no telling who she'd be mixing with—like Terry exactly!"

ELLIE thought Pen was fagged, nervous, not taking the pleasure she should in her new and pretty home. Yet she had had moments of wild spirits. Answering a low call one night, her friend found her attitudinizing before a full-length mirror, dressed in filmy rose-pink crêpe de Chine.

"I'm a dream—I'm a dream; say, I'm a dream!" she whirled madly about on the toe of one exquisite slipper.

Continued on page 61



Continued from page 60

## PLAIN GINGHAM WITH A HEM

"Raspberry ice-cream. I could eat you!" Ellie complimented without enthusiasm.

Terry had planned to take them into the moon-lighted woods after dinner. Was this frilly get-up Pen's way of refusal?

Pen sank breathless into a chair and spread her skirts; her laugh had an affected note.

"Does it strike you I've arrived at that plain gingham-with-a-hem state which was once predicted for me?"

"If Mrs. Morse could see you now!" It was what Ellie knew Pen wanted her to say.

"If she only could!" was Pen's regretful murmur. "And this house!"

ELLIE'S eye wandered about the luxuriously furnished room—the silk hangings, the expensive furniture, the laden dressing-table. Other rooms in Pen's house passed before her mind.

The dainty drawing-room—who ever used it? The white-paneled drawing-room with its Sheraton mahogany—well, was it a wonder that Terry's mill-friends never dined with him?

"It doesn't match!" She spoke the words to herself.

Pen sat up with a jerk.

"What do you mean? That silk is a perfect match!"

"Why, Pen, all this—house and furniture—would go beautifully on Huntingdon Avenue, but here—so near that great thundering mill of Terry's, and those plain little shacks around the bend, and the solemn forest back of us—I can't express what I mean, but it doesn't match, my dear, and if you had eyes in your head you'd see it!"

"It's not my fault we're not on Huntingdon," muttered Pen.

ELLIE had been gone a week.

Sitting now on the veranda, facing the road down which Terry would presently come racing to lunch in his battered little roadster, Pen felt a sense of intolerable oppression.

The haze which had hung in the air for weeks, and with which she was more or less familiar at this time of year, seemed to have strangely thickened during the forenoon. There was no air stirring; she could scarcely breathe, and the acrid smell of smoke stung her nostrils.

Terry had been very grave when he left the house. All at once a vague helpless sensation came over Penelope, the sensation of being in the presence of malign forces.

Those forest fires raging interminably in the spaces northward. Could they now be sweeping down upon Cleopas?

Oh, she must not think of such a thing! Terry would be here soon, to laugh at her. She took up her sewing again, and flung it down.

TERRY did not come. Pen had Josephine put the belated luncheon upon the table, and she tried to eat. In the act of buttering a roll, she got up and went to the veranda again.

The air was gray, gray suffused with copper toward the north. As Pen watched, it took on life and moved in great upward rolls.

She heard Peggy cry out in a sudden awakening from her sleep, and went to quiet the child. A heavy weight seemed to drag her down. She knew now she was afraid.

"That's hateful," she said to herself, "I won't be!"

And she occupied herself with dressing and entertaining Peggy.

SOON after three she heard the roar of Terry's car far down the road. She could tell he was coming very fast.

As she hurried through the door the air that met her, hot, laden, took her breath. She found herself trembling violently.

"Hold still!" she commanded, furious with her shaking limbs, her pounding heart.

"What's the matter with you? Hold still!" Terry leaped out, strung like a race-horse. He motioned, and Pen cast one shuddering look to the north.

"You see? We must get out! Now!"

His voice snapped.

"Herndon's eaten—and Fairfield—train just in from there, packed to the doors, one car smoking—"

He crossed the veranda at a stride, issuing orders.

"Get Peggy—blankets—milk and bread—I'll call Jo and Annie. Quick, Pen!"

She ran along by him.

"I must take a few things."

"Oh, no! We must save our space! Pen—" his voice broke into a guttural sound of agony—"Pen, there isn't room on that train."

PENELOPE flew up-stairs as Terry disappeared into the kitchen. She moved with lightning haste but with the sense of all but intolerable effort, the nightmare feeling of being able to make no headway against a dire necessity for speed.

Holding Peggy tightly by the hand, she looked about her room in distraction. What to take—what to leave? She caught at a little coat of Peggy's—her hand-bag—the silver-backed brush from her dresser—

"Pen!" called Terry sharply from below.

Josephine and Annie were huddled, crying, by the machine. At sight of their poor scared faces and twitching hands, Pen's tremors vanished.

"Don't be so silly, girls." Her voice rang out clearly, confidently. "We'll be back in a day or two and find everything all right!"

Before the words had left her mouth there floated down through the air and rested quietly on the ground a dozen great flakes of fire.

"Get in!" said Terry.

As they whirled down the road Penelope made as if to look behind. Terry put out his free hand and held her.

"Don't look back!" he said.

HE SLOWED down through Cleopas and shouted loudly, again and again. The streets were empty; there was no answering human voice; but a distant, dull and ominous murmur, rising, began to fill their ears.

"The train's out of here, safe, with the folks," said Terry. "We ought to be!" and put on more speed.

The car rocked and jolted, but it had known rough roads. Three miles out from Cleopas they came upon the first fugitives—a feeble old man on foot and his young granddaughter, half crazed by fear. Terry took them in, and a woman a mile farther on, then two boys who lunged upon the sides.

After that they could not stop. There was not an inch of room.

Penelope put her hands to her ears when they passed the little fleeing groups of doomed men and women.

"Terry—Terry—" her anguished voice was in his ear—"is there nothing we can do? I—can not—live—if there is nothing we can do!"

For a moment his hand gripped hers.

"Buck up, Pen," he said. "Buck up! And don't look back!"

AS NIGHT came on they could see an illumination in the sky, but the atmosphere grew more bearable, and by midnight they dared halt in a little town well out on the prairie and find lodgings. Peggy slept—and Terry—but Penelope, lying on the hard hotel bed, unable to close her eyes, did all the dark hours through what Terry had told her not to do. She looked back.

The next morning Penelope would not go on. Refugees were pouring into the town; Terry could not keep her from them nor close her ears to the chronicles that hourly grew more horrible.

"Annie will take Peggy down to Ellie. There are so many homeless—so many dead! You are going back to help; so will I!"

FOR weeks Penelope spent herself in the work of relief through the wide district which the fire had blasted. Terry was loaded down with work for his company; both he and Pen were wrapped up in the affairs of others, not in the least concerned with their own.

Pen organized committees, bought and distributed supplies, superintended the setting up of portable houses, made clothing, cooked food, cared for orphaned children. To be fed when you are hungry—to be covered when you are cold—the filling of these basic human needs, and these only, absorbed every ounce of her energies.

ONE day they went back over the route by which they had fled from burning Cleopas. Here and there along the road a little smoke ascended in gentle spirals from blackened stumps.

Not until the soaking rains of Autumn came would the slow embers be finally quenched.

Terry glanced uneasily at Pen as the car picked its difficult way. She was very white and held her hands locked tight together.

"That is where the mill was?" she asked once in a strained voice. He nodded.

He, too, felt that he had no words. What he had loved for many years lay in ashes around them.

A little farther on Pen looked about her, bewildered.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked in a low tone.

Terry made no answer for a minute.

"Don't you know?" he said at length.

Penelope drew back with a shiver and shut her eyes. When she opened them Terry had stopped the car.

They got out together and walked from one desolate spot to another. Ashes—ashes—everywhere!

Their shoes were white with them. And above smiled the blue and heavenly dome as it had smiled when the earth below was green.

They traced the foundation line of their home, and Terry poked in scattered heaps with a stick. Pen watched him curiously, her breath coming fast.

Once he held up a twisted rod of iron and laughed grimly.

"Josephine's iron bed, isn't it?" he asked.

"And that is—all!" said Pen.

She was motionless so long, standing with hands loosely clasped, gazing off over the black waste, that Terry grew anxious and went to her.

"What is it, dear?" He took her hand and patted it. "We will have another home. Don't feel too bad, Pen, my dear!"

She drew a difficult breath.

"I don't," she said at last. "In the way you mean—not at all. I'm just trying to make it out."

"It is so strange that things can be wiped out like this! And somehow it makes me believe that the unworthy part of—of me is burned away, too."

"It seems as if—" the tones faltered—"God had drawn a sponge across the slate and was going to let me write it over again! I never—thought—I would—have—the chance!"

She broke down and wept.

"IT IS most entertaining," Pen told Ellie a week later, "to have to buy a handkerchief—or a spool of thread—or a toothbrush—perfectly new every time you want it!"

"Poor Pen! All your lovely things!" mourned her friend.

"And no money to buy any more," Penelope said placidly.

"It must be awful for Terry," Ellie continued to sympathize.

"Oh, Terry!"

Pen was as calm as a Summer sea.

"He's in his element! The company has sent him up to a corner of the State I didn't know existed, but it has wonderful timber, he says, and he's planning and organizing and building and being as happy as the day is long."

Concluded on page 62

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Continued from page 13

## MISS LOUISA PLAYS

Then, in one blinding rush, swooped calamity.

Down the avenue, at cannon-ball speed, dashed a huge touring-car. The girl started, threw back her head; the anguish in her eyes flamed to madness. She gave one shriek; she flung herself forward. Straight before those onrushing wheels she threw that precious burden, her sleeping child. Miss Louisa never flinched. Her guide-book went one way, her parasol another.

Her strong body shot headlong. One out-flung hand clutched the little body; then, with a bellow, the monster crashed down.

FIVE minutes later, Miss Louisa found herself seated on the curb, her back against a nubby palm-tree. A large, calm man, in a strawberry-silk shirt and lemon-yellow puttees, was patting her forehead with a handkerchief dipped in ice-water.

Another man, not at all calm, stood raging at the boyish chauffeur, who knelt, very pale, by Miss Louisa, and clung to her hands, and wailed inexplicably: "Gee, I'm sorry! Gee! But if you just hadn't 'a' horned in, ma'am! If you just hadn't horned in!"

And close at her side crouched the lovely child-slayer, fanning her with a man's straw hat. Miss Louisa gulped—stared feebly.

"You're all right, sister." The calm gentleman put an icy thermos bottle to her lips. "Take your time, sister. Take your time."

"The baby—"

Then breath failed her. Stark on the curb it lay, a little, crushed, mud-splashed shape.

"Aw, never mind the baby."

Her head swam. The large man had raised a brutal foot and kicked the little, piteous, terrible thing into the gutter.

"Say, you needn't scare her clear to death," said the murderess indignantly. "She thinks it's the real thing yet!"

"She does!"

The calm man gasped. Then he put down the vacuum bottle. A moment he bowed his head into both strong hands, and shook like the wind-swept fronds above him. Then he bent gently over Miss Louisa.

"Say, sister, you're the pluckiest dame I ever met up with. You're all right! But don't cry like that. Please, please!"

"BUT—but—"

Miss Louisa's sobs threatened to engulf her. Moving-pictures, of course. How could she have been such an utter fool? And from the wrecked car, leaning also against a palm-tree, came the voice of the wrathful man in scorching mockery:

"But—but—" No wonder she's cryin'. Gummed up our whole morning's work. And Ike's plumb ruined this here lemonzina, tryin' to swerve and save her neck—"

"You can that," said the calm man. He lifted Miss Louisa to her feet. "Don't listen to him, sister. Now, our studio, the Sidereal, is right over yonder.

"I'm going to take you there, and get you some coffee, and the wardrobe woman will wash your face and sew up your skirt. Then I'll drive you home."

"You're very kind, Mr.—"

The calm man's eye glinted. He put a large, manieured thumb on the gilt "lowa" button which an enthusiastic fellow-tourist had clamped to Miss Louisa's lapel.

"My name is John C. Armbruster. I came from the Deep Furrows myself," he said simply; "a good while back."

An hour later Miss Louisa, mended and trim, trudged away through the mazes of the vast Sidereal lot. At the gate a loud hail stopped her. Mr. John C. Armbruster came striding from a Moorish temple.

"Looky here, sister. Didn't I say I'd drive you home?"

"But I've caused you so much trouble already—"

Poor Miss Louisa felt her eyes brim again. The director stooped—looked at her keenly. Into his bronzed face came a curious awe.

"Say, sister," said he, grave and intent, "can you turn 'em on as easy as that?"

"Turn on what?"

"The weeps. And—excuse my saying it, but you're mighty easy to look at, anyhow. And when your eyes fill up like that—well, you're some queen, sister, that's all I can say."

MISS LOUISA stood, dazed. Yet the Eve within her glowed. She knew very well that she was easy to look at. She was sixty-four years old, true. But hard work had kept her large figure poised and firm.

Her cheeks were round and pink, her hair a silver glory, her brown eyes shone as clear as the murderess's own. But why this amazing person, young enough to be her son, should tell her so—

"Listen, sister. It's just struck me. You working this week?"

"Not till Melvina comes back. Why?"

"Because—well!"

He drew a deep breath, then smiled at her. He had rather a grim middle-aged face, but when he smiled he was a boy again, and charming.

"Well, I need a dowager duchess the worst kind. To play the 'Twenty Years Later' scenes for Dorothea Desmond, in 'Hearts Triumphant.'

"Dorothea's the wise child. Catch her wringing the hearts of her dear public, showin' 'em how she'll look at fifty!"

"Now, you—you'd pass for Dorothea's older sister anywhere. Same big, serious eyes, same lift to your head, and all."

"If you'd consider it—well, all you need do is trail around in velvet and ermine, no stunts at all. And ten dollars a day."

"Ten dollars a day!" Miss Louisa stammered.

The director misread her hesitation.

"Fifteen a day, ma'am, I mean. Though I can get plenty of grande dames for five. But not with your class. You—"

"Looky here. Nobody can say I'm a tightwad. Twenty a day, straight. That's a hundred and twenty a week. Well?"

Miss Louisa could not speak.

"You said you was sorry you mussed up that scene." The director's voice sank to a melting cello note. "This would be doin' us a mighty good turn, believe me."

"Oh, if it would be any favor—"

Her eloquent eyes dimmed again. Rapt, the director gazed down at those wet, dark lashes.

"Say, honest—" he spoke reverently and low—"can you cry like that, and as ladylike as that, whenever you want to?"

"That," said Miss Louisa earnestly, totally unaware of her flagrant colloquialism, "is the easiest thing I do."

"Sold!" The director's big palm shut hers in an aching grip. "But one word more."

All the boy went out of his face; his eyes hardened to steel.

"You'll find all sorts of folks loose on a picture lot. The finest kind going—and the other kind, too."

"Now, if anybody happens to get fresh, just crook your finger, and I'll knock his block off. It'll be a pleasure, ma'am."

MISS LOUISA did not need to crook her finger. The lot accepted her as serenely as did her Sunday-school class at home.

And she, who had mothered a whole town, proceeded now to mother her own small corner of Sidereal City. It took her no time at all to find how sore and anxious a heart young Ike carried under his dashing whipcord, and less time than that to find the hospital where the little white girl-wife lay.

Her gentle eyes looked on those restless, empty hands. Straightaway she went and bought gay yarns and bits of dainty stamped linen and wiles of raffia to fill those empty hands and hours.

"Gee!" marveled Ike. "She's workin' every minute, happy's a kitten with a spool. How'd you happen to guess what she wanted?"

MISS LOUISA did not answer. She was too busy guessing on another problem: the six haughty infants who played the *Dauphin* and his pages in "Hearts Triumphant."

Two hours a day at the most they posed on the huge, cluttered stage. The rest of the time they loitered about the sets, alternately petted and berated by actors and scene-shifters, growing more pert and shrill with every hour.

"Ain't they the limit?" sighed the murderess, who had proved to be the world-famed Angela Clare until you found out that her real name was Maggie Sullivan.

"Where are their mothers?"

"Search me. Mothers fade out soon's the contracts are signed."

"SHOULDN'T these babies be in a kindergarten?" she ventured to Mr. Armbruster that afternoon. "They ought not run so wild." Mr. Armbruster stared.

"How can I send 'em off the lot? I've got to have 'em where I can lay my finger on 'em."

Concluded on page 63

Concluded from page 61

## PLAIN GINGHAM WITH A HEM

"I don't suppose he stops to eat or wash up once a week, my dear!"

"Well, at any rate, then—" Ellie heaved a comfortable sigh—"we'll have you down here for the winter!"

Pen gave her a sharp look. "Ellie, you old fraud! I believe you know perfectly well that I shouldn't stay here along and leave Terry to his larks!"

"There's a cottage up there which has just been built—there aren't more than a dozen all told in the township—and it has three whole rooms. Isn't that lucky? One apiece!"

SUNLIGHT streamed through its doors and windows on the day that Penelope, hand on Terry's arm, inspected her new home for the first time. Gray squirrels chattered from the pines, and across their very back-yard ran a tiny brook for Peggy to play in.

The unpainted boards still smelled of the fir, but all was clean and in order. Beds were made, a fire burning in the kitchen stove.

A neighborly welcome spoke from the table—a jar of peaches, loaves fresh and fragrant, a slab of salty bacon.

"Somebody was nice," said Pen, moved, and not caring if it showed. "Somebody was nicer than I've ever been!"

"You think you can be happy here?" he asked huskily—not needing an answer.

It seemed to him he had never seen Pen really happy before, never really at peace.

"I'll learn to fry bacon."

Pen poked it, absorbed.

"And iron Peggy's rompers. She'll have to wear rompers now, Terry!"

"Yes."

He smiled with her, remembering many things.

"She'll have to wear rompers now! And you—what will you wear, Pen?"

"I will wear—"

Her glance traveled slowly around the little kitchen.

"Oh!"

She gave a choking cry and ran from Terry. "They didn't forget anything—anything!"

And in order to kiss her tear-wet face, her husband had to pull it away from the fold of the gingham apron which hung tidily behind the door.



Concluded from page 62

## MISS LOUISA PLAYS

"Why not bring in a kindergartner? She wouldn't cost so very much."

"Sure not. A kindergartner for the Sidereal—wouldn't we get some smooth presswork for that? Great head, sister!"

The teacher was installed forthwith. Much to the amusement of Miss Angela Clare.

"Though it's Heaven's own mercy to have 'em out from underfoot," she owned. "Say, Aunt Louisa, give this the once over, and tell me what you'd do about it."

MISS LOUISA took the smcary page rather gingerly. Her eyes darkened. It was an insolent demand for money as grined in language as the page itself.

"That's where half my coin goes. Just because I'm paid five hundred a week, all my men-folks think four hundred and ninety-nine dollars is coming to them."

"Are they really in need?"

"Their wives and children are always needing things. That's why I pass it along. But the ponies get most of it, I reckon."

"Perhaps—this sounds so harsh!—but instead of giving money, why not ask the wives to make out a monthly list of clothes and groceries that they must have? Then send them the things instead of the money."

"I never once thought of that! Watch me. They'll get all they need, mind you, but no extra change for the beach, and no refunds on clothes nor groceries, either. Say, Aunt Louisa, you're some little wizardess! Wish you could settle the rest of my worries as easy as that!"

"If only I could, precious child!"

Their eyes met. For a long minute Angela's arms clung around Miss Louisa's neck. Her proud head sank on that warm shoulder.

"If I just knew!"

Her lips quivered on Miss Louisa's cheek.

SIX months before, Angela's husky sergeant-lover had entered Rhenish Prussia with his regiment, part of the army of occupation. In a ten-minute brush with a drunken street mob, too trivial to be mentioned in the dispatches, he had vanished off the face of the earth. Search on search, cable on cable, brought only the one sinister reply—"Missing."

"Oh, he'll turn up some day," Angela choked. "He's too big to lose, anyhow. Only I wish I knew, Aunt Louisa, I sure do wish I knew!"

Before that unfathomable misery, Miss Louisa faltered and was still. But even there her tender silence brought its healing.

MISS LOUISA'S "work," so-called, surpassed Mr. Armbruster's wildest hopes. "Ain't she the wonder?" Mr. Armbruster gazed at her solemnly, as, hands clasped, eyes streaming, she trailed her furs and laces through the Renunciation scenes.

"Talk about your lunces! If I'd caught her at sixteen, wouldn't I send Mary and Ethel and Dorothea back to the bush leagues, though!"

"And even now, at fifty," the camera-man agreed judicially, "she needn't be afraid to stand alongside 'em this minute."

Miss Louisa caught that final word.

"Fifty!" Her soft cheeks crimsoned. Her eyes shone, stars. "He doesn't even guess I'm sixty-four!"

The vain delight of it thrilled in her pulses. She fed on that careless, kindly phrase. For that matter, her days at the Sidereal fed every hungry instinct. There was the joy of her rich robes; to touch those gleaming satins and brocades, to wear them, even for an hour, was sheer delight.

There was the joy of appreciation: Melvina had always scripped on praise, precisely as she had scripped on everything else.

But Mr. John C. Armbruster paid every day's work in curt but unmistakable approval, as well as in money. Most of all, the odd, intangible, heart-warming joy of the young friendly glances that she met at every hand; the unspoken, honest homage that every seeing eye pays to the woman who faces old age with grace.

Sometimes, in these swift happy days, came a little chill. If Melvina came back in time to find out everything—what would Melvina say? Yet, did it matter so supremely, what Melvina did say?

ONE week slipped away; two; three. On a Saturday morning Mr. Armbruster called Miss Louisa into his office.

"I saw the Old Man yesterday," he stated briefly. "Now we're ready to sign a contract giving you a guarantee of ten weeks' work per annum at a hundred per. That's one thousand, sure, and we're more likely to double that ten weeks than to fall below it."

"More, there's five studios within a stone's throw, all hollering for a grande dame with your class right now. So you can be sure of an additional two thousand a year at the very lowest estimate."

"Three thousand certain sure, that means. Maybe four; maybe five. No telling."

"It's no oil-well, sister, but it's good, sure money. I'm tellin' you. Want to sign right here, on the dotted line?"

Miss Louisa whitened.

"But I'd have to leave Melvina."

"Leave Melvina? What's Melvina payin' you?"

"Three hundred a year and board."

"Three hundred a year!"

"Oh, please don't say any more. Let me go home and think." Quaking, Miss Louisa fled the office.

The quiet of her little room could not soothe her whirling wits. Three thousand a year!

She could give Edith Hill a whole year at the conservatory. She could send Sammy Lee to engineering-school. She could take over the endless nurse-and-doctor bills for Bess and Tom, and give Tom a chance to stock his farm, and even buy a tractor, maybe.

She could do—oh, what couldn't she do!

But what a traitor she'd be to Melvina! Melvina, who had given her roof and bread, however grudgingly, for thirty years!

It was the last straw when, at ten that night, Melvina waddled in. Melvina, dusty, soot-streaked, crosser than a fretful porcupine. She had done the Yosemite to the last waterfall; but all that beauty, alas, had laid no spell.

She was desperately tired, her feet hurt, she wailed at the treachery of the beaded lady, who had slipped out at the last crack without paying half her shot.

Morning found Melvina refreshed and snappish. But after a sleepless night Miss Louisa's courage was oozing out at the tips of her fingers.

"GOOD morning."

In breezed Mr. John C. Armbruster, fresh as a bridegroom, wearing a fairly incandescent grin.

"Please-to-meecha."

He vouchsafed a fleeting nod toward the wondering Melvina, then turned briskly to the pallid Miss Louisa.

"Say, this is one weird calling-hour, but I couldn't wait another minute. Say, Lucien de Loire's director got a look-in on your Remorse scenes yesterday, and didn't he call me up last night, and ask me to lend you to the Sunland Studios long enough to play the *Queen Regent* in Lucien's new feature."

"We'll give you ten days off, beginning week after next. You'll need two bully costumes, ermine and lace and all that, and a lot of diamonds. We'll lend you all the diamonds you want. De Loire will provide the costumes and pay you your hundred a week, but be sure you make him dig up in advance—"

"Diamonds! One hundred a week!"

Melvina rose up, purple. A moment Miss Louisa's world rocked on its foundations. Then she faced her pop-eyed tyrant with unshaken calm:

"Melvina, this is Mr. John C. Armbruster, director at the Sidereal. I've been acting in his pictures all the time you've been away."

"Acting—in moving-pictures—you!" Melvina sat down with a thud.

"Yes. He has paid me one hundred and twenty dollars a week. He says that I can earn three thousand a year if I'll stay on."

"Three thousand at the very least," Mr. Armbruster broke in. "Five, more like. Six, even."

"THREE thousand—five thousand—" Melvina could only gurgle. "B-but, Louisa! You've lived with me thirty years!"

Poor Miss Louisa stood, stricken, wan.

"Well, you don't expect her to stick around forever, do you, at three hundred a year," broke in Mr. Armbruster, "when she can get three thousand, easy as breathing?"

"Three hundred a year—three thousand—"

Melvina moaned out the words. Then with a mighty effort she pulled herself together. Over her fat little wobegone face came a curious light—the light of a sacrifice, of a self-immolation past all words.

"Louisa, you listen. It's been on my mind for years. Yes, I'd oughter told you before, but I never got around to it. Lysander, he—he meant to make provision for you, though he didn't write it down in his will. It was in a memorandum I found in his wallet. Twenty thousand in first mortgages—"

MISS LOUISA listened, hardly breathing. Twenty thousand! That meant twelve hundred a year.

Yes, she'd always known that Lysander meant to do well by her. But even twelve hundred—Would it ever stretch over Sammy's engineering, and Edith's music, and the Holloway babies, and help on Tom's old folks, too?

"What's more—" the words forced themselves from Melvina's reluctant lips—"he—he told me himself he wanted you to have one of the bottomland farms besides. Those farms never rent under fifteen hundred. That would be—" she swallowed, then struggled on—"that'd be twenty-seven hundred a year anyway; maybe twenty-eight hundred."

"And my own income is only fourteen thousand a year, not a cent more. With twenty-seven hundred, and your salary too, seems like you'd ought to be contented!"

She broke into a gusty wail.

MISS LOUISA looked at her. But she did not see the pitiful absurdity of that little fat, cowed, whimpering figure, nor the meanness of this belated justice.

All she did see, being so tenderly blind, was the dear fruition of her hopes. Lame Sammy at college, successful and content; Edith at her music; the three Holloway babies together for always; Bess and Tom, her very dearest, toiling and prosperous.

She turned to Mr. John C. Armbruster. Her brown eyes shone with quick mists.

"Mr. Armbruster, I don't know how to thank you," she said very softly. "And I'll finish this picture for you, and the next one, too. And any time you really need me, I'll come, if it's all the way from Iowa."

"But as for a contract—why, you can see for yourself that this contract with Melvina sort of holds the stage against anything else."

THE feature-film, "Hearts Triumphant," came to town last month, and played two weeks to crowded houses. Mrs. Lysander G. Appleby basked considerably in reflected glory. None the less, she remarked peevishly to her best friend that the way Louisa went to gape at herself in that picture was something scandalous.

"She's hipered down to the Metropolitan every night this week, and paid in her nickel every time. If you ask me, I'd call it extravagance, nothing less. And vanity. Sinful vanity, that's all."

"H'm," said Melvina's dearest friend, with the chill perspicacity of the dearest friend alone, "if you'd been asked to play in a picture, and looked like that, I'll bet you'd pay a quarter to gape at yourself every night in the year."



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# BETTER MEALS AT LESS EXPENSE

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

## Menus for a Week in June

### SUNDAY BREAKFAST

Strawberries with Sugar (Serve large berries with hulls)  
Oatmeal  
Coffee  
Toast  
Milk

### DINNER

Cream-Tomato Soup with Bread or Croutons  
Cold Beef Tongue Sliced  
Cabbage Salad  
Butter or Butter Substitute  
Rolls  
Cherry Pie or Plain Junket for Small Children

### SUPPER

Peanut-Butter Sandwiches  
Ice-cream  
Cake or Cookies  
Tea

### MONDAY BREAKFAST

Stewed Fruit (Strawberries or Cherries)  
Graham Mush  
Butter or Butter Substitute  
Milk  
Coffee  
Toast  
Milk

### LUNCH OR SUPPER

Creamed Codfish  
Corn Bread  
Mashed Potatoes  
Spiced Prunes

### DINNER

Swiss Steak (Cut from shoulder clod of beef)  
Grilled Potatoes  
Butter or Butter Substitute  
Beet Greens  
Rhubarb Brown Betty

### TUESDAY BREAKFAST

Wheat Farina with Dates or Raisins  
Toast or Muffins  
Milk  
Cocoa

### OVEN LUNCH

Macaroni with Cheese Sauce  
Apple Sauce  
Cocoa  
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes  
Gingerbread  
Tea

### DINNER

Boiled Dinner—Corned Beef, Cabbage, Carrots, Potatoes  
Bread  
Butter or Butter Substitute  
Strawberry Shortcake

### WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST

Strawberries with Sugar  
Top Milk  
Coffee  
Toast  
Prepared Cereal  
Milk

### LUNCH OR SUPPER

Bread  
Cherry Ice  
Baked Eggs au Gratin  
Butter or Butter Substitute  
Small Cakes or Cookies

### DINNER

Hamburg Steak with Grilled Potatoes  
Fried Sliced Apples  
Lettuce-and-Cucumber Salad  
Rice Pudding

### THURSDAY BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes  
Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes  
Corn-meal and Barley Muffins  
Coffee  
Milk

### LUNCH OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Asparagus Soup  
Baked Beans  
Peach Tapioca  
Toast or Vienna Bread  
Brown Bread

### DINNER

Beef Stew  
Mashed Potatoes  
Dandelion Greens  
Rhubarb Pie (Children may have Rhubarb Sauce with Cookies)

### FRIDAY BREAKFAST

Stewed Figs  
Toasted Muffins  
Jam  
Coffee  
Milk

### LUNCH OR SUPPER

Baked-bean Salad  
Brown-Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
Honey

### DINNER

Salmon Loaf  
New Potatoes with Green Peas in Cream Sauce  
Carrot-and-Nut Salad  
Strawberries with Whipped Marshmallow Cream

### SATURDAY BREAKFAST

Apples baked with Cherries  
Potato Patties  
Coffee  
Brown-bread Toast  
Milk

### LUNCH OR SUPPER

Italian Polenta  
Cakes or Cookies  
Orange-and-Onion Salad  
Tea

### DINNER

Mutton Roast (Plate)  
Lettuce Salad  
Browned Potatoes and Carrots  
Fruit  
Custard

IF THE allowance of meat mentioned seems small to the men of the family, use ingenuity in combining that meat with cereal foods or potatoes so that it will "seem more." Corn-meal with meat and gravy is an excellent dish, and what is better than old-fashioned hash of potatoes and meat?

Other suggestions are scalloped meat (bread-crumbs, rice, hominy or macaroni may be used), meat-pie, meat-and-vegetable combinations such as stuffed peppers, tomatoes and cabbage.

I have already given the rule for the milk allowance, stating that about the same amounts should be spent for milk, for fruits and vegetables, and for protein foods (meat, fish, poultry, cheese, dried beans and peas). I might emphasize this rule in another way saying that one should be sure that she is not spending more for meat-foods than for milk.

One might well ask the question here: Where do eggs come in or what is the rule for buying eggs? The answer to this question depends upon the price for which one can buy eggs, whether there are any children in the family and how great is the need of the family to cut food expenses to the minimum.

REGARDLESS of other expenditures, the child under nine should be allowed one egg each day in some form or other.

For the rest of the family, eggs should be supplied to as great an extent as the family purse will stand. If every penny must count, and eggs are very high, then they should be considered with the other protein foods and the original allowance for protein foods (exclusive of milk, of course) mentioned above, must include the expenditure for eggs for adult members of the family.

Meat is usually fairly expensive, but there are some cheaper cuts and one may as well learn to use them.

From the beef there are the shank, most inexpensive of all beef cuts, which can be used for stews and soups; the neck, which may be used for soups, stews or for corning; shoulder clod, for steaks and pot-roasts; chuck, for steaks, pot-roasts and for boiling; flank for steaks, stews and braising; and the plate, which can be used for stews and soups.

Tripe, the first stomach of the ox, and tongue may well be used.

THE cheapest cuts of veal are the knuckle (that part of the leg just about at the knee bone), the head, breast, ribs, shoulder and neck, which are good for either soups or stews or for trimmings to be made into pot-pies, loaves, salads, hash and so forth. In addition to these, calves' liver and sweetbreads are often sold at very reasonable prices.

The neck of mutton is the cheapest part of that animal. It is good for stews and casserole dishes. The plate makes an economical roast or stew. Sheep's heart stuffed and baked is an economical dish.

Pork cuts which may be called inexpensive are: foot, neck, Boston butt, head, and spare ribs. The foot may be stewed, pickled, boiled or fried; the neck may be stewed, baked, boiled or braised.

The Boston butt gives the cheaper steaks and roasts. Spare ribs are boiled; as for the head, the jowl may be boiled, or the whole of the head may be used for head-cheese.

Fish, especially dried and salted fish—codfish, herring and the like—is inexpensive and nutritious.

Rabbits are good food, and are not sold for exorbitant prices in most markets.

Dried peas and beans are fairly inexpensive, and it is always well to have a supply on hand. Do not forget that soy-beans may be made very good to eat if one cooks them with care. A bit of pork for flavor makes a dish of baked beans just as satisfying as a roast of beef.

BUTTER or butter substitute, cream and other fats may be cut down to one and one-half ounces per person per day. Three ounces is the amount allowed for the richer and more expensive diet. Two ounces is a pretty fair allowance.

These amounts refer to adult needs. Children would not need as much as grown-ups; however if it can be arranged, let them have their allowance in butter or cream, even if the adults must use a butter substitute.

Children who are getting their quart each of whole milk every day do not need as much other fat.

Buying a great deal of sugar, honey and sirup makes the meals expensive. Economy in the use of sugar may be practised if you desire to cut down on the cost of food. Try satisfying any excessive longing for sweets by eating fruits, which one needs in the dietary anyway.

### SWISS STEAK

TAKE a steak about two inches thick cut from the shoulder clod, and pound into it all the flour it will hold, and until the fiber is thoroughly broken up. Season with salt and pepper and sear on both sides in fat in a hot frying-pan.

Add boiling water to cover, or the liquor from a can of tomatoes, and let simmer for about three hours.

WHEN I pick up the letters on my desk each morning, I never fail to see this inquiry: How can I cut the cost of food, and still give my family nourishing and attractive meals?

Sometimes the question is asked in the vaguest terms, the writer forgetting that I can not look into her home and see whether she grows her own vegetables in a back-yard garden, whether the men of her family are office or outdoor workers, or just how great is her need of cutting expenses to the minimum. Knowing something about the members of your family, their incomes and their mode of living helps me to help you.

HOWEVER, some general rules for cutting the cost of food can be laid down. Since cereal foods are the cheapest of all foods for the number of calories which they furnish per pound, it stands to reason that they must figure very largely in the cheaper dietary. Make cereal foods your largest item of expense.

Be careful, though, not to make your food too largely of this character. Cereals do not contain everything that one needs for a well-balanced dietary. They need to be supplemented with other foods.

Milk and eggs, and vegetables and fruits supply the minerals and vitamins of which the grains have not sufficient quantity. So note it down that cereal foods should be eaten in connection with milk (it may be skim-milk); that a reasonable number of eggs in such a dietary is very desirable; and that fruits and vegetables are almost indispensable.

For a family of five, the largest amount of cereal foods which it is advisable to have in the day's dietary is about four and one-half pounds. This amount is in terms of bread, but could be an equivalent amount of cereals, macaroni or any made dish which uses flour or meal.

ONE-THIRD to one-half a quart of milk should be provided each day for each member of the family, one quart for each child under ten. (For the children whole milk is preferable if one can afford it.)

This is one of the very first rules of buying. One can not say too much about the value of milk. Dr. E. V. McCollum, whose researches in nutrition have received wide recognition, feels that we owe our advanced place among thinking nations largely to our national dairy industry, and that should anything seriously interfere with the dairyman's business it would be a universal calamity.

Dr. Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale, calls attention to the fact that no matter how high the price of milk rises, it is worth all it costs, and that we, in fact, can not afford to get along without it, no matter how much it is a quart.

Spend as much for fruit and vegetables as you do for milk. For this amount one will usually be able to get vegetables enough so that they may act as the main "fillers" of the meals. Each day one should have potatoes and at least one other vegetable such as cabbage, onions, carrots, beets or greens.

Children may eat as many as two or three medium-sized potatoes and one-fourth pound or more of some other vegetable each day, while a grown person may double these amounts.

Every day the family should have some fruit. There is no getting around the fact that fresh fruit has been very expensive this past year. Bear in mind that the more inexpensive fruits are apt to be those grown in the locality, for otherwise some one must always pay for transportation.

The month of June will find strawberries, cherries, currants and apples in season in most sections of the country. Make the most of them.

Then there are the dried fruits, which are excellent and most inexpensive of all, for what one can get out of them. These include dried apples, dried peaches and apricots, as well as prunes and raisins. These last two are especially desirable for the iron which they contain.

CHEESE, meat and fish, dried beans and peas are all foods which can more or less be used instead of the eggs mentioned. For all this sort of food also spend about the same amount as you do for milk.

Meat-foods (red meat, fish, poultry) need not be served more than once a day. Milk, eggs, cheese, beans and peas can furnish protein for other meals.

Do not let the weekly allowance of meat-foods be higher than one and three-quarters pounds for each person in the family, which will mean an average daily individual portion of no more than four ounces. "A quarter of a pound for each one to be served" is a generous estimate for buying.

Children are not counted in on this reckoning. A child under eight or nine years is much better off without any meat at all.

If he is given one egg each day in addition to the quart of milk allowance, he will be getting plenty of protein foods of just the right kind.

A nine-year-old child may have a little meat-food in addition to his milk allowance. Under no circumstances, however, should even he have more than a small serving (an ounce or less) of lean beef, mutton, lamb, chicken, lean fish or oysters each day. Allowance for the child over nine, then, might add almost a half-pound to the weekly amount of meat-food to be purchased.





*And right into the top of the honeymoon trunk went a package of Ivory Soap Flakes*

FILMY bits of lingerie, silken stockings, exquisite blouses, and the hundred and one articles of dainty finery that a bride holds dear, should never be entrusted to the indifferent attentions of a strange laundress.

Even while traveling, it's so easy to keep one's intimate belongings fresh and spotless with Ivory Soap Flakes.

A little warm water in the hotel washbowl, a dash of these gossamer flakes of pure white Ivory Soap—and you have a thick foamy suds that cleanses quickly, without rubbing, and without the slightest injury to color, delicate fabric or trimming.

And when the honeymoon is over, and one has housekeeping problems to solve, Ivory Soap Flakes extends its usefulness. Fine linens, fleecy wool blankets, curtains and hangings last longer and look better if they are washed with these snowlike flakes of genuine Ivory Soap.

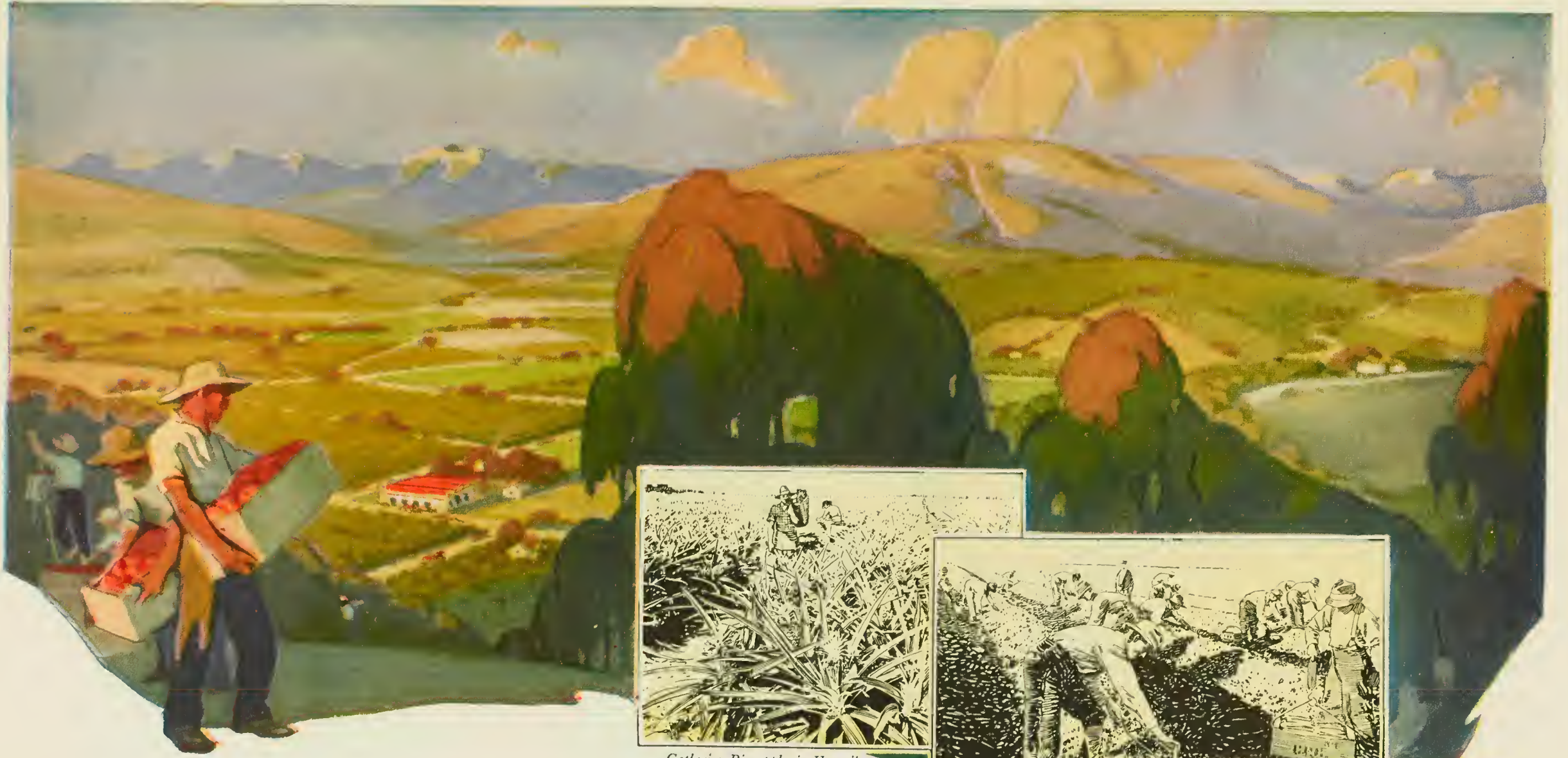
*At your dealer's  
A generous package for 10c*

# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*The Ideal Soap for Fine Laundering in  
the Ideal Form for Fine Laundering*







## And this explains why you are able to get Del Monte Quality

When you serve DEL MONTE products on your table you are interested only in their quality—in their irresistible goodness—their convenience and economy.

Yet back of all that fresh natural flavor and delicacy that ministers to your daily enjoyment, there is a story of far lands—of sunny climes—of care and thoroughness and long years of experience—as far-reaching in influence and as interesting in details as many a popular romance.

DEL MONTE perfection begins with the soil and the climate. Wherever Nature grows her best, there are located the DEL MONTE orchards and gardens and kitchens. There the pedigreed fruits and vegetables are grown, harvested and canned the day they are picked, with all their natural freshness and sun-ripened flavor, by specialists who have spent their lives in the canning industry and whose sole aim is to live up to the DEL MONTE ideal of quality.

This explains why DEL MONTE quality is always highest quality—why the

red DEL MONTE shield is your guarantee of finest flavor in a long line of canned fruits and vegetables, dried fruits, raisins, jellies, jams, preserves, olives, catsup, salmon, and many other varieties.

**SEND FOR THIS BOOK—“DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor.”** It contains hundreds of simple and economical recipes and suggestions for utilizing the ever-ready goodness of DEL MONTE products in adding delicious variety and appetizing flavor to the every-day menu. Sent free upon request.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION  
DEPARTMENT D  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



Just a few of the many delicious  
DEL MONTE PRODUCTS

“There’s a variety for every need”



Concluded from page 15

## \$16.50 TRIMMED

Serene in the knowledge that it was becoming (she was too thoroughly, cleverly feminine to overlook that) she wore that hat as negligently as a man wears his, and with as little coquetry. It won her a following—that hat—that no amount of modish millinery could ever have achieved.

BUT Anna and Gussie did not appreciate the novelty of restraining their longing for silk-velvet hats, and high kid boots, and silk stockings. They had had to do it all their lives.

Even Herbert Hoover had very little fascination for a girl who, while she preferred the twenty-cent lunch, couldn't have it because her lunch-money, figured down to the last mathematical fraction, was fifteen cents. When suddenly, bewilderingly, with a wild whoop, that fifteen cents soared into the air and became fifteen glorious dollars, could any Anna or Gussie be blamed for becoming dizzy with the flight?

The American unskilled working girl—factory worker, garment worker, maid-of-all-work, errand girl—is the most modishly costumed working girl in the world.

You've heard about that *chic* little Parisian *ouvrière*. Don't believe it. She's a myth—a beautiful Zola-Du Maurier myth.

How eagerly I first searched for her, and with what a shock I first beheld her! Dumpy, I think, is the word. Her skirts too short; her ankles too thick. Her belt trim, yes; but her collar unrelieved by the saving touch of white—the touch that the American working girl will achieve by painful private wash-bowl launderings.

STAND, some time, on lower Fifth Avenue, between five and six in the evening, when the great lofts are emptying their thousands. As she rushes past you, chattering, her voice the metallic Ghetto one, or the soft Italian, or the harsh Slavic, you will catch your breath with a mingled wonder and admiration, and something akin to pity, so brave is her head-bugging little hat, so nearly upper-Fifth Avenue her coat, so absurdly inappropriate her little gray suede high-heeled shoes. She darts across the street, powdering her already too-white nose, audacious, agile, reckless.

"G'wan!" she shrills to the liveried chauffeur of a limousine that has missed her by an inch. "Who yuh shovin'?" Might's well kill a gail 's scare her 't deat'."

This girl it is, in the large city and the small, working in the ammunition factory or the power-plant who, after window-wishing all her life, now finds herself in a position to open the front door of the glittering shop and actually buy for herself the coveted treasure in the window—the real thing.

And only one who has had to be content with cheap imitations all her life can know the joy of possessing the real—real silk, real velvet; the hat with the real line; the shoe with the hand-turned sole and the real buckskin top; the coat with the real fur collar.

A MAN who is probably the best informed person in the United States on the subject of styles in women's clothes, makes a statement that is as astounding as it is interesting.

He declares that fashion authorities study working girls as they do no other class, because—they are the actual pioneers in the adoption of successful styles! Well-to-do, conservative women are merely trailers!

The working girl possesses an almost uncanny instinct for the winning style. Out of one hundred designs offered by the trade, perhaps ninety-seven will be discarded. The first person to discover and adopt the winning styles are the working girls.

And not only are they leaders in fashions, but they constantly demand something prettier and better.

OF COURSE it's topsyturvy. Just one more topsyturvy condition in the topsyturviest world that ever spun through space. For years writers have given us the story of the poor working girl in her shoddy cotton stockings, her mashed, pathetic hat, and her down-at-heel shoes, trudging to work past the silk-clad, fur-coated lady of fashion. And now—

"Howdy-do, Gussie!" I said.

I was coming up the steps. Gussie was descending. Her day out.

Gussie is the expert lady whose chicken and muffins and candied sweet-potatoes and meirings are the bonds that hold her to the household, even during one of those culinary crises when it seems that this must positively be what *Fanny Squeers* so dramatically called "the hend."

"Ha'-do," graciously, from Gussie.

Her accent can not be conveyed, yet it was there. I looked up at her and smiled. The smile froze on my face.

It was mid-January (though that was not the reason). Gussie's head bore proudly a new Spring hat, all varnished straw, and satin twists, and latest line.

And I—I had been scurrying along wondering if the snow would spot my Winter one, as I ran an anxious palm along its crown.

Gussie's weekly wage is twelve dollars. And Gussie waxes restive. Her friend, she announces, is getting fourteen dollars.

"But you do no washing, Gussie."

"Her neither."

Gussie's room is her own, and bright and warm. Her private bathroom adjoins it. This is the Middle West.

Gussie's daily fare is the family's fare. When they have chicken she has chicken; when they have roast beef and asparagus and ice-cream she has roast beef and asparagus and ice-cream.

Add board and room to her weekly twelve dollars and you have the sum total of Gussie's wage. Twenty dollars would scarcely cover it.

The Middle West is full of Gussies (but, alas, not full enough) serene in the knowledge of their power; well able to flaunt the new

Spring hat in the wistful face of the household's mistress.

WHILE it is the worker outside the home whose wage has achieved the most spectacular gymnastics, there are aspects of home work that have had their fantastic side. For example, a well-to-do woman living in an Ohio steel-mill town of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand came to New York recently to be treated by a specialist.

It turned out that her trouble was exhaustion—she was physically worn from overwork. The steel mills had taken every house-working girl in the city.

"But it wasn't the housework that wore me out," she said. "It was the washing and ironing."

Involuntarily one looked at her hands. She had always been vain of them, and with reason. White, slender, tapering hands they were.

"You see," she went on, "we have no motor-car. And the laundresses refused to come to any house that could not send a motor for them in the morning and send them home again in the afternoon."

"Oh, I don't expect you to believe it. I wouldn't believe it either, if I hadn't been obliged to face it. Motor-car, breakfast, lunch, and two dollars and sixty cents a day. They simply refused to come to me."

"I sent the heavier pieces to the laundry. But the finer things, the silk and linen things, are torn to shreds that way, so I simply had to—"

Her voice trailed off wearily.

A HAT manufacturer, who says that he has never sold so many high-grade hats as of late, attributes it to the high price of shoes, which sounds quite mad until he explains thus:

"Shoes have never been so costly, so perishable, so fragile. They are made of white kid, gray buckskin, bronze kid."

"A woman won't wear a pair of twelve-dollar or fourteen-dollar shoes with a cheap hat. And American women pay more attention to their footwear and headgear than the women of any other country."

All of which sounds reasonable enough until you talk to a shoe manufacturer. Says he:

"The working girl is getting enormous wages and spending her money for clothes. The first thing a woman with money buys is a hat."

"A lot of these girls graduated from shawls not so many years ago. But they know a good-looking hat when they see it."

"Well, they buy the kind of hat they've always wanted and then they look at their feet and see that something's wrong. No woman feels dressed up in a cheap pair of shoes if she's wearing an expensive hat. So she buys a pair of high-priced shoes to match her headgear."

Somehow they both sound right.

IT IS interesting to learn that while the American and the English working girls are spending their newly acquired wealth for clothes and luxuries, the French girl is being true to her thrifty training. Into the stocking it goes—but not silk stockings.

The head of a famous London department-store that is conducted on American methods, states that during the four years of the war the silk-stocking sale of his business exceeded that of any previous time. It was not the woman of means who was responsible for this. She was wearing lisle, and buying war bonds.

The Government was using the war-bond money for the manufacture of ammunition. The munition-plants were paying enormous wages to the unskilled worker. The unskilled worker was spending it for silk stockings.

This same American business man vouches for the story of one English family, of the laboring class, who, swollen with their newly acquired wealth, bought a piano and three mechanical players for their single household. A cheery place London's East End must have been, at least the corner of it enlivened by this music-loving group.

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST says that there is a most hopeful sociological aspect to this method of money-spending. She says:

"These women are raising their standard of living, and they are doing their best to break down class distinctions, which are so largely a question of dress, speech and deportment. The working-woman's instinct is to raise herself to the level of the more fortunate, and not to drag the more fortunate down to her level."

BUT the French girl? Centuries of training proved too strong for her. Though her wage has not been as high as that of the American munition-worker, or the English, it had yet been out of all proportion to anything she had previously earned.

And has she squandered it for silks and gewgaws in that land where silks and gewgaws grow? She has not. Thriftily, cannily, she has put it away for her *dot*.

JUST here the sociologist, the welfare worker, and the statistician step in with a little list of queries. They want to know, among other things:

Once a woman has become accustomed to a hat with a line and a shoe with a smart last, will she ever go back to dusty cotton-velvet and cheap shoddy leather?

And if women keep on working, elbowing the men in the fight for high wages, how about that institution known as marriage?

To this question there is offered timidly, but with a certain assurance withal, the suggestion that love was invented before silk stockings; that the mating instinct is stronger than the millinery urge; and that Mother Nature in the past few hundred centuries has learned a trick or two to combat those agents that would thwart her.



## No More "Spoiled" Preserves

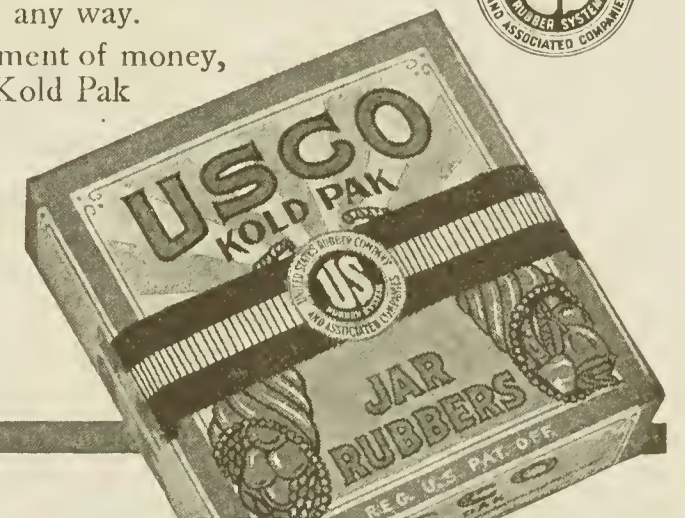
Never again should home canned fruits or vegetables "spoil" because of defective jar rubbers. The foremost rubber scientists of the greatest rubber manufacturer in the world and expert home economic specialists have combined their talents and produced a jar ring that is positively 100% perfect.

## USCO Kold Pak Jar Rubbers

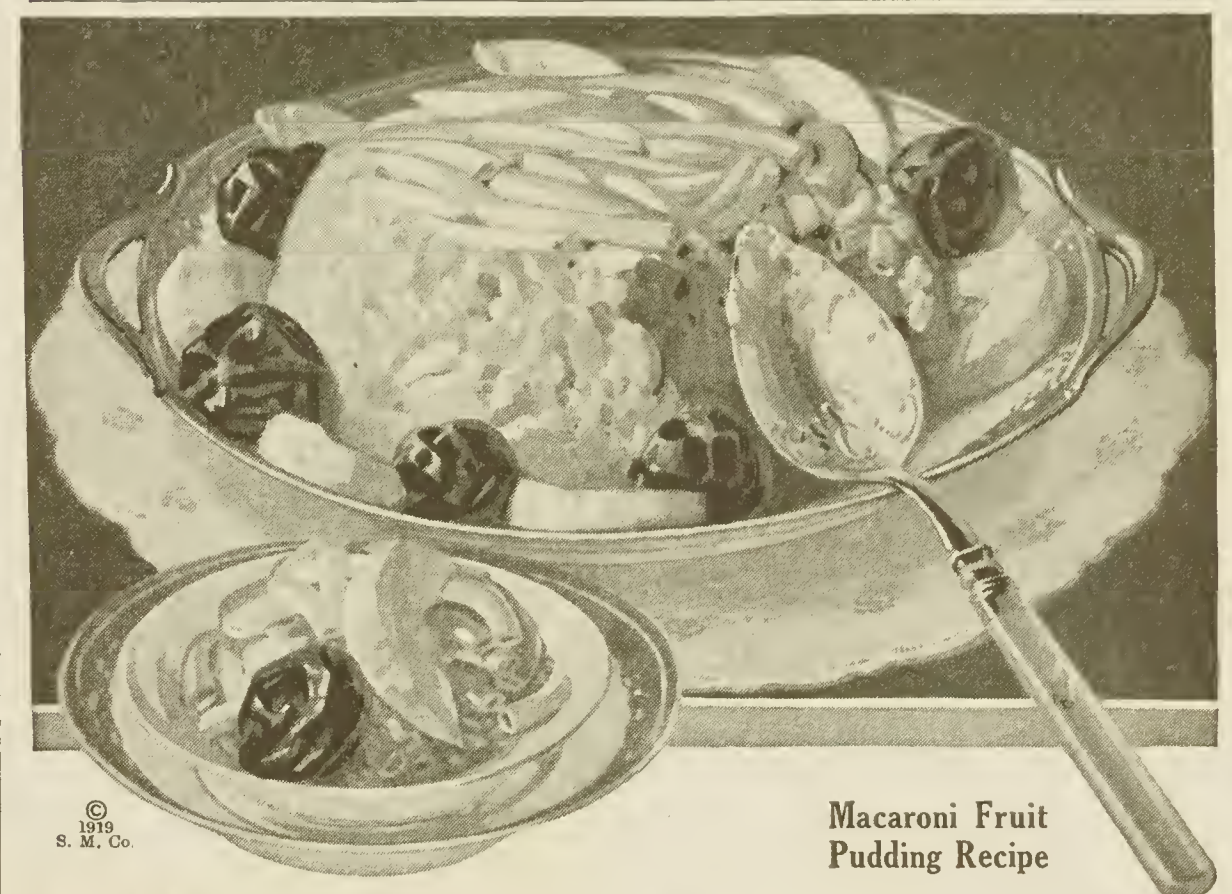
remove every possibility of spoilage. They are made of a special quality of rubber, specially prepared for this one special purpose.

Neither the heat, steam, nor pressure of any canning processing can possibly affect them in any way.

Do not risk your canning investment of money, time and labor. Order USCO Kold Pak Jar Rubbers of your grocer and be sure of success.



## United States Rubber Company



## Macaroni Fruit Pudding Recipe

$\frac{1}{2}$  pkg. Skinner's Macaroni  
1 quart boiling water  
1 tablespoon salt

Add macaroni slowly to rapidly boiling salt water, boil uncovered 10 to 12 minutes. Drain, rinse with cold water.

### CUSTARD

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
3 cups scalded milk

$\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins  
4 eggs

Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, cinnamon and salt, then slowly add scalded milk. Strain and add to seeded raisins cut in halves. Line a well buttered mold with the cooked macaroni. Pour in custard. Bake in a pan of water in moderate oven until firm. Turn out on platter, garnish with canned plums and slices of cooked apples. Serve with plum juice boiled thick.

## A Macaroni Dessert

If you have never thought of using macaroni as a dessert, try out the recipe given here for the dish of Skinner's Macaroni fruit pudding shown above. You will find it unusual and delicious.

## SKINNER'S MACARONI

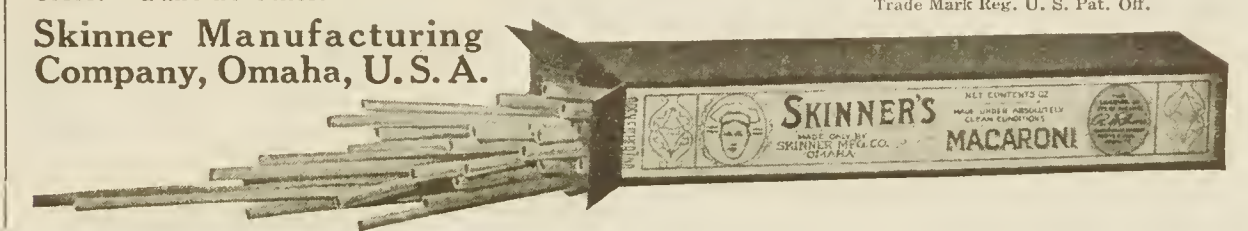
can be used in 141 different recipes. Besides using it with cheese or tomatoes, try this healthful food in newer and more tempting forms.

Skinner's Macaroni is made from only the highest quality amber durum wheat; hence its walls are thinner, it cooks more quickly, yet retains all its natural shape, taste and color. Take no other.

Skinner Manufacturing Company, Omaha, U. S. A.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.







## Children Love the Taste of "California Syrup of Figs"

### The Safe, Pleasant Laxative

All druggists sell the genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna." Full directions as a laxative for children of all ages are plainly printed on the bottle label. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup" except that made by the originators.

The California Fig Syrup Co.

## "Mum"

as easy to use as to say

takes all the odor  
out of perspiration

A little "Mum", applied after the morning bath, preserves the soap-and-water freshness of the skin all day long.

No matter how hot the weather, or how crowded the gathering, both body and clothing are kept free from all body odors.

"Mum" is harmless to the skin and clothes.

25 cents at Drug and Department Stores, or by mail from us, postage and war tax paid, on receipt of 26 cents.

"Mum" is a trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"Mum" Manufacturing Company  
1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia



Continued from page 10

## BEANY AND PLUPY

friends Beany and Plupy, appreciating to the full their sartorial magnificence, should, like fine, generous-hearted souls, be willing to spread around and to diffuse a bit of it for the public weal. And so one Sunday in midsummer, irreproachably clad, they drove an outfit owned by Levi to the beach, under the most solemn injunctions as to the care, baiting, rate of speed and use of whip in transit. Arriving, they left their horses at Leavitt's stable, lit their five-cent law-calf cigars, and with waving canes, strolled down the causeway, admired of all beholders.

"Pull down your vest, young fellow," exclaimed one coarse chap in the expressive slang of the period.

"Wipe off your chin, Longlegs," cried another, out of the corner of his mouth, adopting another phrase in common use. The young men twirled their canes and deigned no reply, but marched with stiff-legged dignity.

"Gosh, they must have melted the little fat cuss and poured him into them britches." Whereat Beany's plump cheeks became suddenly empurpled with the rush of blood, and Plupy chuckled delightedly.

Out of the reach of their tormentors, however, they regained their composure. The world was young and fair, the young ladies they met cast appreciative glances at them, the dinner hour was at hand and their appetites were sharpened by their trip in the fresh air. At a pop-beer booth they called for a bottle of that delightful concoction and refreshed themselves mightily, and daintily wiped their mouths with their pink-edged handkerchiefs; then, twirling their canes, strolled elegantly down the sand to where a large white tent sent forth the most enticing odors of broiled chicken and "fixin's." In front of this tent a gaudy sign "Table d'Hôte Chicken Dinner." The delicious odors entranced them and the thinly veiled promise of the unknown yet seductive inscription lured them to try the wares in the tent.

On their way, several acquaintances, who were sitting in the sand enjoying basket luncheons, invited them to stop and share their meal, but this was by no means in accordance with their program laid out by these elegant young men, and they thanked their would-be hosts and proceeded to the tent, where they ate a somewhat unsatisfactory dinner of decidedly venerable hen, and were a good deal disappointed to find no foreign elements in its concoction. However, when they had finished a rather muddy cup of warmed-over coffee, they called for their bill and were horrified to find that the amount entirely swept away their meager savings.

Beany had hired, and had paid for the horse and was personally responsible for its safe return. It was a valuable horse. The buggy was a Head & Jewell of great price. The harness was a Kellogg harness, made by the old gentleman with horn spectacles in the little shop behind the Squamscott House and it had a standard market price. Visions of utter ruin swept over Beany, and he lapsed into abandoned profanity.

"Gosh! whoop to Darnation," quoth Beany, and sat down in the sand breathing heavily.

"Aw! Come on now, Beany," said Plupy. "We c'n borrow the money. They won't charge more than fifty cents and anyway, he'll know our fathers."

BEANY, much cheered in spirit, arose from the sand and the young men decided it to be a part of wisdom to personally interview the stable man in advance of their departure, in order that no delay might ensue when they might decide to bereave the beach and its contiguous neighborhood of their presence. But when they met the gentleman in question they found, very much to their consternation that he was not at all inclined to fall in with their views. Yes, he knew George Shute and Irv. Watson very well indeed, but he didn't know that Plupy and Beany were their sons. Mind, he did not go so far as to doubt their words, but business was business. He had but two months to make the season, and he couldn't afford to take any chances. Hay was scarce, and grain high, and he had to keep his men, and every little counted, and only last week the same game had been played on him by two fellows who said they were the sons of well-known men in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and he never heard from them again and when he sent to their fathers, he found that neither of these men had a son. Now if there was anything to put up—a watch, or a ring, or anything—why, there would be no difficulty. Just a business affair between gentlemen.

Plupy at once offered as security his little silver watch, which his father had given him when he entered the academy. This was accepted by the stable man and the matter was concluded, very much to Beany's relief.

THEN having flicked the dust from their polished shoes with their handkerchiefs, they lit a couple of russet-colored cigars which they still had in stock and strolled down the beach. They had intended trying surf bathing, but as they had no money with which to hire bathing-suits they bethought them of the deliciously warm salt water in the marsh pools, and crossing the road by Nudd's took the marsh cart path.

There was a land breeze, the sun was high and it had become very warm. They left the path, taking a short cut to a promising pool, when suddenly Beany stepped on a soft spot and his leg disappeared to his hip joint. Beany struggled hard, there was a sucking, glutinous sound, and he drew out his leg. Alas! The beautiful lavender trouser-leg was black with clinging oozy marsh mud!

"Gosh! darn the luck!" said Beany with heartfelt earnestness, turning a horrified countenance on Plupy, who choked, gurgled, and finally burst into a roar of laughter at Beany's ridiculous appearance as he stood with legs far apart, one immaculate in lavender doeskin, the other black, greasy and dripping.

"Laugh, you darn fool, laugh your fool head

off," snarled Beany bitterly, "Funny, ain't it?"

"Schloop! Squatter!" And Plupy's left leg disappeared to his waistline. Plupy's laughter stopped at once and with straining arms and convulsive wiggles of his body, frightful contortions of his countenance and rapid up-and-down play of his Adam's apple, he painfully drew out his leg. It was as black as Beany's, who now in his turn laughed and cackled like a loon as he observed Plupy's dismal plight.

"Thought it was funny, didn't ye, when it happened to me? Ain't so funny now, is it?" said Beany derisively.

For a moment they glared at one another and then both laughed.

"Might as well laugh as cry," said Beany with true optimism. "What in time can we do?"

"Peel off and have a good swim, and wash our britches and dry them on the bank. In this hot sun they will dry in half an hour," replied Plupy.

"Thasso, Plupe," said Beany, "but won't the salt water take the color out?"

"It may. I don't know about that, but anyway we will give them a good soaking and turn them in the sun so they will dry even," replied Plupy judiciously.

FOR nearly an hour they enjoyed the tepid water, occasionally quitting the pool to turn their drying garments. At the end of that time the trousers were as dry as tinder and hot to the touch, and the boys' backs were beginning to burn in the hot sun. So they came out and began to resume their clothes, chatting delightedly over the happy termination of their adventure, for besides being perfectly dry, their trousers did not appear to have lost their color in the least.

Plupy slipped one foot into the corresponding leg of his trousers, and hopped round on the other foot, pulling manfully. It stuck, and he went down sidewise. Then he rose to a sitting position and with one foot held forward, and with a powerful grasp of both hands on the sides of the garment, pushed with one extremity and pulled with the other until black specks swam and danced before his fevered vision, but he did not gain an inch.

Then he tried to pull his foot out, but it stuck fast. Then he tried to roll his trouser leg down but without result except to rivet the imprisoned foot more firmly. In vain he tugged and puffed and strained.

"I'm stuck, Beany," he finally said. "Take hold of the end of this cursed britches-leg and yank it off."

BEANY leaned over and taking a double hold on the offending spring-bottoms pulled with all the weight of his plump person, and all the vigor of his youthful muscles, while Plupy, digging one heel into the earth, clutched the long marsh grass frantically with both hands and held himself as firmly as a two-hundred-pound tug-of-war anchor. All at once his foot came out with a pop like the cork of a champagne bottle and Plupy rolled up on the back of his neck with his skinny legs in the air, while Beany lit on his back with a thud at the sudden cessation of the tension.

Then Beany tried to get on his trousers. It was useless. Sooner might he have put his plump fist through a keyhole in a door.

Then they tried to find a sharp stone to rip the seams with, but as usual there was not one within miles, nor could they find a clam-shell, although there must have been millions of clams in that marsh.

They ran along the edge of the pool and peered into the glassy water. Not a sign of a shell.

"Gosh, Plupe, we gotter do su'thin'. The skin's most scorched off my legs," groaned Beany.

They were at their wits' end.

Finally, putting on their coats to keep their backs from being scorched black, they crawled under a neighboring low bush, and covered their naked legs as far as possible with their shrunken trousers and with their vests, and alternately fought clouds of mosquitoes, midges and triangular-shaped flies that left three-cornered burning stabs wherever they struck, and fretfully discussed the best way out of the difficulty.

CONVERSATION lapsed, and the only sound was an occasional sharp slap, a muttered expletive, or a loud "Ouch." At last the sun disappeared, and they arose from under the bush thankfully. By this time they would cheerfully have given all they possessed for a drink of water, but they could not face exposure and ridicule. They would stick it out until dark. Twilight brought several million more inquisitive and impertinent mosquitoes, and while they jabbed, stung and bit, the two young men continued to scratch and slap frantically.

Suddenly the wind changed and blew from the east, and the boys began to feel refreshed. Heavy clouds covered the sky, and a few huge drops fell.

"I bet we'll have a storm to wind up with," said Beany. "Just as soon as its dark we'll start for home."

"But how'll we get by the gas lamps without britches?" asked Plupy.

"Gosh," said Beany, "I hadn't thought of that. Let's black our legs with marsh mud. Then it will look just like black britches."

Hunting up a soft place, they plentifully besmeared their legs with black muck.

"Why didn't we think of this before, then we wouldn't have got bit to death with mosquitoes and greenheads?" asked Plupy, as he deftly clapped a handful of a swollen lump.

"It's too late now, Plupe! Wish't we had. My legs look like a cranberry puddin'," said Beany.

It grew dark rapidly, and the two worthies, wrapping their semi-useless trousers around their hips, somewhat after the fashion of a

Concluded on page 69



Concluded from page 68

## BEANY AND PLUPY

Scotchman's kilt, stole carefully across the marshes, trying to avoid quagmires and sword-grass.

Black clouds were scudding across the sky, and an occasional flash of lightning half blinded them, but by extraordinary luck they struck the cart path, crossed the river by a small bridge and had left the marsh half a mile behind them and were almost to the main highway, at the end of which lay home and safety, before the storm broke. But in the midst of a tremendous downpour of Summer rain their artificial marsh trousers were washed away, leaving their legs shining silvery white in the vivid flash of the lightning.

NOW it happened that their fathers, in search of fresh air and amusement, had decided in a somewhat impromptu fashion to take a little trip to the beach on their own account, and incidentally as fond fathers to look up their offspring and have a quiet laugh at them. For a couple of hours they had been wondering where the boys had secreted themselves.

When the storm arrived, and the boys failed to put in an appearance, they became very much alarmed, and by bribery, cajolery, and the fact that they had many friends among the Hampton people, quickly collected a searching-party, consisting mainly of Lampreys, Leavitts, Godfroys, Philbrickes, Maces, Perkinses, Palmers and Nudds, those being some of the most progressive and leading families of the town, and equipped with lanterns they debouched into the marsh. Their hoarse calls were interspersed with loud splashes and bursts of profanity as an occasional zealous searcher plunged into a pool.

Beany's father, who, although in the prime of life, sported a dome as shiny as a peeled onion, and was accustomed to bring long strands of hair that still clung to the sides of his head up and over this dome in a well-intentioned but futile effort to deceive the public, presented a most extraordinary appearance as he was pulled, dripping and swearing, from a deep pool.

But the searching-party was suddenly interrupted by a belated arrival who told a most interesting story about two boys without trousers who had been seen hurrying between flashes of lightning toward Exeter, and retiring to the bushes whenever they met or were overtaken by a passing team. On hearing these cheering tidings, the entire party, headed by Plupy and Beany's fathers, both of whom ran like deer and leaped over obstacles that, in their saner moments, they could have only surmounted by a stepladder, raced back to the

stables. There the horses were rapidly hooked up, and the half-distracted yet hopeful fathers set out at full speed.

The rain had ceased and the darkness was intense save for the occasional flashes of lightning from the now distant storm. For several miles they drove rapidly, listening intently and straining their ears through the darkness. Suddenly a flash of lightning made it as light as day and a few hundred yards ahead they saw the white gleam of one pair of shirt tails and two pairs of legs dashing for a convenient clump of bushes. At once they whipped up and called their sons' names loudly, and as they approached the clump of trees, there crawled from it two wretched, starving, shivering "sans culottes."

They were drenched, muddy, wild-eyed, and their hair stood up like storm-beaten Timothy. They were scratched by briars and branches and stung by greenheads, sand-flies, midges and mosquitoes into a thousand fantastic designs. They were half-starved and half-dead with thirst, as they had not dared to go to any one's well or pump in their bizarre and informal costumes.

"FOR the love of 'Jerusalem the Golden, name ever dear to me', what in thunder have you stark, staring idiots been up to?" asked Plupy's father, emitting sacred and profane expletives with rare skill.

Both boys commenced voluble explanations but their teeth chattered to that extent that their words were unintelligible. Whereupon they were dragged into the buggies and wrapped from head to foot in the gaudy folds of thick horse blankets, and by degrees their story became known.

At Whittier's Hotel the horses were pulled up long enough for both gentlemen to visit the bar-room and return with glasses of hot rum and milk, sweetened to taste and capped by a fine dust of nutmeg, which bumpers were immediately poured into the shivering wretches, to their instant relief. In fact both boys, being utterly unused to potatoes of this kind, were sound asleep before the horses had gone a half-mile toward Exeter.

At half past eleven that night, bathed, rubbed, anointed from head to foot with "Dr. Dearborn's Family Salve, Wondrous Specific for Man and Beast," they were tucked in their beds, sleeping that dreamless sleep that comes only from utter exhaustion, youth and a clear conscience; while their lavender trousers were soaking in a strong solution of soft soap and warm water, in the vain hope that they might add one cubit to their stature, or several to their diameter. Alas, it was not to be.

Continued from page 7

## FATHERS

he edge in pretty close to the charmed circle? Could it be possible that there is something else wrong with civilization besides war? Could it be that this enlightened world takes father a little too much for granted?

I'm so awfully fond of fathers myself. I know quite a lot of them and I own one. Never yet have I seen his fine old head lowered. Yet he lost his only son. And the war practically ended his business. And he is seventy years old. When I want courage and a "second wind," I think of my father. War? Why, my father has always been in khaki!

Hasn't yours? Marching right along through fatigue and danger, the awful danger of failing, of not making good for his family; over the top at the worst kind of enemies—fear, hunger, discouragement, rivalry, whole hosts of mental Huns. And father's war isn't a matter of four years, though that is quite long enough; it's all of his father life. And that's just a father.

AND then there's the war father.

Up at dawn to work in his Liberty garden, hoeing away alone because the boy, the very center of his life, is "over there," his graying hair blowing in the wind, his strong, capable, man hands sowing and weeding faithfully, his lips perhaps softly whistling "Over There" and his heart, his heart saying with every beat:

"It ought to be me. I ought to have gone, not Bill! Why, Bill is just a boy."

"It was only a little while ago that I walked almost all night with him because he had the colic. I just bought him his first pants the other day."

"Bill oughtn't to be standing up against those German savages; not little Bill!"

And then he stops hoeing a moment and sees Bill, standing straight and tall in his uniform, as fine a boy as a man could wish; he feels again the grip of his hand.

How he had longed to put his arms around Bill and hold him tight the way his mother did!

And he's gone, that life of his life. He's in a trench with vermin and mud, and shell is falling around him—his baby, that he had carried in his arms because he had the colic and didn't know how to bear pain.

THE thud of the morning paper hurled to the front steps by the paper-boy startles him. He drops his hoe.

Fear walks with him to the steps. That long casualty list must be read, because if anything has happened to Bill, mother and the girls mustn't see it. They mustn't learn it that way, printed in a newspaper.

His hands are steady as they open the paper, hands that through hundreds of years have learned to be steady because so much depended on them—father hands.

But there's a fear in his heart as keen and sharp as any mother's.

No, it's all right; Bill's name isn't there.

But other men's Bills are there, and he

shakes his head sadly; other men's dreams have ended.

"It ought to be the old ones," he mutters, "like me. Not boys, not young things. Yes, yes; I'm coming!" He answers the call to breakfast a bit impatiently.

A touch of irritability is the spontaneous combustion of father's emotions, because fathers aren't supposed to show that they are sad or afraid.

AFTER breakfast Sue or Molly comes wheedling up for just one more check for the Red Cross Drive. Their school is trying to come up to a certain mark and they haven't yet reached it.

"And it's for the Red Cross, daddy!"

He pulls out his check-book. His eye refuses to back down before the small balance there.

He's had to face a small balance a great many times in his life. So much has gone into the Red Cross, Liberty Bonds, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, because you see, after all, whether it's Molly or Sue or mother—though the good God knows no real mother ever yet was paid all she earns—no matter who it is who gives to the war, it all comes from father.

But his eye never wavers; he'll pull them through somehow. Perhaps this very check will buy a bandage for Bill, though God forbid he should need one, but for some man's Bill.

So long as he has a dollar to give he'll give it to fight the savage that's shooting at Bill and civilization.

So Molly gets her check.

THEN he goes down to business, the business that no longer thrives, because war has struck at it. Or perhaps the Government has taken it over and it is running without profit to him.

He gives his brain and his energy to it with every ounce in him; he's glad to; it's his way of fighting. He doesn't say much about it, any more than he says much about his feeling for Bill.

He is still in the background, like the man in the garden; neither dramatic nor daring; just a father.

And nobody writes poems about him, nor a song, nor even a limerick.

Then at night when he gets home he can't slip out of his collar—because well-brought-up fathers don't do that—and settle his nerves with knitting. Instead he brushes himself up and goes off to the court-house to help with the Red Cross Drive.

Perhaps he makes a speech or perhaps he's just one of those men who slip around quietly with small bits of paper for other men to sign. At any rate, he gives all he has of time and money and brains—for Bill and civilization.

That's the every-day war father.

And nobody has ever written even the smallest ditty about him.

Concluded on page 70



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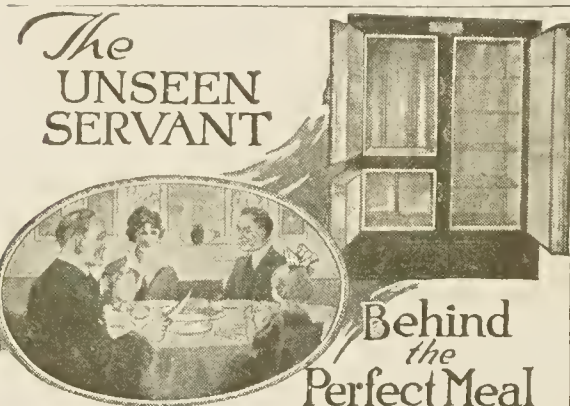
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## CAMPING RECIPES

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

### "BEAN-HOLE" BEANS

PICK over one quart of beans and soak them overnight in cold water. In the morning drain, cover with fresh water, adding a pinch of soda, and heat slowly until the skins will burst and the beans are quite soft.

Drain beans and add to them four or five slices salt pork or bacon, one teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, six tablespoons molasses, three tablespoons sugar.

Put in bean-pot or lard-pail, add enough boiling water to cover; cover tightly and put in "bean-hole" prepared as follows:

Dig a hole in the ground about two feet deep and eighteen inches square (or just the size of the dish to be put in). Put in the bottom of the hole a layer of hot, live coals.

On the coals is put the bean-pot of beans or other dish to be cooked in this way, and more coals are shoveled on top and around the dish.

Cover all with a few shovels of earth and leave for eight to twelve hours.

### CORN-MEAL ASH CAKES

SCALD a quart of corn-meal, add to it a teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of melted fat, and cold water enough to make a soft dough. Mold it into flat round cakes, wrap them in grape or maple leaves and lay on hot coals or on a flat, hot stone among the coals.

When done, strip off the leaves and eat the cake hot with butter.

### BAKED POTATOES

STRING potatoes on a long wire and bury in the ashes covered with hot coals. Leave one end of the wire out of the fire. Potatoes may also be baked in a frying-pan covered with a lid.

### ROASTING MEAT

TO ROAST meat hang it by a heavy string from a pole or young tree in front of the fire. After it is well seared it is a good plan to cut it in several places and interlace with strips of bacon or salt pork.

If a pan is kept underneath to catch the drippings from the meat it makes a good gravy.

### SQUAW DISH

FRY bacon in a frying-pan until crisp and brown. Into the bacon-fat that has "tried out" pour a can of corn or hominy and fry until crisp and brown.

Serve corn or hominy with the bacon.

### MULLIGAN STEW

THE woodsman will tell you that this dish is made of "pork, taters and onions." It may be made of other combinations of meat and vegetables also. Boil the meat in water until tender, then add onions sliced and other vegetables if desired—potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, peas, corn, and so forth.

Cook until the vegetables are done; then thicken all with a little flour first mixed to a smooth paste with cold water.

### CAMP FLAPJACKS

2 cups flour 2 teaspoons baking-powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon egg-powder  
1/4 cup evaporated or condensed milk  
1/4 cup water

BEAT dry ingredients together into a bowl, add milk and water and beat well before frying. Have the frying-pan very hot and well greased with salt pork. Serve cakes with butter and maple sirup.

Concluded from page 69

## FATHERS

WHEN the crisis comes—Bill is wounded or perhaps he is killed—it is father who must take it standing, who must break it to mother, who must cry only in his heart, because man and tears are not customary; father who must see to the sad disposing of the body, caring for the necessities there, as he has for all other necessities in the family.

Why?

I'm not talking about men, I'm talking about fathers.

And I'm not belittling mothers; they're the most wonderful, incredible, God-made things in all this world. But fathers are brave and glorious and pathetic, and a poem or two wouldn't hurt them.

AND now peace has come. And the Bills are safe.

"They're coming home!" And the Great Fear has gone out of the world.

Father, who through Liberty-Bond speeches came nearer to being dramatic than ever before, sinks back once more into being a "prop" on the family stage.

Bill is coming home, with a limp, perhaps, or a scar. He is a hero. Mother is his mother. Father is just the dad.

He didn't fight and he isn't the mother of a boy who was a soldier, who actually was in the fighting for democracy and right; he isn't anything at all but the man who followed his wife out of the garden after her disastrous, interesting impulse, to earn their bread by the sweat of his brow.

One of that kind of people who wait on stairs looking stern.

Unsung, un-uniformed.

One is passing my window now, marching, marching in his invisible khaki. He is whispering softly, a little out of tune. It is, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Not a poem, not a song, not even a limerick. Take a look at your father. Will you?



## Bran or No Bran

It is like the difference between clear and clouded glasses.

Bran is Nature's laxative.

A morning dish helps make the day seem sunny. Clogged systems lead to dark days.

Bran is the right way to keep fit. Drugs are the wrong way.

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Concluded from page 16

## AMERICAN ROSES AND ROSARIANS

the garden, showing gratitude to those who tend it faithfully.

Jonkheer J. L. Moek is another pink rose of upright, fine growth and great beauty of color and form. It is, however, not so generous with its blooms as the Lady Alice Stanley, but its long, stiff stem is a feature of excellence.

The Killarney Brilliant, a sport of the old Killarney, shows clearly its alliance with its distinguished parent. It is a deeper shade of pink than the older rose, but, like it, has not such a very great number of petals, each one being nevertheless exquisitely formed. Especially in the bud are the Killarneys recognizable. These are long and pointed and strikingly graceful. The Killarney Brilliant, when it made its first appearance at the International Show, created, as its parent had done before it, a veritable sensation.

THE White Killarney is another sport from the original rose and the Double Killarney still another, displaying for its particular characteristic a greater number of petals than are possessed by the rest of its kin.

The Radiance was introduced in 1912 by a Baltimore man who is well known among the Americans whose new varieties have attracted world-wide fame. This rose has an alluring personality. In color it is salmon pink with a silver sheen which makes it appear almost flesh-color. In the bud it is long and slender and not unlike a Killarney. At present it is deemed one of the best pink roses for out-of-door culture.

The Arthur R. Goodwin is a splendid pink rose, orange-red when it first unfolds. The Pharisaeer plays between the pink and white roses, being a pinkish white with salmon-color shadings, the central petals holding the stronger color. As it opens, the outer petals are seen to be strongly recurved, the characteristic of the old La France.

MME. JULES GROLEZ is a bright rose, not as new as some other pink roses and yet of excellent merit.

Of course the deep-pink rose of the hour is the Columbia. It first made its appearance in 1917 and 1918, when it was introduced by E. G. Hill, of Richmond, Indiana, already famous for the number of good roses that he has given to the world. The Columbia is a deep magenta pink, compact in form and notable for its durability. Unquestionably it is a charming addition to the rose world. Had it not been introduced during the war period it would have received a much wider public recognition.

The Mrs. Charles Russell, also a new rose, is beautiful in form and of a deeper pink than the Columbia, but it does not keep as well as this prominent rose.

FROM pink roses to those that are light, almost flesh in color, the step is but a short one, for often a rose that is deep pink in the bud will become a delicate, pale shade when fully blown. Even so, such roses have a different quality from those that are light colored, yet not white, through their existence.

Most lovely of the light-colored roses is the Ophelia, a delicate flesh shade, paling as it opens. It was introduced by William Paul and easily won first prize at the International Show, where it gave a thrill of delight to even the most critical.

The Ophelia Supreme shows two shades in its petals, the introduction of yellow being very perceptible. The Rosalind is another new rose which is classed as an improved Ophelia.

The Prince de Bulgarie is of a deep rosy flesh color with shadings of salmon. In form

it is compact and has a long, stiff stem. Its hardness is acknowledged, and altogether it is one of the best of light-colored roses from the garden.

The Antoine Revoire is an older rose than the Prince de Bulgarie and of an entirely different form, having when open many more petals. From a flesh-colored bud it expands widely into a rose, reminding one somewhat of a gardenia and holding a deep peach tone in the center. This rose has the same distinguished parent as the Caroline Testout, a lovely old rose named the Lady Mary Fitzwilliam. To procure this the Antoine Revoire was crossed with the Dr. Grill, another old-time favorite.

The Mme. Edouard Herriot is one of the most notable hybrid tea-roses on account of its unusual and fascinating color, combining coral-red, yellow and salmon-pink in a way which recalls an African sunset. When this rose was introduced it took a prize offered by the *Daily Mail* in London, and for this reason it is sometimes dubbed *Daily Mail*.

THE Willowmere is in the same class of brilliant shrimp-pink and yellow coloring as the *Daily Mail*, and is especially lovely in the bud, when it is purely coral-red.

The Los Angeles is still another rose of extraordinary coloring and is now to be seen in most choice plantings.

Among roses that are deeply yellow there is the Mrs. Aaron Ward, its occasional shadings being of salmon-rose. The Sunburst bears well-rounded blooms of cadmium yellow. The Lady Hillingdon is one of the best of the yellow tea-roses and therefore not of very great hardness for the out-of-door garden.

The Sylvia is the new rose which appears like a yellow Ophelia. In fact, the Ophelia, Rosalind and Sylvia are closely allied and have the added charm of being named for three of Shakespeare's heroines. These names seem to add to their personality and enhance their beauty with suggestions of romance.

In fact, Americans are trying to get away from the practice of attaching to new roses the names of the growers who introduced them or of those who bore their financial responsibility.

M. A. WALSH, of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, is well known for his success in developing new forms of climbing roses, mostly hybrid wichuraianas, a fact which is acknowledged in Europe as well as in America. Hiawatha, Sweetheart, Evangeline Exeelsa and Enchantress are among the varieties that give a glorious amount of bloom during the Summer.

Dr. Van Fleet and W. A. Manda, of New Jersey, have also had success in breeding climbing roses. The one of W. A. Manda that has made an especial appeal is the Gardenia, a hybrid wichuraiana, which sends out clusters of bright yellow flowers and which in the bud is also exceedingly pretty. Many have longed for a hardy climbing yellow rose and the desire is now gratified by the Gardenia.

The dwarf polyanthi seem destined to be used as low hedges for formal rose-gardens. They are constant bloomers and charming in many ways. The Cecil Brunner, Mignon, the Baby Ramblers, Kitty and Triomphe d'Orleans have been well tested; it is now simply a matter of individual preference as to which ones to take into the garden.

Every rose mentioned in this article is a thoroughly tested and established hardy outdoor denizen of the moderate and cold latitudes of America. The roses of southern California and other subtropical climates and soils are another story.

Concluded from page 14

## OUR WOMEN AS THEY LOOK TO THE EUROPEANS

her post for nearly a year, working with a tireless devotion not exceeded by that of the indefatigable president herself, until her own health broke down, and she was forced to give up. Meanwhile, Mrs. Maxwell had joined the office staff, and still works from nine in the morning until six at night, with only the usual time off for lunch. She is a wealthy American who lives at one of the best hotels and has a large acquaintance in Paris, but has yet to neglect her work for anything less than influenza. Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis is the most recent addition to the office.

AMONG those who went over for work in the *barraques* were Mrs. Richard Hammond, who as Maisie Langhorne of Virginia had been a belle in San Francisco until she married; and she continued to enjoy the life of society until she went to France. She worked out in the *barraques* in every sort of bad weather, with feet swollen by chilblains and hands cracked and bleeding. There was no place to sit down, and the workers welcomed the incessant toil as an alternative to freezing.

Of that first unit was Miss Ramona Howe, only seventeen, who worked unremittingly out in the *barraques* from September, 1917, until her mother, terrified by the nightly air raids on Paris in the last months of the war, ordered her to leave at once.

Miss Mullarkey, Mrs. Gordon-Smith, Miss Northrop and Miss Pullar are but a few of the dietitians we sent over after the diet kitchens were built.

All workers were volunteers until Mme. d'Andigné cabled she must have a certified

teaching dictitian; and, a wealthy New York woman putting up the money, we sent over Miss Landru, a graduate of the Pratt Institute, who has given complete satisfaction.

ONE word in regard to Miss Pullar, whose accomplishment seems to me of peculiar interest to all American girls. She was a young actress who brought me a warm letter from Mrs. Fiske. As she was very small and dainty, extremely pretty, and looked far less than the twenty-six years she claimed, I hesitated about sending her over, for the rules of the State Department as regarded young and pretty girls grew more exacting every day.

It seemed to me that no one I had interviewed looked less like a dietitian or a worker of any sort until I examined the face under the drooping, coquettish hat in detail and realized its character. Moreover, her earnestness and determination won me, and I sent her over.

The very day she arrived at her kitchen in the war zone the Germans began to shell the town. She ran out of the hospital again and again and dragged in wounded men. Finally, as the Germans were entering at the opposite end of the little town, she helped load the wounded men into ambulances, with the shells raining about her, and did not leave until she was forcibly lifted up and thrown into one of the departing ambulances. Madame d'Andigné says that her escape from any sort of injury was miraculous. It is to be hoped that the French Government will give her the Croix de Guerre as it did Miss Vannaman, another of our dietitians, who cooked steadily for days under fire.

## Lift Corns Off!

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EVERWEAR Hosiery is dressy enough for "occasions" and its durability makes it practical for every-day wear.

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## CAMPING TIPS FROM SOLDIERS

BY SUSIE SEXTON

THE bronzed veteran of Saint Mihiel and the Argonne saluted the Statue of Liberty as the gray hulk of the giant transport moved slowly into New York harbor.

He was coming back to the business world of time-clocks and crowded offices. In a few days the old familiar whirr of the alarm-clock instead of reveille would wake his early morning slumbers, and citizen's clothes would replace his trench-worn khaki.

Yet it was with something like regret that this war-scarred veteran was leaving the hazardous life in Uncle Sam's army to return to the calm routine of his pre-war existence.

"IT'S all in the way you play the game," he said reminiscently. "The army camp has taught me that."

"War or life, your chances of victory depend on your sense of sportsmanship and making the best of the bad along with the good. Every man who comes out of the army now is going to know how to play the game a lot better than he did two years ago, and every woman he comes in contact with is going to be obliged to learn to play it his way, too."

"That is what the value of camp life has been to the men who are returning to civilian careers from the army and the trenches. They'll be able now to take whatever comes to them in life more cheerfully and philosophically. They won't mind the hardships; or if they do, they'll cover their discomfort with a smile just as they did in the days they crossed the Marne and stormed Château-Thierry."

"You know when we charged the Hindenburg line and broke through it to victory we were on a diet of hardtack and corn-willy. So I guess most of us will not be so apt to grumble now when we get back home because the toast for breakfast is burned. Perhaps our wives will find us more cheerful companions because of that."

"IT IS months since I laid my head on a pillow other than my army overcoat folded into convenient shape. The buttons did not add anything, either, to the peace of my slumbers."

"Still I was happy even with that unsatisfactory head-rest. Being able to look up at the stars at night made up, in part at least, for the lack of a pillow. No doubt this experience will also make me appreciate more fully some of the comforts I am coming home to."

"And I am never going to wear another starched collar again. The soft band of an army shirt has it all over that. And I have completely lost my fondness for pool-halls. The Y. M. C. A. had pool-halls for us in France, but they were very seldom used. The men preferred to be outdoors where they could breathe deeply of pure, fresh air."

"And that is what we want now that we are coming back—plenty of fresh air. It is a blessing army-camp life has taught the men of America to appreciate as they never did before."

"After you have escaped unscratched from the ceaseless shell-fire of months and there are no more bullets to dodge, you feel so grateful to Providence that you are just about ready to take things as they come. Army 'chow' tastes finer than a feast at the finest restaurants. The inconveniences, the disappointments, the foul odors of the dugouts make the comforts of the man at home seem marvelous."

"AND after you have traveled packed like sardines in a freight-car for days on your way to the front, even strap-hanging in a crowded street-car is going to seem pleasant sport."

"You're bound to get a bigger and better spirit of playing the game after life in the army camps. You almost hate to leave it."

"You're glad to get up at the sound of reveille. It's a joy to have another chance to throw yourself down on a hard army cot for a night's rest."

"For after you've gone through all the horrors and hardships of war the life of the army camp gives you a true sense of values and the trials of civilian life fade into insignificance by comparison."

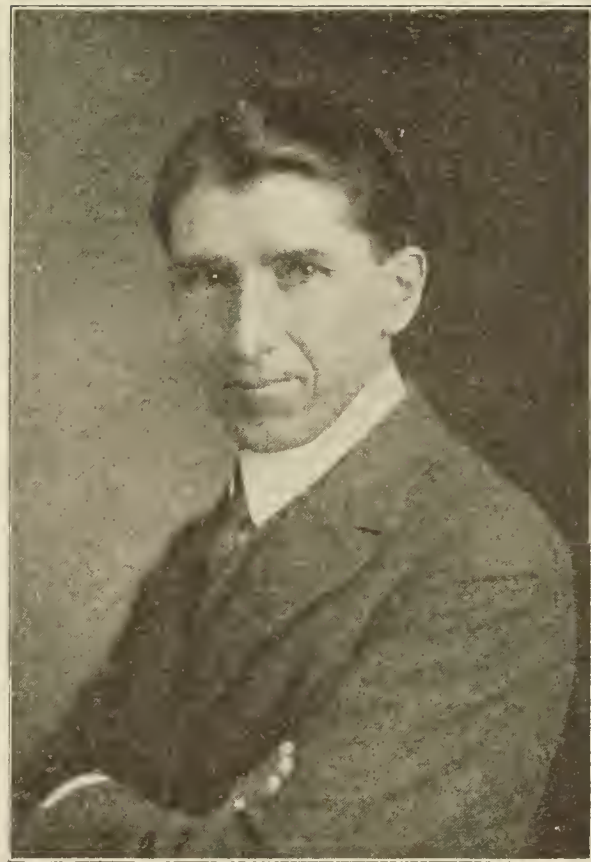
SOME thousands of American doughboys, bronzed and burnt by the suns and winds of France, are bringing back to the women of America this new conception of "playing the game" which the life of the army camp has taught them. The gospel of this hero of the Argonne is one which doubtless will be absorbed most easily by the woman who has a soldier just returned from overseas if she goes camping just as he did and learns to "play the game" in the same sportsmanlike manner as he does.

SOME women are born with a love for the great outdoors. They who know the joy of "roughing it" have at their disposal a boundless source of enjoyment of which nothing can deprive them. They are willing to take the luck of the camp, good or bad, with smiles and without complaint. Having once learned to do this they are ready to accept the ups and downs of every-day life with more tranquillity, to overlook inconveniences, even enjoy them, just as the soldier in camp has done.

To the greater part of the feminine world the life of the camp is an unopened book. It can not long remain so if the modern woman is to get the new view-point which the soldier has brought back from his camp experience.

The average woman frets at lack of convenience and the hardship which camping necessitates. She is not able to make the best of any situation which confronts her.

This year she must learn her lesson if she would keep step with the man who has just come back to her. Camping out is the best teacher she could have.



James Francis Dwyer  
Author of "Bust of Lincoln," "The Man in the Grass," and

## "Happy Kate o' Whipperton"

TOMMY would have given his jack-knife and the two white rabbits and the green snake if he could have brought Will Hammond back over the hills to Miss Effie. "Happy Kate" said he would come back. The folks of Whipperton said "Happy Kate" wasn't very bright, but Tommy believed her. Read James Francis Dwyer's "Happy Kate o' Whipperton" in the July issue of *The Delineator*. It is a tender little story about real humans.

## "The Town of the Golden Book"

Mabel Potter Daggett, your representative for reconstruction work in the war-blasted regions, cables from France that all arrangements have been completed for the adoption of a little French village by *The Delineator*.

The village is one which was captured from the Germans by American troops. It is aptly named "The Town of the Golden Book" because a municipal golden book is being made by the surviving inhabitants, in which names and addresses of all *The Delineator* readers who contribute to the town's restoration will be inscribed.

Mrs. Daggett will tell about "The Town of the Golden Book" in the July issue of *The Delineator*.

Do not forget that the second instalment of

## "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes"


is published in the July issue of *The Delineator*, and that for dramatic, hair-raising situations you will not read a better story written to-day than that by Grace Sartwell Mason.

Nowhere will you find a more comprehensive selection of advance fashions than those so beautifully pictured by clever artists in the July number of *The Delineator*. These designs are supplemented by graphic articles explaining how to make your old clothes look like new.

These are only a few of the many reasons why your yearly subscription should begin with the July issue of

**The Delineator**  
A whole year for \$2  
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**"For a smile all the while"**

Rustproof Colonial Quality Protected Loop



# CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING

BY HÉLÈNE GRANDET

PHILIP'S mother had told me one June day that her only son was restless and unhappy, and she believed that Alice, in the lovely phlox-garden across the barberry hedge, was to blame.

I had known Philip since he was a lad of four, when he had come to me to tell him a story of "a bad boy," a "naughty dog," or "the bears in the woods." I had taught Alice to trim her doll's hats and to tie her hair-ribbons and on one great occasion to fashion a little cake for her mother's birthday.

Philip was in his third year at a neighboring university and Alice had just been graduated from a well-known finishing-school.

They were, according to my understanding, exactly suited to each other, but for some strange reason each seemed occasionally to do the one thing which repelled the other.

I EVOLVED a scheme to reach Philip and Alice of the phlox-garden. I took a note of the former, written me regarding a course of reading he desired to pursue, and placed beside it a letter from Alice telling me how she valued the little graduation fan I had sent her.

Having, like the strategic general, laid my plans, I sent for Philip. The dear boy had not spent half an hour with me before he had told me the cause of his worry, and of course it spelled "Alice." It was the old story: when apart they were longing for each other's company, and when together they could not agree.

I took Philip's letters and told him:

"You are young, and your ideal of mental strength is to negate most of everything you hear. You do not enter into the interests of Alice enough.

"You expect her to gush over your football successes, your debates, your chums, in fact, to cheer always for you and yours. This is self-centered and selfish on your part.

"Try seeing her fairyland too. Be enthusiastic in her enthusiasms. Enter into her life, though it be that of a girl of eighteen and vague, as yet, in purpose.

"You can be very interested in her affairs and her friends, and not be regarded as inquisitive. You have too little of this quality, and will never have too much."

"How do you know this of me? It is true," said Philip.

"Look at your t's, o's and p's," said I, "and you will have your answer."

ALICE came to me next, but Philip did not know of that. I did not tell the former that I had been talking to the latter, but I fancied that Alice looked suspicious when I touched upon the sincerity of Philip's affection, and the necessity of convincing the latter of her oneness of purpose regarding him.

This is what I said to Alice:

"You are rather cold and indifferent, through a misconceived idea that Philip will love you better if he is not certain of you. Look here at this g and b and r. That is where I read of your consciousness and unkind reserve.

"Let Philip occasionally tell you something that he knows better than you do. Big minds are always open to new knowledge, and no woman can know a man's world and her own world equally well.

"Be enthusiastic over Philip's college interests. The better ball-player and debater he is, the better mate he will be for you. You can be more enthusiastic than you are, and not err against good form and breeding. Say appreciative things to Philip, and he will desire your advice."

"But how do you know this?" said Alice. "It is all true."

As I wiped away a tear or two from her cheek, I said, "Child, look at your t's, your d's and your p's, and you will know how I have read as I have!"

IN THE golden October days, four years later, I paid a visit to Philip and Alice in their pretty suburban home. Two years of life at Rosemary had made the young couple the most lovable and congenial of hosts.

A little Philip, sitting in his chair on the veranda, and telling his own story of six months to me, was the finest answer I have ever received from the reading of characters as they are revealed in handwriting.

FOR several years Miss Grandet has been a careful student of graphology, in that time using her analysis and observations of the various characteristics of handwriting in reading the specimens of the writing of hundreds of people—her friends and her friends' friends. She has had many interesting experiences and asserts that she reads, from the handwriting, traits and virtues and faults, aptitude for certain lines of work.

We can not substantiate Miss Grandet's claim. We have no desire to do so. We publish this series of articles merely for the interest which our readers may find in Miss Grandet's presentation of a study in which many persons find diversion. This is the second article of the series.

If you wish to know what your handwriting indicates, send on unlined paper in your own handwriting and signed with your own name, an original thought or favorite quotation, in prose, of about twenty-five words. This should be accompanied by fifty cents in stamps and by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Hélène Grandet, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.



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## Wives of Doctors Don't Have Corns

### Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.

### Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

### Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.



### How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

**B & B Blue-jay**  
The Scientific Corn Ender

***Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely***  
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It washes beautifully, it has all the softness and draping  
qualities of other fine silks and there is something about  
it that makes it outwear any other silk I ever bought."

The facts stated by this young lady are the reasons that  
prompt millions of other women to buy

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Silks, Satins, Taffetas  
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For 71 years, SKINNER'S pure silk fabrics  
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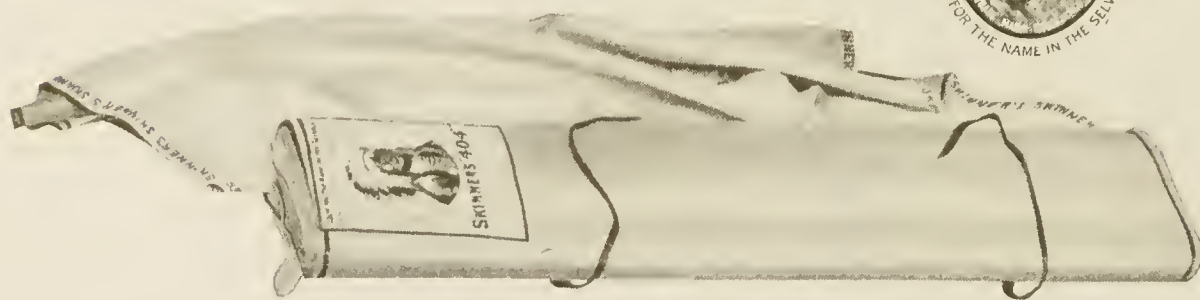
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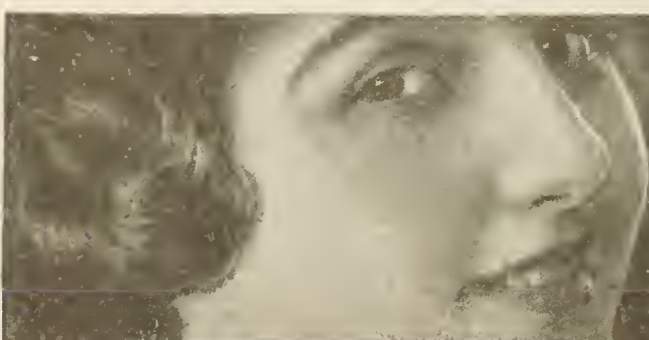
An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 12 years.

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Concluded from page 19

## ANTOINETTE, THE CHILD WONDER

"Tony," they call me. You have to be a sort of jack-of-all-trades if you travel with a circus, my father says."

"How about that grassy spot just ahead for luncheon, with the big tree for shade?" said Duffield.

His luncheon when spread out was so ample that Antoinette stared.

"Isn't this a fine spread!" And Antoinette's eyes sparkled. "I'm kind of ashamed of my share," she added.

"Come on; hand over; we must share everything," he retorted gallantly, and unrolled the sandwiches, which were fairly appetizing.

THEY ate much and merrily, and when the basket was repacked, Duffield declared himself perfectly restored in health and equilibrium and quite capable of doing his own chauffeuring.

"We are coming to the place where I get off," said Duffield. "I'll have to leave the car in the road, for there's only a cart-track to the house. Do you mind waiting, Tony?"

Where Duffield left the car the side of the road was gay with blossoming dogwood, which Antoinette called daisies and of which she gathered a great armful. After a time she began to get lonely, then very sleepy. An occasional motor whirled by, and semi-occasionally people, singly or in groups, walked down the road. But there were long lapses of silence.

Feeling chilly once more, even in the thick sweater, Antoinette climbed into the tonneau and curled up on the floor to keep out of the wind. Finding two dark-blue rugs on the rack, she folded up one for a pillow, pulled the other over her, and cuddled down contentedly.

SHE did not know how long she had been asleep when she was roused by the motion of the car. She lay still for several moments, enjoying the swift, quiet motion.

Then she sat up, yawned, and stretched herself. Looking up, she was startled to see two backs instead of one.

Breathless, terrified, she took in the situation from what the men were saying. They had stolen Duffield's car and were making off with it!

Her first belief was that the tramps had somehow caught up with them and were taking the car for revenge. But the figures on the front seats were young and too clean for tramps.

She listened again and decided that they were neighborhood boys, using the car for a joy-ride. They were chuckling over the dismay the owner would feel when he found it gone.

"Let's drive to Millville and take the Bailey girls for a ride," suggested one. "It's only five miles."

"That's a go," agreed his companion. "Not if I know it," was Antoinette's mental rejoinder.

PRESENTLY electric-light poles began to appear at regular intervals along the roadside. Cautiously Antoinette peeped over the side.

They were entering a village. Now, if ever, was her time to act.

"Hey, Mr. Policeman, arrest these men. They're stealing this car!"

At the unexpected sound of her voice, so close to their ears, the boys jumped as if shot. The driver lost control of his car, which slithered to the side, missing the policeman by a miracle, and colliding sharply with a huge elm-tree, which naturally checked its progress.

The driver was propelled against the wide steering-wheel and the wind was knocked out of him. His companion hurtled forward through the splintering windshield, struck the bonnet and rolled inertly into the dust.

Antoinette's light weight was projected high into the air, whence she descended on all fours, like a cat, upon the soft turf at the roadside.

As if conjured, a crowd instantly gathered in the empty street. There were excited cries and calls, then energetic howling of the policeman's whistle, sounds of running feet, and presently the clang of an ambulance-gong through the deepening dusk of the Spring twilight.

The village had just acquired the ambulance, and its advent was an excitement equal to the accident.

ANTOINETTE sat up and rubbed her elbows. She blinked dazedly into the flashing gleam of an electric torch.

"Here's the kid," shouted an excited voice. "She was thrown clear over here. Is she dead?"

"Of course I'm not," indignantly Antoinette answered for herself. "I want to see that policeman, please."

She tried to rise, but sank back with a cry of pain. One leg was bent under her limply.

The village doctor was bending over the boy in the dust, who was coming to already and was not much hurt, save for the cuts from broken glass. They lifted him into the ambulance, and the doctor crossed to Antoinette. The other boy, except for being very seasick, appeared uninjured.

"Her leg is broken," announced the doctor. "Put her into the ambulance."

"You shan't," wailed Antoinette. "I've got to go back to Springfield. And we must find Mr. Duffield and return his car. Were those wicked boys hurt?"

AFTER due argument, however, Antoinette agreed to be taken to the hospital to have her leg set, provided some one drove her back to Springfield immediately afterward.

"Oh, dear, this'll knock my act for a month," she groaned. "I hope it won't break up the whole show. How long does a broke leg stay broke, doctor?"

"Six weeks if you're patient and don't swing it around," answered the doctor kindly. "Easy now, little girl. We'll hurt you as little as possible." And he lifted her carefully into the ambulance.

One would have said, from the size of the village and the size of the crowd it had produced, that there could not be another citizen not on the spot. But there was, for the telephone operator, until now sticking heroically to her duty, came cavorting down the street.

"Just got a call—nobody to send," she panted. "Must go right back—owner of car wants somebody to pick him up along the Springfield road and fetch him here. He's waiting on the wire—wants to know how bad the kid's hurt—"

DUFFIELD, wading through the mud lane after a long and depressing call, was startled to gaze up and down an empty road. "So she's gone on a little ride of her own," he reflected, and was disappointed. "I wouldn't have thought she was that kind. Well, she'll soon be back."

As the minutes, which seemed longer than they really were, passed and Antoinette did not reappear, Duffield began to grow anxious. "I'll telephone to Millville; that's the nearest place. Perhaps she's been held up there for having no license."

The only available telephone was at a neighboring farmhouse, which he had used frequently. And as he walked along the road toward the house he followed his train of thought.

"Such a jolly, companionable little baggage! It's a pity she has to grow up to such a life. From what she quoted that father of hers as saying, he sounds like a man with horse sense. I wonder if he'd let her be sent to school, instead of just growin' like Topsy. But—"

He recollected his recent suspicions and sighed.

"Yes, I'm disappointed in her."

WHEN he finally got the exchange at Millville, the information given him was startling in the extreme. He fairly pranced as he waited for the operator's return from her unofficial gallop up the road.

At last her voice reached him in a faint gasp, like air escaping from a tire.

"The little girl isn't hurt much—not a mite, she says herself. I heard her. The doctor says her leg's broken."

"Yes, they're sending a car right out to get you. I'll run along the Springfield road till you hail it. Your car's pretty much a wreck, I guess. Oh, it was some excitement!"

Duffield did not wait to hear her personal impressions of the accident. Thanking the farmer, he bolted down the road to Millville as if he were under a wager to accomplish the whole distance in record time.

"HULLO," called a faint but cheerful voice from a cot, as he was ushered into the hospital. "Say, would you mind holdin' my hand—just a minute? The worst is yet to come, I guess."

When the leg was satisfactorily—the doctor's expression—set and bandaged, Antoinette declared her purpose still firm of returning home that night. Duffield retired to the office, and, calling up Springfield on long distance, got the party at once.

This conversation created another excitement, for Antoinette had been missed and the town was being searched. The father's voice sounded so grateful that Duffield ventured a little private conversation, which afforded mutual satisfaction.

THE return trip to Springfield was a sort of triumphal procession. Duffield's car, being too smashed to run, was left behind for repairs, and the doctor gallantly offered the ambulance, in which Antoinette could be assured of absolute comfort for the injured leg.

The orderly drove, and all the villagers who had cars lighted up and followed for several miles out of town. Duffield sat in the back with Antoinette and fed her sweet chocolate purchased at the local drug-store.

"Say, kiddie, do you realize that you've saved my life to-day? Being of a grateful disposition, I'd like to do something for you. What shall it be?"

"Five pounds of candy," came the prompt reply.

"Five pounds it is, though you value my life rather low," he replied, and led the talk around to the subject of ambitions and careers.

"If you could do just exactly what you liked, what would you do?" he asked at length casually.

ANTOINETTE propped herself on her elbow.

"Is that an honest-to-goodness question?" she demanded. "Do you mean you want the really inside me to answer?"

"I do."

"Go to school and be like other girls," she whispered eagerly. "But don't tell."

"You don't mean it!" he ejaculated, startled, but also apparently delighted with her answer; and very little more was said until they reached the circus grounds, which had been specially lighted, with a reception committee appointed to receive the wounded heroine.

"Wouldn't you think I was the whole show!" exclaimed Antoinette joyfully. "Oh, pa, I'm sorry this old leg is going to keep me out of my stunt for six weeks, the doctor said!"

Duffield liked the gentle way in which her father lifted Antoinette out of the ambulance.

"Don't worry, sis," he said tenderly. "I kind of think perhaps a little vacation'll do you good. Perhaps we could get in a term of school somewhere. How about it?"

And over Antoinette's big eyes he smiled at Duffield, who nodded understandingly.





## *There's Comfort in Every Step*

Every woman who knows Keds will agree that they combine style with unusual comfort. They're so light and restful, so good-looking, so suitable with their wide range of styles for every summer occasion.

Indoors and outdoors, these canvas rubber-soled shoes are the vogue—for lawn parties, sports, outings, street and home.

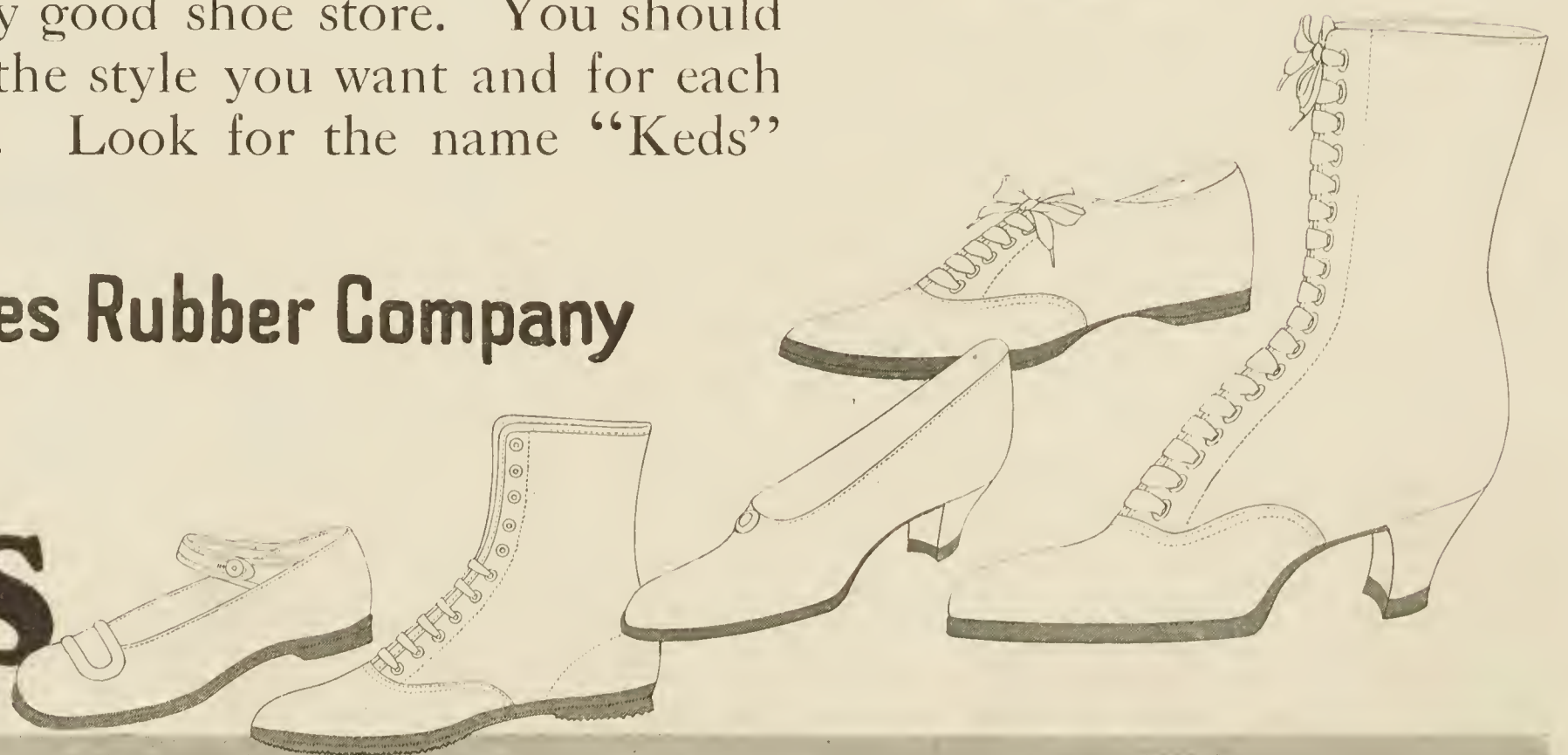
In Keds, you get unmistakable value. They're quality shoes through and through.

Ask for Keds at any good shoe store. You should be able to obtain just the style you want and for each member of the family. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.



**United States Rubber Company**

# Keds







## What does your mirror say about Soap?

DOES your mirror say you are using a soap which is too "fat," or a soap which is too "lean"?

Or does it show that you are keeping your skin soft, smooth and clear by the use of a pure soap — like Fairy Soap — which is neither too "fat" nor too "lean"? A soap which perfectly cleanses and soothes, and which thoroughly rinses off? This is very important.

Choice balmy oils are "mellowed together" in Fairy Soap.

And its soothing ingredients are blended, in every pure process of its making, for the particular care of skins.

But you cannot gain these Fairy Soap benefits for your skin unless you use Fairy Soap consistently.

Make friends with Fairy Soap in the bath, too. Enjoy its refreshing benefits regularly, always remembering: It is the care of the skin from head to foot that helps keep your complexion soft, clear and glowing.

### IMPORTANT FACTS

about "fat" Soaps and "lean" Soaps

A soap for the proper cleansing and beauty of the skin mustn't be too "fat"—and it mustn't be too "lean."

A "fat" soap, you know, works up into a "thick" lather which sticks, clogs up the tiny pores and coarsens the fine skin-texture.

A "lean" soap gives a thin, bubbly lather. Too often this means that the soap contains free alkali and will "dry" the skin, causing it to become harsh and rough.

Fairy Soap gives a velvety pure lather which creams up easily in wonderful abundance. A remarkable quality of Fairy Soap is its perfect rinsing off. After it has creamed in and out of tiny pores, leaving them cleansed and refreshed in their beautifying activity, it perfectly rinses away.

This not only leaves the tender outer skin fine and smooth, but the tiny pores also unobstructed and free to keep the skin soft, clear and glowing.

# FAIRY SOAP

Have you a little Fairy in your home?



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY



Continued from page 20

## IN PAWN TO A THRONE

to be. "As for me—I didn't tell Elihu the struggle I had with myself, and the struggle I had with my father, before I could bring myself to go into business.

"I'm glad now that I went. That is why I want Elihu to come, too."

He was silent for a while, then mused again: "Helen was romantic, and I—I have read every line that had been written about the little Corsican, and I shall keep on doing so as long as there are writers to write about him.

"It's disappointing, of course, but parents have no right to force their sons' choice.

"And even if I wanted to, I doubt if Elihu is the type that could be forced. It's because I have never tried to that he would really do now what I asked of him—if I should ask it."

SO FAR as appearances went Elihu Peabody, Sr., was not a religious man. He was no churchgoer, and he deliberately refused to contribute to foreign missions, or to what is known as "spreading the gospel."

He was, however, a good man, and a Christian man; and in his faith, with its lack of ostentation, there was a certain childlike simplicity. After putting out his light and before lying down in bed, he joined his hands together and prayed:

"Disappointed I am, dear Lord, but Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and a few minutes later he was sound asleep.

SOME men have the ability of getting what they want from other men almost without asking for it. Mr. Peabody was one of these.

The day after his son's return, he called up a likely man on the telephone, and invited him to luncheon. This man was a member of the cabinet.

He had never met Elihu before, and during the meal Mr. Peabody contrived that his son should speak of a number of his experiences during his recent travels. The secretary was plainly interested and asked a good many questions, to which Elihu was able to give illuminating answers.

DURING the next two weeks Mr. Peabody gave a number of small luncheons and dinners at which his son met men of prominence in the Government.

Mr. Peabody found that these affairs, given for the purpose of making Elihu acquainted with the men of his father's generation, were of not a little benefit also to him, the father, inasmuch as they enabled him to see his son in the company of older men to whom a young man shows a different side from that which he shows to his family or his contemporaries.

He discovered with satisfaction that Elihu had a pleasant deference to the opinions of older men which augured well for success in diplomatic negotiations, although it contained no trace of subservience.

He could respect the opinions of others, while holding entirely different ones himself.

ONE day the member of the cabinet called Mr. Peabody on the telephone and asked if his ankle were well enough for him to drop in at his office during the day.

"I am just going out, and I'll call on you at once," the banker answered, and a few minutes later was in the other's office.

The cigars were hardly lighted before the political man inquired:

"Does this desire of your son's for the diplomatic service meet with your approval?"

"It will do him good to have the experience. In fact it used to be a theory of mine that a man ought to have at least three professions in order to be well-rounded."

"Won't you miss him tremendously? He is so companionable."

"Yes, I shall miss him, of course; but I can't let that stand in the way of his career."

"Then you really wish him to get a post in the diplomatic service?"

"WELL, I've got you an appointment as an attaché to the legation at Athens," Mr. Peabody said that evening, when he was alone with his son. "How does that suit you?"

The light that flashed into the deep-set eyes of Elihu would have been answer enough.

"The only disappointment on my trip was that I could not spend some time in Athens."

"You know I had planned to go from Russia to Roumania, and then through the other Balkan States to Greece; but the war's starting when I was in Russia and your telling me to go to the Far East changed all that."

The enthusiasm which lighted up the features of the son made him look even more like his mother than usual, and the father dispassionately thought that he was not bad to look at.

"With this reflection he was unconsciously trying to lessen the pang that shot through him as the look on the son's face brought vividly to his mind the loss of the woman he could never forget.

"They want you to go pretty soon, Elihu."

"And you? Would you care to have me go so soon?"

"It is a chance we ought not to miss, and they are badly in need of a man. They say the place is very interesting, owing to German intrigue and the attitude of the court, and that unexpected things are likely to happen."

"You may as well have yourling in diplomacy at a time when there is something doing."

THUS it came about that early one morning in December, 1916, Elihu Peabody, Jr., from the deck of the Italian liner, which was the only boat that came regularly to Athens, saw afar off the most famous rock in all history—a rock which rises from the Attic plain and bears on its top a few ruined temples and scattered columns, remnants of an age long past.

There it was at last—the Acropolis, symbol of the greatest civilization, in some respects, that the world has ever known.

From the unstable water over which Elihu

was now steaming the ravenous eyes of the Persian conqueror had once feasted expectantly on it.

And from these waters had been fired the shot which had exploded the powder in the Parthenon—a shot fired, like those at Rheims and Louvain, by a German officer, though in the service of the Turk who had followed the unsuccessful Persian.

To-day Persian and Turk had faded away, till now to fear them was confession of the most abject weakness, while still the Acropolis reigned in men's minds and men's hearts. And even the most ravenous of all the wolves, the Teuton, may become metamorphosed into a bleating lamb before this rock and its crumbling ruins will lose their power over the spirit of mankind.

Yet all men do not approach Athens in this spirit. There have been some, opulently traveling, who have arrived there and, expecting Broadway or State Street, Union Stations or skyscrapers—not seeing that the Parthenon had scraped nearest to the sky of all of them—scornfully pronounced Athens lacking in that which makes a town of more than one horsepower.

ELIHU could hardly believe until fairly landed on the quay at the Piraeus that something would not arise to prevent the accomplishment of his desire. A too enterprising submarine or a drifting mine might even yet stop this fairest of all his voyages.

But Fate was not so unkind. He landed and took a carriage to drive up to Athens.

The electric railway would have been quicker and cheaper; a taxi would have been quicker and much more expensive; but he wanted to taste every step of his approach—to lengthen the exquisite moment when anticipation turns into reality.

So in an open carriage, with his luggage about him and intoxicated by the marvelous Winter climate of Greece, he drove up the broad, straight road to Athens.

Little did Elihu imagine that on so fair a day he should be witness to the degree of degradation to which a king can bring a people when that king is an autocrat and feels himself more responsible to his caste than to his people.

IT WAS yet early in the day when Elihu, having engaged his room at the Grande Bretagne, reported at the American legation. The minister was at home, and in a half-hour's interview the two men took stock of and formed mutually good opinions of each other.

At the end of that time, in reply to Elihu's offer to go to work at once, the minister, a wise man, said:

"There's a tremendous amount of work ahead of you, but don't try to do any this first day."

"Go out and fill your lungs with the air of Greece. Roam the streets. A dream has become a reality, and you must taste it."

The young American needed no urging. Like many imaginative persons he looked upon Athens as the real eternal city, as the shrine of the world's mystic religion, where all must go some day to worship.

He felt that of all the capitals of the world, Athens alone stood for a civilization mentally and physically of the highest order.

He tramped the streets all of which seemed to end either in the Acropolis or in Lycabettus, living in the distant past, which was more present to him than the twentieth century, though he was soon to be brought poignantly into the present, a present as dramatic as anything the past had to offer.

AS ELIHU was walking aimlessly toward the center of the white marble town he presently became aware that everybody seemed to be going in the same direction as he—on foot, in carriages and in tram-cars.

What first drew his attention to the people was the odd circumstance that every person was lugging a stone along with him. Even the children carried pebbles, and in the earriages at the feet of the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen invariably reposed a good-sized stone.

What could they all be going to do with them? There was a vindictive expression on the faces of many—especially those in the carriages—which made him say to himself:

"I wonder if they are going to stone some one?"

Elihu spoke to one man in French and asked him what all the people were doing with their stones. The man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. Evidently he did not understand.

"I'll see this out, anyhow," Elihu decided, and quickened his pace.

THERE was a tension in the air which the most indifferent person could not have helped noticing, and all the Greeks seemed to be fiercely arguing some point, in which the name of Venizelos was frequently repeated.

Could they be going to stone Venizelos? But Venizelos was now in successful revolt against the king, in Saloniki, and if it was his house they wished to stone that lay in the opposite direction, next to the American legation—he had learned so much that morning.

Had his ears only been attuned to the modern pronunciation he would not have had to stay long in ignorance; for there was hardly a Greek carrying a stone who was not fiercely arguing with his companion.

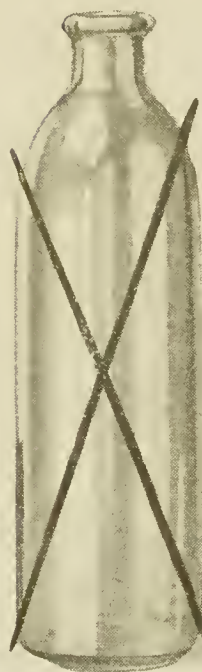
Elihu had never seen so much concentrated argument before. He had not yet learned that argument is life and food and drink to the Greeks—more; for they would argue going to their own funerals.

But of all this he understood no word. His head was full of Greek, but it was Greek handled by undertakers laboring over a dead language, not Greek taught by teachers of a living tongue, and what he knew helped him not at all.

Continued on page 80

## Don't Use

Narrow-Neck  
Bottle



## Use

Open-Mouthed  
Hygeia



## Baby's Life May be the Difference Between These Bottles

DO you know that a baby's life is risked 2,000 times during the first year if it feeds from a small-necked nursing bottle? A nursing bottle with a narrow neck may look clean, yet contain enough bacteria to start baby on a fatal sickness.

The neck allows food particles and germs to collect at the shoulders. It prevents these danger spots from washing out clean. The swab collects germs, sheds bristles inside the bottle, and scratches the glass. Boiling water cannot circulate freely, and dirt and germs are not always washed out.

The neckless Hygeia has no danger spots. No swabbing is necessary. The Hygeia washes out as readily as a tumbler. In boiling, water rushes in and out of the wide mouth and renders the bottle absolutely safe and clean.

Best for baby, easiest for you—that's the Hygeia, invented over 20 years ago by a physician to save his own baby. Since used by hundreds of thousands of intelligently-cared-for infants. Breasts made of red or black rubber.

Sold at drug stores everywhere with the name Hygeia on box, breast and bottle. THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

# Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE

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THEY are strikingly like woven rugs in appearance—have a similar softness and lustre and warmth to the eye.

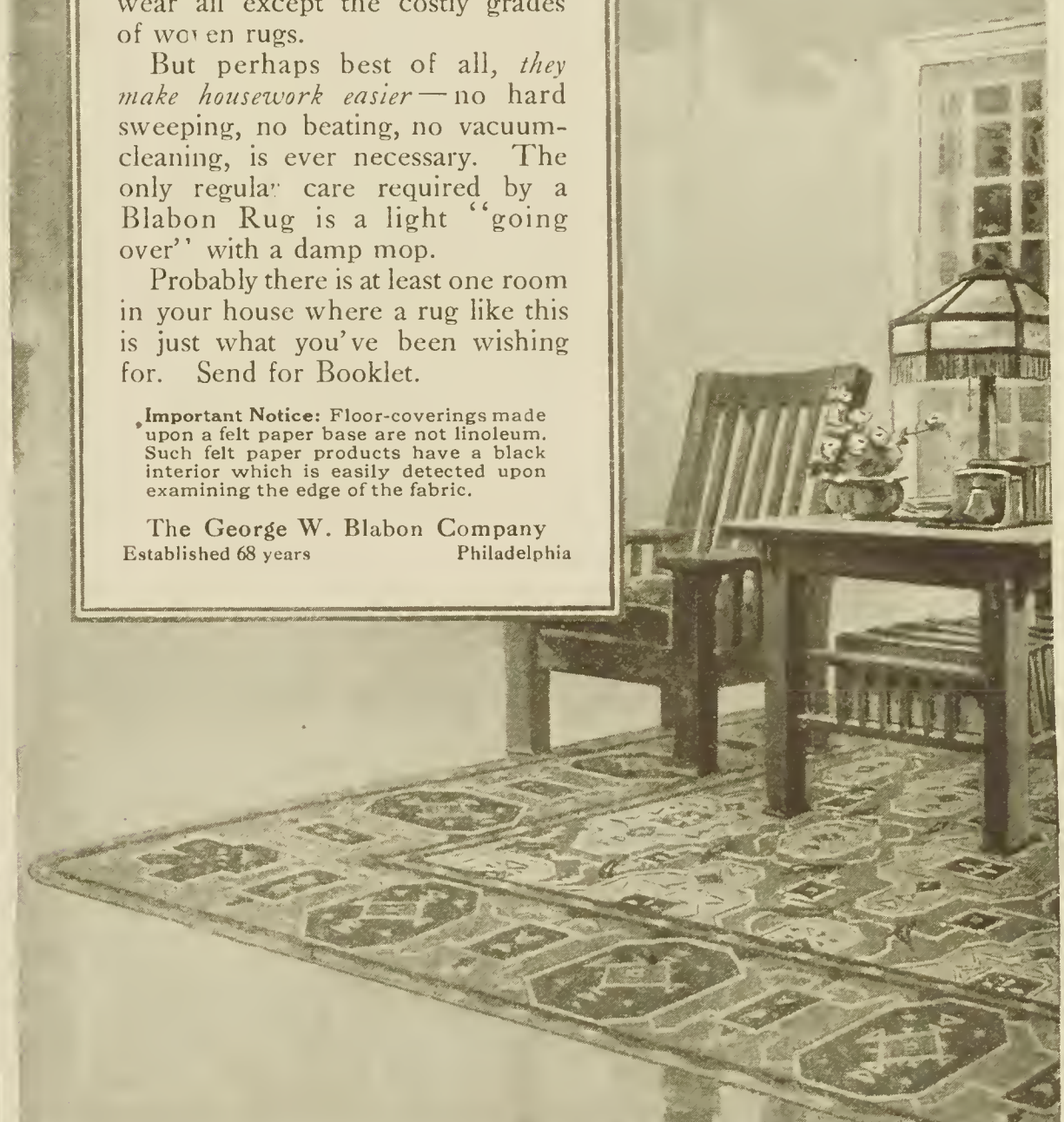
And they cost so little—they are decidedly not like woven rugs in price. As for wear—they outwear all except the costly grades of woven rugs.

But perhaps best of all, they make housework easier—no hard sweeping, no beating, no vacuum-cleaning, is ever necessary. The only regular care required by a Blabon Rug is a light "going over" with a damp mop.

Probably there is at least one room in your house where a rug like this is just what you've been wishing for. Send for Booklet.

**Important Notice:** Floor-coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

The George W. Blabon Company  
Established 68 years Philadelphia

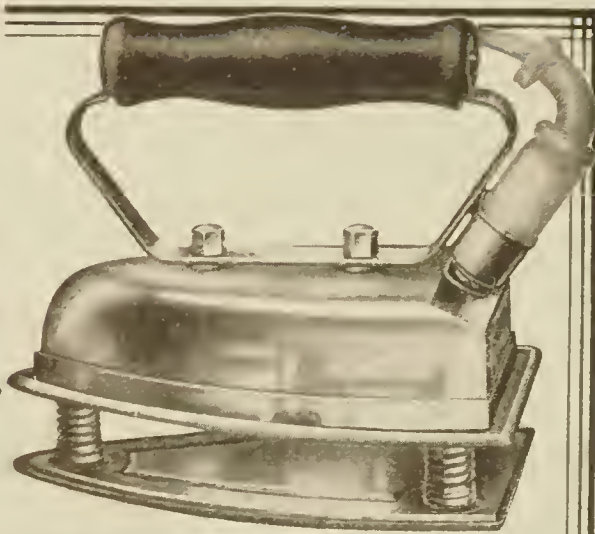




# UNIVERSAL

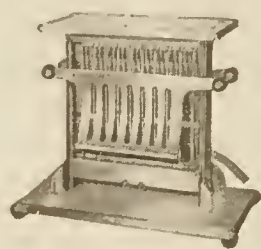
## Electric Home Needs

Make Housework a Pleasure Instead of a Task

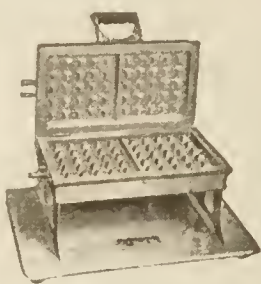


### UNIVERSAL Electric Iron

The most popular Electrical device on the market. The Iron with the cool handle. Quick ironing surface and absolutely heat-proof stand. Greater heat storage capacity does away with "waiting for the iron to heat up" and makes easy work of the heaviest laundry. Price, \$6.35.



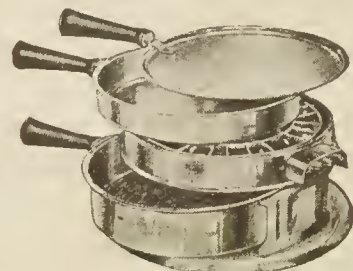
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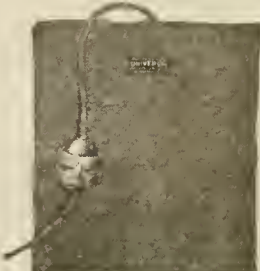
UNIVERSAL Electric Waffle Iron No. E930. \$15.00



UNIVERSAL Electric Urn Set No. E9166-144. \$38.75 Urn Separately, \$19.50



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UNIVERSAL Electric Heating Pad No. E9940. \$9.50

The Trade Mark Known **UNIVERSAL** In Every Home

On Sale at Electric Lighting Companies, Electrical Dealers, Hardware and Housefurnishing Stores Everywhere

Write for Free Booklet No. 52

**LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK**  
New Britain Connecticut

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Buy patterns at the nearest Butterick agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, at 30 cents each for Ladies' or Misses' Dress or Coat patterns and 25 cents each for all other patterns, from the Main Office of The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, or from the following branch offices:

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### Help Stop the Waste Caused by Rats and Mice

Kill them. The government urges it. The labor of 200,000 men could not produce in a year what Rats and Mice destroy. They waste annually more than could be produced on 5,000,000 acres of land. They cause fires, spread disease and do damage running into millions of dollars.

## Rat Bis-Kit

### For Mice too

No Mixing—No Spreading—No Muss—No Trouble  
Just crumble up a "RAT BIS-KIT" about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it and die outdoors. The easiest, quickest and cleanest way. Each "BIS-KIT" contains a different bait. Large size 35c. Small size 25c. For sale at all druggists and general stores.

THE RAT BISCUIT COMPANY  
Springfield, Ohio

You also can kill roaches, rats, mice, etc. with Rat Bis-Kit Paste. In tubes 25c.

## A VICTORY PAGEANT FOR NEIGHBORHOOD PRODUCTION

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

### CHARACTERS

THE SPIRIT OF JOY.  
THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD.  
YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.  
THE TWENTY-TWO ASSOCIATE NATIONS.  
(Or, if desired, ten of the most important nations may appear, including America, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy, Serbia, Roumania, Montenegro, Greece and Japan.)  
TYRANNY.  
AMERICAN SOLDIERS.  
AMERICAN MARINES.  
VICTORY.

SCENE: The scene should be a greensward with trees, right, left and background. If possible, there should be a hill in the background, and over the crest of this hill some of the characters could make an effective entrance.

If no tree background can be had, then make a screen-foilage background of wire standing six feet high, with vines and tree branches woven into the wire, and against this, if possible, place trees—preferably pine-trees. Such foliage screens should also be placed at right and left, if natural trees are not available. This makes it possible to hide the pageant players from view until it is time for them to appear.

In the center of the stage is a dais, about four feet high and four feet square, led up to by low, broad steps from front and back. It should be a very dark forest green. This is all the stage setting required.

While this pageant is primarily designed to be used out-of-doors in a park or on a lawn in the country, it would also be possible to give it on the steps of some public building in a city, provided that there is a flat open space for dancing at the foot of the steps. The dais should be placed in the middle of the steps.

### EPISODE I

THE JOY OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE DARKNESS OF THE WORLD WAR

[The SPIRIT OF JOY, a blithe, youthful, feminine figure in floating draperies of rainbow colors, dances on to the center of the pageant stage, then pauses, and with airy gestures beckons right and left.]

SPIRIT OF JOY:

I am the Spirit of Joy, beloved of all  
The peoples of the world. Now hear my call,  
Ye children of the world, and on glad feet  
Answer my summons. Oh, be fleet! Oh, be fleet!

[Instantly from right and left the CHILDREN OF THE WORLD run in, some carrying blossoms, others garlands. They sing to the waltz "Il Bacio," by Arditi.]

CHILDREN:

Swift, swift, in replying, we come flying here,  
O spirit so fair!  
Thus to meet you, thus to greet you, with our blossoms tossed in the air!

SPIRIT OF JOY:

Children! O you fleetest! O you sweetest  
elves with posies dew-pearled.  
You're the rarest, you're the fairest of the glowing flowers of the world.

CHILDREN:

Swift, swift, in replying, we come flying here,  
O spirit so fair!  
Thus to meet you, thus to greet you, with our blossoms tossed in the air.

[The CHILDREN dance rapturously with the SPIRIT OF JOY.]

[The SPIRIT OF JOY puts her finger to her lips, and by gesture bids the CHILDREN listen. Brilliant march music sounds and BELGIUM, FRANCE, GREAT BRITAIN, ITALY, SERBIA, MONTENEGRO and ROUMANIA enter from background and from right and left. Each NATION is attended by YOUTHS and MAIDENS and by groups of CHILDREN. If it is desired to make the pageant rather long and elaborate, then each NATION may enter separately. Otherwise, they may enter at the same time, from right, left and background. They stand in a stately row, well spaced, across the center of the stage in line with the dais. BELGIUM, SERBIA, MONTENEGRO and ROUMANIA are nearest the dais.]

[The SPIRIT OF JOY beckons the YOUTHS, MAIDENS and CHILDREN to participate in a dance. This they gladly do. In this dance the CHILDREN, in play, fly up and down the steps of the dais, pelling each other with blossoms, and forming lovely, yet always quickly dissolving, groups.]

### EPISODE II

THE COMING OF TYRANNY

[While the YOUTHS, MAIDENS and CHILDREN are still dancing with the SPIRIT OF JOY, TYRANNY, a huge, sinister and terrible figure, approaches from left. His costume suggests the caeman, barbarous, cruel, uncouth. He carries a club and an iron chain with a huge lock.]

[BELGIUM stands nearest the dais. TYRANNY seizes her, striking her senseless. Before FRANCE or GREAT BRITAIN can come to the rescue he sweeps his iron chain around SERBIA, MONTENEGRO and ROUMANIA, and locking it swiftly, mounts the dais, grimly triumphant. BELGIUM, her raiment torn and a great scarlet stain across her heart, lies prostrate on the dais at the feet of TYRANNY. The whole scene should as nearly as possible represent the spirit of one of Louis Raemaekers's pictures.]

[The dance music is changed to music full of terror and foreboding. The startled nations put their trumpets to their lips and call their children back to them. The SPIRIT OF JOY bids the children farewell, and with arm across her eyes, tremblingly and with terror leaves the scene, at right. The children of BELGIUM run to FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN for protection.]

[The music swells louder. Its notes are full of fear, haste and menace. FRANCE puts her silver trumpet to her lips and sounds the opening bars of the "Marseillaise." In answer to this,

other ASSOCIATE NATIONS, with their flags, hasten in from right and left. While they are entering, YOUTHS from the groups about GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE and ITALY try to break the chain holding SERBIA, MONTENEGRO and ROUMANIA, but in vain.]

[The music changes to a dirge. The drums beat like slow heart-beats. All the ASSOCIATE NATIONS and their CHILDREN show sorrow and despair.]

[The NATIONS hold out their arms in passionate supplication toward right. The drum beats slow till there is almost a dead pause. Then like an answer to the NATIONS come the thrilling notes of:

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

[AMERICA enters from right.]

[AMERICA, looking steadily at TYRANNY, raises high the Stars and Stripes. In answer, TYRANNY laughs, folds his arms, and places his huge foot on prostrate BELGIUM.]

[AMERICA puts her silver trumpet to her lips and gives a bugle-call. From very far right a faint answering call is blown. Courage and joy appear on the faces of the ASSOCIATE NATIONS. Their mourning attitudes give way to attitudes of hope. From far in the distance at right, American voices take up the words of Arthur Farwell's, "March! March!"]

March, march, march, march,  
March, comrades, march along!  
March, march, march, march,  
March, a hundred million strong!

On through dark and battle's roar,  
On where none has dared before,  
On to pay the ages' score:  
March, march, march!

Love to hate shall never yield  
While the sword of God we wield.  
On to Armageddon's field:  
March, comrades, march!

One in vision, one in will,  
We shall carry Zion's lull,  
God is in His Heaven still:  
March, march, march!

Forward, comrades,  
March, march forever.  
Up with the break of day,  
Out on the trackless way.

Ours the heart to dare and do,  
Ours and Promised Land to view,  
Ours to build the world anew:  
March, comrades, march!

[Again AMERICA blows three times on her trumpet and again from far at right comes an answering note.]

[AMERICA goes to join the ASSOCIATE NATIONS and as she does so they sing the first line of Natalie Curtis Burlin's "Hymn of Freedom."]

THE ASSOCIATE NATIONS (Refrain 1):

Oh march on, Freedom!  
March on, Freedom!  
March on, conquering hosts!  
Liberty is calling!

[From right, faint and then coming nearer, the voices of the AMERICANS make answer (Stanza 1):]

To martyred Belgium,

Freedom!

To wounded France,

Freedom!

'Tis God who summons our advance!

Liberty is calling.

THE ASSOCIATE NATIONS (Refrain 2):

Oh blow on, bugles,

Blow on, bugles,

Blow on, bugles of hope!

Liberty is calling!

THE AMERICANS [from right, coming nearer (Stanza 2)]:

To struggling Russia,

Freedom!

To the starving Pole,

Freedom!

The trumpet sounds within my soul,

Liberty is calling.

[THE AMERICANS begin to enter in answer to AMERICA's call.]

THE ASSOCIATE NATIONS (Refrain 3):

Oh ride on leader,

Ride on, leader,

Ride on, leader of men!

Liberty is calling.

THE AMERICANS [as they form a phalanx in background (Stanza 3)]:

To bowed Roumania,

Freedom!

To the stricken Serb,

Freedom!

Autocracy's proud will we curb!

Liberty is calling!

ALL (Refrain 6):

Then march on, Freedom!

March on, Freedom!

March on, Freedom!

March on, conquering hosts!

Victory is calling!

[THE AMERICANS who come in answer to AMERICA's call may be MARINES and SOLDIERS, or if MARINES and SOLDIERS in sufficient numbers can not be had, then a great group of WAR WORKERS. These WAR WORKERS should be RED CROSS NURSES, AMBULANCE MEN, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. WORKERS, KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, SALVATION ARMY WORKERS or any of the WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES that have helped win the war. All must be in service uniforms. If desired, the MARINES and SOLDIERS may enter first and the WAR WORKERS enter afterward, and give the effect of backing them up. In either case this solid phalanx takes up its position in far background and stands in impressive mass effect.]

Concluded on page 79



SAVE THE LEATHER

**2 IN 1**

**SHOE POLISHES**

Black, White, Tan & Ox-Blood (Dark-Brown) Liquids & Pastes.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

THE F. F. DALLEY CORPORATION, L. A. BUFFALO, N. Y. HAMILTON, CAN.

Marguerite Clayton

One of Ziegfeld's Stars



## Hair Like Silk After a Shampoo

MARGUERITE CLAYTON says, "Eggol leaves the scalp cleaner than you perhaps ever thought possible to have it. It leaves the hair silky, helps the hair to more vigorous growth."

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It removes thoroughly the filmy accumulations, scurf, dead skin, dandruff, etc., constantly forming on the scalp and which are difficult to remove. Eggol helps to clear the pores and lets your hair "breathe." It leaves your hair easier to "do up," gives it a lustre and cleanliness that is superb. Enough for over a dozen shampoos in each box, sold at only 25c at drug and department stores.

If your druggist hasn't it, we will send it to you postpaid on receipt of price.

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(Ent. on 34th St., 3rd Door East)

Concluded from page 78

## A VICTORY PAGEANT

EPISODE III

VICTORY

[While the American hosts assemble, TYRANNY looks about him right, left and background, showing uneasiness and finally fear.]

[As soon as the AMERICANS have assembled in background in solid phalanx there is a burst of triumphant music following quickly upon the notes of the "Hymn of Freedom." Instantly the phalanx parts, and VICTORY, a radiant figure, sweeps forward from background swiftly and triumphantly. She walks directly toward the dais. TYRANNY sees her, trembles and descends a step at a time. VICTORY comes onward and for each step forward that she takes TYRANNY takes a step toward banishment. He descends from the dais, and passes with bowed head and dragging steps in front of the ASSOCIATE NATIONS, until he disappears at left.]

[Meanwhile VICTORY, with arms upraised in joy and triumph, ascends the dais and dominates the scene. Great delight is shown by the assembled NATIONS. VICTORY raises prostrate BELGIUM. The NATIONS release SERBIA, MONTENEGRO and ROUMANIA from their chains, and they group themselves with AMERICA, FRANCE, GREAT BRITAIN, ITALY and BELGIUM on the steps just below VICTORY.]

[While this is going on, the American phalanx sweeps forward from background. The YOUTHS, MAIDENS and CHILDREN raise their arms in glad acclaim and rush forward to greet the AMERICANS. Other CHILDREN of the ASSOCIATE NATIONS run toward right where the SPIRIT OF JOY suddenly appears, her arms laden with garlands and flowering branches. These she gives to the children, who rush to the AMERICANS and toss the garlands about their necks and place their flowers in the AMERICANS' hands. This scene should give the effect of the triumphant welcoming of the AMERICANS into the war-torn towns of France and Belgium.]

[Through all this, joyous triumphant music sounds. Once again all the NATIONS and the CHILDREN uplift their arms and their flags in one mighty tableau of happiness and thanksgiving. This final picture should be held a full moment with VICTORY standing out above it all.]

[VICTORY then comes down from the dais and, followed by the ASSOCIATE NATIONS, the SPIRIT OF JOY and the YOUTHS, MAIDENS and CHILDREN, marches from the scene. This processional effect must be made as beautiful and compelling as possible. Each separate group in the procession must be a picture in itself.]

[As the procession passes in review before the audience the PAGEANT PLAYERS sing:]

Forward, comrades.  
March, march forever.  
Up with the break of day,  
Out of the trackless way.

Ours the will that must and can,  
Ours the crown creation's plan,  
Ours to win the world for man!  
March, comrades, march!

THE PAGEANT ENDS.

**COSTUMES:** For the costumes use cheese-cloth, cotton crepe, cotton poplin, bunting, canton flannel and malines. All the costumes are symbolic, and therefore should be made on Greek lines. Care should be taken to have these lines long and flowing. Do not have the costumes too bunchy.

The SPIRIT OF JOY wears a rainbow-colored robe made in Greek fashion.

The CHILDREN OF THE WORLD wear short Greek robes in palest pastel colors—faint green, palest pinks, soft blues and lavenders.

The MAIDENS and YOUTHS wear costumes also cut in Greek fashion, since the pageant is symbolic, not actual. The YOUTHS should wear Greek tunics coming to the knee and sandals laced from ankle to knee. The MAIDENS wear long flowing Greek robes and sandals which tie about the ankles.

The NATIONS wear white robes, with over-ropes or cloaks in their national colors. Each carries a national flag and a silver trumpet. For the national colors see the colored plates of flags in the encyclopedia or the dictionary. TYRANNY should wear a suit of skins to suggest the rough dress of a caveman. He must be very large and burly. He should wear a Teuton helmet and carry a huge sword and a knout. His face should be made up to look as terrifying as possible, with beetling brows and carmine lips.

VICTORY should wear a white robe, or if feasible, a robe of cloth of gold or silver. About her should float yards of white malines to give the effect of wings, as the wings themselves are difficult to make.

**MUSIC:** For entrance and dance of THE SPIRIT OF JOY use the "Pizzicati Polka" from the ballet "Sylvia," by Léo Delibes.

For the song of the children use the "Il Bacio Waltz," by Arditi.

For the second dance of the CHILDREN use the "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda."

For the entrance of TYRANNY, and for the action immediately following it, use the somber portions of the "1812 Overture," by Tchaikowsky, and the "Funeral March of a Marionette," by Gounod.

For the song of the Americans use Arthur Farwell's "March! March!"

For the entrance of the AMERICANS use the "Hymn of Freedom," by Natalie Curtis Burlin.

For the entrance of VICTORY use the "Victory March," by Henry Hadley.

For the JOY OF NATIONS use a repetition of the "Victory March," or "The Stars and Stripes Forever," by John Philip Sousa.

For the final march use the "March! March!" of Arthur Farwell referred to above.

ANY one who desires further information regarding the production of "The Victory Pageant" may write directly to the Pageant Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.

# To Those Who Want Cleaner Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



## You Must Remove the Film

Your teeth are not rightly cleaned if they discolor or decay, if tartar forms or pyorrhea starts.

You may brush them twice daily, but the great tooth wrecker—a slimy film—is not being ended by it.

The cause of most tooth troubles is an ever-present film. You feel it with your tongue. That is what discolors—not your teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So it is that film, not

merely food debris, which the tooth brush must combat.

The tooth brush alone is inadequate. The film is clinging. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. The old methods of teeth cleaning fail to dissolve it.

Dental science, after many years of searching, has found a way to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by convincing clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere accept it.

This way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we gladly supply a 10-Day Tube for anyone to test.

## A Ten-Day Revelation

We ask you to try it, to watch its effects, then look at your teeth in ten days. It will change all your ideas on teeth cleaning.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

This way is made possible by a new discovery. A harmless method has been found to activate the pepsin. Five governments have already granted patents. The old activating agent was an acid, harmful to the teeth. And pepsin must be activated.

We urge you to prove Pepsodent as dentists prove it—by actual application. See the results, read the reason for them, and decide for yourself about it.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Do this for your sake and your children's sake. Learn the better way to clean teeth. The results will show you very quickly that this way is right. Cut out the coupon now.

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### The New-Day Dentifrice

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RICE—SEASONING—FOR THAT HUNGRY FEELING

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Make your home beautiful. Also inexpensive gifts. Anyone can do it. Decorate wood and metal boxes, book ends, trays, bottles, ivory sets, furniture, etc., with "Enamelac." Dries overnight. No firing. At your dealers or complete outfit of 8 colors, brushes, designs and directions, in wood box. Postpaid, \$3.

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A light, tender, flaky texture is imparted to shortcake and all home-baking by Rumford Baking Powder, a product which has been refined and improved by years of patient study, to combine the best leavening principle in the most wholesome form.

It brings out the sweetness and lightness of the materials, and leaves their delicate flavor unimpaired. It has the highest quality you can get in a baking powder. Millions of successful home cooks find it dependable, economical and satisfactory.

Every housewife should have a copy of "The Rumford Way of Cookery and Household Economy." We will be pleased to send it FREE on request.

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# RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME  
BAKING POWDER



## DERMA VIVA

### WHITENS THE SKIN AT ONCE

#### Or Money Back

Is used in place of powder, has same effect but does not show.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

*Absolutely Harmless.*

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute. Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 50c.

DERMA VIVA CO. 819 Transportation Bldg., CHICAGO - ILLINOIS



If thin, *build up*. If burdened with excess flesh, *reduce*. Have an attractive *figure*. You CAN—as sure as sunrise. Let me explain how 87,000 refined women have done this; how *you* can do it. Simple, sure, effective. All in your own room—in a surprisingly short time.

### Be Well

#### Without Drugs

I build your vitality so that all sorts of physical ailments are relieved by Nature's methods—no drugs nor medicines. I strengthen your heart, teach you how to stand, to walk and breathe correctly. I have spent 16 years at this work—leading physicians endorse me.

My booklet telling how to stand and walk correctly is free. Shall I mail it to you NOW? If later you desire my services you will find the cost most reasonable. Write me.

Susanna Cocroft 624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 53, Chicago

Miss Cocroft is nationally recognized as authority on conditioning women as training camps have conditioned our men.



## HIP-O-LITE

a ready to use  
Marshmallow Cream

The same preparation caterers use for cake fillings and frostings and for Marshmallow Sauces and Sundae. Ready for use. No cooking or chance of failure! At your grocer's.

Book of Caterers' Recipes free upon request. The Hipolite Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.



**Prof. I. Hubert's  
MALVINA  
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is a safe aid to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a massage it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes the sting and soreness out of wind, tan and sun burn. Send for testimonials. Use Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap with Malvina Cream to improve your complexion.

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**Stork Sheeting**

**WATER-PROOF**

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Hygienic waterproof sheeting that really protects

It is pure white, light, soft, pliable. Not heating, creates no perspiration, chafing or irritation. Easily cleaned—always fresh, dainty, sweet. 36 in. wide, light or heavy; 54 in. wide, heavy weight only. GET THE GENUINE. Look for Stork trade mark. If your dealer does not have Stork Sheeting write us.

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**ROUGH ON RATS**

**Gets Them All**

You don't experiment when you use "Rough On Rats" to clear the pests from your premises. Every one goes. "Rough On Rats" is not only the most effective rat and mouse exterminator but also the most economical. At drug and general stores. Write for "Ending Rats and Mice".

Sent FREE—write!

**E. S. WELLS,**  
Chemist  
Jersey City, N. J.

Continued from page 77

## IN PAWN TO A THRONE

A TRAM-CAR came along, and Elihu sprang aboard it. No stops were made until they came to a large field on the outskirts of the town.

Here the people, with their stones, all got off the car, and hurried toward the center of the field.

A pile of stones was there, and each person as he came up placed his stone on it, repeating a sort of formula as he did so, in which the name of Venizelos again occurred.

There were many carriages, a few motors, and officers on horseback, and every instant the throng became denser, and it became harder for newcomers to push their way through to the stone-pile.

There followed a frantic ordering of everybody by everybody else, and somehow a space was cleared around the heap of stones, and into this cleared space majestically marched a band of priests in the gorgeous vestments of the Greek Church.

THEY halted at the stone-heap and began to chant a service, first together, and then in their curious singsong intonation one priest after another took up the chant.

Still singing, they solemnly marched around the heap of stones, while the multitude stood hushed, craning their heads to see and to hear.

His height enabled Elihu to see the whole ceremony in all its barbaric pomp—for to the American the scene seemed so fantastic and pagan that he could hardly imagine himself in a Christian country.

ELIHU was crowded up against a carriage containing two men and two ladies. He turned to them, his curiosity unable to wait longer, and made another attempt to learn what all this was about.

"It is the anathema of Venizelos, the traitor," the man replied in a fierce, low tone, and in excellent English.

"We have made an end of him now," added the lady at his side with equal fervor. "This will finish him. The common people will no longer dare follow him, now that the Church has made him an outcast among Christian people."

NOT being well versed in modern Greek political history Elihu did not try to controvert them.

In a general way he understood that Greece at the beginning of the war had had a treaty of alliance with Serbia, and that Venizelos, the former prime minister, had been thwarted in his attempt to carry out his treaty obligations by the king and the queen, who was the sister of the kaiser.

With this meager outline, however, he felt that his place was to learn, not to impart information.

HIS eyes fell upon two persons he had not noticed before in a carriage a little behind him. One was a middle-aged woman, unmistakably an English lady; the other a slender girl, the nobility and intelligence of whose face made her appear older than she evidently was.

It was her expression that riveted Elihu's attention. Amid the throng of people, many of whom bore scowls of vindictive hatred, she was noticeable for an air of detachment, tinged with faint scorn.

That she was a Greek Elihu did not doubt for an instant. She seemed the very embodiment of eternally young Greece, whom the world loved.

FASCINATED, he gazed at her. It was not her beauty. He was hardly aware of that, although she might indeed have been the statue of Pallas Athena come to life—only more lovely and lovable than the goddess, as flesh and blood is more appealing than marble.

The rest of the ceremony he followed by watching her face. It came to an end soon afterward with a long cry of "Curse the traitor!" from many throats.

The carriages and horsemen struggled forth from the mob, and those on foot streamed back toward the city. Elihu stood where he was, till only he remained beside the heap of stones, surmounted by a piece of board on which was scrawled: "The Anathema of Venizelos."

He was loath to leave, as if by some miracle the girl might return, but he was going to dine with the minister and his family, and the hour was approaching. But after the dinner and the evening he found himself going out again, as he phrased it, "to meet the past."

HE WALKED on and on through the sleeping city until he found himself again in the field stretching endlessly away into the dark where, not for the first time, the church had ranged itself against one of the world's great moral leaders, and tried by official ceremonies and pronouncements to destroy him.

And there in an instant ancient Greece receded, and gave place to one person alone. Elihu heard soft footfalls; then a veiled figure approached the heap of stones and from a basket began scattering roses on it.

Standing motionless, the American watched her as if he were seeing one of the old tragedies. Here in the stealthy night was a woman defying king and Church, and honoring the spot that had been anathematized.

The thorny stem of a long rose she was throwing caught in her veil and pulled it off. The night had been growing more translucent, more luminous.

Elihu recognized her; it was she, spirit of modern Greece. He held his breath, while one by one she covered the ugly stones of hate with the flowers of love.

Then once more Elihu heard footsteps, and panic seized him. She must not be discovered.

He stepped toward her and laid his hand on her arm:

"There are people coming! Quick! You must not be caught!"

To be continued



## How the Lawsons Increased Their Income

Nellie Lawson — driving a beautiful new car! That was the first sight that loomed up before me as I stepped off the train at Syracuse, my "home town," which I had not visited in years. For the moment I was speechless.

"Jump in, Effie, and don't look so amazed," Nellie said, and as she spoke I realized for the first time how beautiful she had grown to be. Her face was aglow with the joy of living.

No sooner was I seated than away we went whirling around the corner, on our way to Nellie's home.

"Well, here we are!" was Nellie's remark as she turned in at the private driveway that led to a neat little garage attached to the house.

Every minute I was becoming more impatient to hear all about it—this wonderful little car—this charming home surrounded by beautiful trees—were they really hers?

Then we had luncheon. It was delicious and served by a spotless maid.

I could no longer restrain my curiosity. Why, only three short years had passed since I had last seen Nellie. Then, she and her husband, Phil, were living with their two children in a small rented house with scarcely any interest in life, except to keep from running into debt for the bare necessities of life.

Phil was head clerk in a drug store. He had a chance to buy an interest in the firm, but all his earnings went to support the family.

Phil was a fine fellow. He never uttered a complaint, but went right on plodding for a bare existence. But Nellie's spirit chafed. It was not fair to handicap a man with Phil's ability.

### She Opened the Door to Opportunity

She made a resolution to change things. She began to look about her, and one day came across an advertisement for women of refinement to look after the subscription interests of *The Delineator* and *Everybody's Magazine*.

This seemed like an answer to her prayers. She sent at once to the publishers of *The Delineator* and *Everybody's Magazine* for particulars. They came almost by return mail. Then she started in.

In less than two years by giving only her spare time she earned \$2,000.00. Within six months Phil bought a share in the drug store. Later he opened two more stores in near-by towns.

The Lawsons are now prosperous, but Nellie still keeps up her subscription work—it's so interesting; and besides she is planning to send Phil, Jr. and little Nell to college.

The story of Mrs. Lawson is the story of women everywhere who have earned the extra money they wanted. Many of them had only an hour a day; some a half-hour, while others have given all their time to the work. They earned \$20.00, \$50.00, \$100.00 \$200.00 a month.

There is no limit to the amount of money you can earn by looking after new and renewal subscriptions for *The Delineator* and *Everybody's Magazine*. We need representatives in every vicinity. If you have a spare hour now and then and can use extra money—if you really want to enjoy living, mail the coupon at once.

What Mrs. Lawson has done, you can do.

The Delineator Box 331 Buttrick Bldg. New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: I am interested. Please tell me how I can earn the extra money I want.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State .....



Concluded from page 22

# YOUR HOME TOWN FIRST

exhilarates like a series of cocktails. A rightly conducted forum is bursting with life, charged with ideas, full of the unexpected, and shot through and through with good feeling, high fellowship, and courteous toleration.

"It is an intellectual, social, and civic stimulant that is followed by a 'hang-over' of keen analysis and thoughtful meditation.

"ALL will agree that the saloon has been a breeder of the worst kind of politics. Every one, from the President down to the latest forum attendant, will agree that nothing in American life promises so much as the open forum as a means for making intelligent, responsible citizens."

## THE "DRY SALOON"

NO ONE is more keenly alive to the situation that the country will be dry after July first than Joseph Lee, president of the War Camp Community Service and of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. The "dry saloon" he believes will have a legitimate place in our new community life.

"Some time before the war the idea became current that much of the unrest and dissatisfaction that show themselves in all forms of bad citizenship would disappear if social meeting-places could be established on a basis of good-fellowship and community interest.

"The dry saloon should in every case be developed in accordance with the ideas of the men for whom it is to be a social center, and its officers should be chosen by them from their own numbers. To fill its legitimate place in the new democratic community life the club must take an interest in all matters of importance to the community.

"It must be an integral part of the community life. It must branch out into such activities as lectures, music, dances and evening classes, just as the soldiers' and sailors' clubs have branched out during the war; for it is anticipated that the men will want other features than the free-and-easy ones of mere club sociability.

"When the individual feels that his welfare is dear to the heart of the community, he instantaneously becomes a better citizen."

## RECREATION CENTERS

JOHN COLLIER, president of the National Community Center Association, believes that whatever evil there may be in a saloon is overbalanced by the good unless we can provide some other institution that makes possible a wholesome group life for the people.

"The typical saloon," he asserts, "is very much more than a place for the mere dispensing of alcohol. It is a place of amazing tolerance in social intercourse—where a man can talk to any one he likes or be silent without being interfered with!"

The substitute for the saloon, in his opinion, must preserve, above everything else, the freedom of the saloon.

He believes that the time is ripe for the establishment of a vast system of recreation centers, composite in character, retaining the good features of the saloon: its cheer, its freedom, its opportunity for companionship, and providing the beginnings of a great self-supporting, organized leisure.

## ROOMS TO LOAF IN

"SUCH an establishment will permit of loafing and *bonhomie*, just as the saloon does. It will provide for the shutting out of the women, if the men want it, and *vice versa*."

"It will enable the father to escape from his family, but likewise make it attractive for him to be with his family."

"The recreation center, on its ground floor, should be devoted to casual interests: to loafing and talk, card-playing and silent games, and music. Here food and drinks will be served.

"In its theater, not alone the best of motion pictures and vaudeville and stock-company shows will be given, but there will be means for participation by the people themselves in community drama, conceived, written, built, staged, costumed and acted by the people—a drama allowing for action of the body, for the display of color, for choral singing, for pantomime and dancing."

That this plan will not be regarded as a mere Utopian dream, Mr. Collier points to such successful projects as the People's Houses of Belgium and the new free Folk Theater of Berlin, both recreation enterprises of the people, with the motive of profit eliminated, yet standing the economic test and filling the recreational needs.

## SOME SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS

IN CHESTER, Pennsylvania, a flourishing industrial center, where during the war the population suddenly jumped from forty thousand to nearly one hundred thousand, with all the varied social and economic problems which these sudden changes in population entail, they are trying out a many-sided community experiment, sponsored by the War Camp Community Service and with Governor William C. Sprout as chairman of the local governing committee.

Community centers in the schools, community music, Americanization classes, community clubs for the various neighborhoods—among them one which is filling a real need in the Italian industrial group, which numbers eleven thousand, and another which is bringing harmony to the race problem by ministering intelligently to the twelve thousand colored people in the community—hospitality houses, organized play—without apparatus—for vacant lots, parks and school grounds: all these are to be found as part and parcel of the far-sighted plan to make of Chester a model experimental station of the community idea. In addition they now point to their successful dry saloon.

ALMOST immediately following the establishment of Chester's dry saloon, the response was such as to meet the most sanguine expectation of its promoters.

It early began to reap the rewards of its popularity. Part of the building was converted into a lodge-room, which is rented to whoever desires to pay the nominal charge. One afternoon the local liquor-dealers' association occupied it, and their meeting was followed by a gathering at which, for the first time in the history of the town, all the religious denominations were represented, including Quakers and Christian Scientists.

Here the thirsty one who can not take a drink unless one shoe is resting on a brass rail can find elevation for his foot and irrigation for his throat. He can get the familiar fifty-seven kinds of juices, all thirst-quenching but innocuous.

The success of the dry saloon in Chester is so well assured that plans are being made for the taking over of saloons that will go out of business on or before July first.

## THE LENOX HILL SCHEME

IN THE heart of New York's East Side, in a section teeming with foreign-born—Bohemian, Hungarian, Russian, Italian, Austrian, and others of central and eastern Europe—there is being tried out a social experiment novel in character, and thus far eminently successful in results.

Four saloons have been taken over, that on the corner of East End Avenue and East Eighty-fourth Street having a choice location, overlooking East River Park, with a tiny Summer garden in the rear. Two pool-tables occupy the main front room, and in the rear are small tables for the serving of food and soft drinks, the playing of cards, checkers or other quiet games.

Below, reached by a winding stairway, is a fine bowling-alley.

Off the rear room is a compact kitchenette, whence delicious pastries, fragrant coffee and hot foods of all kinds are sent forth on demand of a club customer, who has memories of his Budapest coffee-house.

## FAMILY PARTIES IN AN EX-SALOON

THIS ex-saloon is the home of the Hungarian Club, with its membership of both men and women. Here on Monday nights entire families come for a social evening, taking part in the dancing, a large part of which is the execution of the native Hungarian folk-dances to very beautiful native music; enjoying cards or pool or bowling games; partaking of delicious food with an Old-World flavor, the women knitting and gossiping and sharing the spirit of neighborliness—that rarity in a city so vast as New York.

WHEN the club plan was first launched it was met with more or less suspicion, owing to the fact that this particular group had met with exploitation—much of it from their own countrymen. They feared that back of the plan there must be some political, religious or financial scheme in which they would become involved.

With the allaying of their suspicions and the dawning consciousness that the club was their own, soon to be on its financial feet and contributing to the pleasure and profit of the entire membership without interference from above, the suspicion soon died out and its popularity became assured.

It has already rendered a distinct service in interpreting American life and ideals to the members and in cementing their loyalty to their adopted country.

ON EAST Sixty-fourth Street a one-time saloon is given over to an Italian club, which is another of the successful units of the United Community Club project. Here nearly three hundred members are enjoying the novel experience of helping to turn a one-time neighborhood menace into a real "morale" center.

Here also there is a soft-drink bar, a small kitchen where Italian food is prepared by one skilful in the art, pool-tables, card-tables, and a piano for the music which they all love.

The club membership is largely made up of humble day-laborers, yet they have demanded classes in civics, a night-school in English, help along the Americanization lines, are fast developing a band of capable musicians, and have already a strong society which aims to produce plays in both English and Italian.

The secretary of the club, one of their own members, acts as information bureau, explaining away difficulties of the language and intricacies of the naturalization laws, helps to secure naturalization papers, settles family troubles and otherwise functions as confidant and friend.

## A GANG BECOMES A BOYS' CLUB

IN THE saloon on Seventy-first Street, known as The Little Bohemia Café, formerly the scene of frequent brawls and many disorders, is a flourishing boys' club of more than two hundred members, the organization of which, by making an attractive recreation center for boys of the neighborhood who in times past swarmed the streets at nights, has fairly transformed the neighborhood.

Here "the toughest gang on Seventy-first" is now established in a self-governed club which prides itself on its adherence to rule and the social decencies.

They box and rough-house under a physical leader, they sing and they play games, they have movies once a week, make and serve their own coffee and soft drinks from what was once the café's bar.

Graded according to age—the membership ranging from ten-year-olds to self-supporting young fellows of twenty-three—they are interesting themselves in various kinds of club-work, all of which is pointing the way to self-respecting citizenship.

The reincarnation of "The Little Bohemia" has solved the problem of the tough young corner loafer and has answered the question of the founders: "Can it be done?"



Electricity does all of the hard work when you launder the Western Electric way.



"Oh, you won't mind our laundry work! I did it myself this morning!"

MANY a housewife, unable to get extra help on Monday, solved the laundry problem with the Western Electric Washer and Wringer—sometimes with the help of her regular maid, and often without help.

The first time she was surprised—just as you will be; for there's nothing difficult about the Western Electric way. In hot, soapy water, the clothes are first *rocked* back and forth; then put through the wringer into rinsing water—then wrung again into the blueing water.

The sturdy electric motor does all the hard work at a cost of about three cents for the average family's wash. The clothes last longer for they are *not* rubbed and cannot be torn; soap goes farther—and you have no car fares to pay, no extra lunch to prepare.

All moving parts of the Western Electric Washer are enclosed. In every way it is sturdily built and bears the name and guarantee of the world's largest distributor of electric household helps. It will pay for itself. Ask us to prove this

# Western Electric Washer and Wringer

Write for Booklet No. 23-CA and we will tell you where you can see this washer demonstrated.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Inc.

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WESTERN ELECTRIC CO., Inc.

Gentlemen: Please send me Booklet No. 23-CA, describing the new Western Electric Washer and Wringer.

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ADDRESS

## Make New Desserts With This Flavor

You are probably tired of making the same desserts—try

## Mapleine

The Golden Flavor

in puddings, sauces, gelatines, frostings, fillings, candies.

Add piquancy to soups and gravies. And by all means use it for making Mapleine Syrup for hot cakes.

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MAPLEINE  
The Golden Flavor

MOths keep away!



Housewives Everywhere are Praising Quaker Moth Chests

No more do tiny moths ruin costly furs, gowns, blankets, etc.—no more do women bother with moth balls, or liquids that leave disagreeable odors. Quaker Chests are roomy—each one holding five suits. Each has contents label. Quaker Chests are of moth-proofed fibre—as moth-proof as the finest cedar cabinet. Light, easy to handle, and durable. They fit the closet shelf and fold up when not in use. Size, 36" x 13½" x 9½". Price but \$1.50 East of Mississippi River, and only \$2.00 West.

Ask druggists, department stores. If they do not sell Quaker Chests, send us money and your dealer's name. Shipped prepaid.

F. B. FOSTER & CO., Inc.  
Sole Manufacturers  
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Philadelphia, Pa.

Quaker  
MOTH CHEST  
\$1.50



Particular Women consider Amolin an indispensable part of their daily toilet.

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the personal deodorant powder

positively neutralizes odors from perspiration and all other causes.

Write for a free, sample envelope.

THE AMOLIN COMPANY, Lodi, N. J.

At all drug and department stores 25c and 45c a can.







## CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN

There Is a Right and Wrong Side to Even  
Such a Simple Subject as Motor Clothes

**T**HIS is the season when you and your husband, the kiddies and the car betake yourselves to the woods or the shore, or some green and open place where there are no signs reading "Do Not Park Here." The day has passed when every car-owner felt it was necessary to impress that fact on the innocent bystander by means of caps and goggles that would make a gas-mask seem almost attractive by comparison.

**N**OWADAYS motor clothes are simple and quite good-looking in a thoroughly sportsmanlike and rather English way. For a man, the main requisite is a comfortable cover-all coat. It is used for touring and even for a day's run if you expect to cover much ground, as dust is ruinous to clothes. Furthermore, if you have occasion to stop at a hotel or to pay a call on your country friends, a man arrives in a grimy, uncomfortable condition unless a suitable motor-coat has been worn en route.

For Summer a motor-coat should be light in weight but must come up well around the neck to protect the collar

and be close enough at the wrist to protect the cuffs. The coat illustrated on the right has a strap on the sleeve which brings it in to the wrist. These two points, the collar and the sleeve, should be kept in mind in choosing a motor-coat. Big pockets are a convenience, and men who are nothing after all but grown-up small boys, adore them. The length of this coat is worth noticing—long enough but not heel-flapping.

The most satisfactory material for a coat is light-weight gabardine. It has a little warmth when you need it but you are not conscious of it at other times. Linen is also used and is very nice for a duster but does not offer much protection in case of rain or cold. Heavy shantung is good looking and wears very nicely.

Most men adopt the cap as the most comfortable head-gear for motoring. Taken by and large, it is really more satisfactory than anything else. It stays on and protects the eyes from the glare. For dusty roads, a man needs goggles if he drives, but they need not be of a disfiguring type.

**A** LOUNGE or semi-Norfolk suit, soft collars and negligee shirts, dog-skin gloves and tan or black low shoes or laced boots complete a man's personal outfit. Either the negligee shirt with the soft collar attached to it, or a shirt with separate collars, soft, of course, is correct.

You will enjoy your car more if you provide yourself with comfortable rugs, light ones for Summer, a luncheon hamper and a tea-basket with plates, silver and containers for your sandwiches, coffee, ice-water, etc. With these things you can go on tours of discovery without tying yourself down to routes that are laid out with road-houses and hotels.

**I**F YOU have a chauffeur you will be interested in the subject of livery. The uniform in the illustration is typical of those shown by the best houses in New York. It is made of whip-cord, and a dark gun-metal gray is the smartest color. The coat is form-fitting and is provided with ample pockets. The cap matches the suit and the breeches are worn with leather puttees.

### NECKWEAR

An Inexhaustible Subject

**W**HEN a man marries it is supposed to be exquisitely funny to make jokes about the ties and shirts his wife buys for him. As a matter of fact, the average man is usually much better dressed after he is married than he was before. When men are at the college-boy stage they pay too much attention of the wrong kind to their clothes. They go in for violent-colored socks and they match them up with ties and handkerchiefs and shirts of the same shade, which is dressing very badly indeed. If this interest carries into later life they fall under Arnold Bennett's description of men who do not dress like gentlemen but dress more like gentlemen than gentlemen should. In other words, their dress is too studied and too self-conscious, not sufficiently easy.

**O**R THEY may go to the other extreme and settle down for life to blue-serge suit and polka-dot tie which, while perfectly correct, lacks variety. But no man will give

the interest, the time and the study to shopping for ties that his wife devotes to the subject, or has her sense of color and her feeling for what is correct and in good taste.

This Summer well-dressed men are using four-in-hands of plain-colored silk and of self-striped and fancy silk, crocheted four-in-hands of heavy twisted silk with crosswise stripes in bright colors, and bow-ties in foulard, crêpe de Chine and changeable silk woven with small self-toned figures. There is a new silk material used for the four-in-hands. It has a rough surface and rather open mesh and looks like a heavy raw silk, but it is really part silk and part wool. It is absolutely uncrushable and wears extremely well. Self-colored stripes in alternating satin and open-mesh grenadine are very smart and quite new. Englishmen are using the bow-tie altogether, and it is very much nicer than the four-in-hand for hot days when a vest is impossible.

For the early Summer the colors are very quiet, and subdued and low in tone. The crocheted and rough-silk ties are used in the heather shades of soft green, gray-blue, gray and brown. Red, when it is used, is a very sober color and is generally shot through a dark color in a changeable effect.

**F**OR Midsummer the bow-ties are rather lighter in character. In place of the small figures in self-color the small patterns appear in light shades of yellow, blue, or scarlet on a dark ground. They lighten the effect of the tie but they are so small that even in a gay color they fail to be at all garish or conspicuous. Englishmen, curiously enough, are wearing black bow-ties. One would imagine they would shrink from black because of its associations, but it may be that colored silks are difficult to procure. We are more fortunate, for there is an endless variety in the ties that are shown here, and the silks are rich-looking and very handsome.



# THE DELINEATOR

## JUNE 1919



Waist 1708  
Skirt 1661

Waist 1608  
Skirt 1597

Little boys' suit 1675

Dress 1542

NO NEED to ask "Why marry?" as one might have done last June when there was no wedding, no trousseau, no new home, and after the transport sailed, no husband. Now, however, the bride has all these things. She can go to the altar like a medieval princess in satin and pearls or silver brocade, or she can be married under a riot of roses in a pergola, in a lace gown with lingerie-frocked attendants. If the bridesmaids are consulted they will probably incline to the latter program, for the new lingerie dresses are altogether adorable, deepening and varying, flower fashion, the tint of their organdy or net with unlimited ruffles, tucks, folds and finely goffered plaitings. For the traditional satin wedding-gown the draped styles are the thing.

THERE are certain points that are well to keep in mind in choosing Summer clothes. There are two silhouettes, both narrow in line, but one is quite straight and the other is egg-shaped, with fulness or drapery at the hip.

The newest French sleeve is very short, just below the shoulder, even in silk or serge. It is a delightful style for our hot weather. The kimono sleeve is back again and is a smart, pretty style, easy to use.

There are two new offshoots of the jumper style. One is the slip-over dress, to be worn with separate blouses, and the other the suspender skirt, which gives a costume effect by bringing the skirt material up over the shoulders.



## JUNE AS PARIS SEES IT

The Cape and Coat Become an Inseparable Part of the Summer Costume



We have had dresses that looked like coats, so it follows quite naturally that Gabrielle Chanel should make a coat that looks like a dress. It is of black satin faced with beige crêpe and discloses the narrow hem of the beige dress beneath

There is a new type of costume in Paris, the long and apparently separate coat or cape which in reality is closely related to the dress beneath. Here in a coat of stone-white shantung, Cheruit repeats the scalloped sleeve and looped-up panels of the dress worn with it, and which is shown on page 87

Agnes follows the new mode by making a cape of black satin worked with motifs done in violet, to be worn over a satin dress similarly embroidered. The effect is of great elegance



"Bravo" is a costume of a type not seen since before the war. It is old-gold-and-black metal cloth, edged with gold jersey braid and opening over a waistcoat blouse of rose-colored ribbon. By Jenny



A new way of keeping the narrow silhouette from looking narrow is used by Gabrielle Chanel who builds up a skirt with fold over fold of beige crêpe. The long body is slightly bloused over the string sash



To be worn with a black-satin cape, which is part of the costume, Margaine La Croix makes a charming dress of black satin and ivory chiffon, worked with blue glass beads and festooned with blue bead bows



Worn by Mme. Charlotte, Premet's chief designer, is a dress of stone-colored brocade silk. The body is draped at the low waistline and shows the very new short sleeve





## Don't "borrow or steal" because your prettiest things are soiled!

*You can have your favorite things fresh again at an hour's notice*

"GOOD gracious, Barbara," cried Eloise, hanging up the receiver. "Bob wants to motor us to the club for tea and you absolutely haven't a thing to put on."

"Don't worry, my dear," said Barbara; "I'll be ready!"

Within an hour, before the other girls had finished prinking, in walked Barbara looking the most spic and span of any of them—with the freshest of dainty blouses, the most gleaming of pale silk stockings and the snowiest of silk gloves.

"For goodness sake, Barbara! How did you do it?" asked the girls.

"Lux," replied Barbara. "Lux and foresight."

"Foresight! you!"

"Yes," said Barbara solemnly, "I have *true* foresight. I *always* keep a box of Lux on the bathroom shelf. Then if my very prettiest

blouse or collar or camisole happens to be soiled when I get a bid to go somewhere, I don't just borrow something any more. I toss it into a bowlful of Lux suds and make it fresh in a minute. Also, angel children, Lux makes your things *stay pretty*. They don't get all yellow and faded the way such things do in the laundry."

### Delicate, transparent flakes

Lux is as delicate as the things it launders. It comes in white transparent flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water and whip up into the purest cleansing lather.

Anything that water won't injure, you can trust to the rich Lux suds.

After you once use Lux, you'll never be without it on your bathroom shelf. Lux will enable you to freshen up collars and cuffs, gloves, a thousand little things, even blouses, at a moment's notice.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### To wash silk blouses

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of *very hot* water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip your blouse through the foamy lather many times. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Georgette crêpe blouses should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as they are ironed.

### LUX LAUNDERS ALL OF THESE IN A TRICE:

Lace Collars	Sweaters	Georgette Blouses
Lace Jabots	Silk Underwear	Washable Satin Blouses
Washable Satin	Silk Stockings	Organdy Blouses
Collars and Cuffs	Washable Gloves	Crêpe de Chine Blouses
Organdy Collars	Washable Satin Skirts	Corsets
and Cuffs	and Petticoats	Spats



*There is nothing for fine laundering like Lux*





## Make Perfect Preserves with Karo (Red Label)—and Use it in Cooking and Candy-Making

**H**OME-MADE PRESERVES—there's nothing to equal them when put up the Karo way (Karo red label and sugar—fifty-fifty).

Experience helps, but even the beginner gets wonderful results. Preserves retain much more of their natural flavor than when sugar alone is used.

The Karo way is the *sure way*. Karo prevents crystallization and improves the keeping qualities of your preserves, jams and jelly.

When a woman starts the use of Karo for one thing she soon extends it to others. Karo helps the flavor of fillings for pies and tarts. Added to bread and rolls it gives that delicate sweetening that good cooks appreciate.

Let the young folks use it for candy—for taffy, fudge and divinity.

Full directions for the use of Karo in preserving, cooking and candy-making in the new illustrated Corn Products Cook Book. Sent free to you on request.

In the meantime try out these Karo recipes:

### KARO PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$  pound evaporated apples, 2 cups of Karo, 1 cup seeded raisins, juice of 1 lemon. Soak apples over night in cold water. Boil apples and Karo 20 minutes over the fire, add raisins and lemon, boil ten minutes longer.

Line pie plate with rich pie crust, fill in the mixture, and lay strips of the pie crust from edge to edge, bake slowly in moderate hot oven till brown on top and bottom.

### TAFFY

2 cups sugar 1 tablespoon Mazola  
2-pound can Karo Pinch of soda and salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar 2 teaspoons vanilla

Boil sugar and Karo till it gets a little thick and add vinegar. When nearly done add Mazola and soda. Remove from fire and add vanilla. The test for all taffy is that it must be crisp in cold water.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY  
Dept. C P. O. Box 161, New York City





## FRENCH FROCKS AT NOON AND NIGHT

The New Silhouette Has  
An Easy Way With It



Paris lays particular stress on its tailor-made costumes, and Martial et Armand's suit "Midi-nette" defines the mode of simplicity and straight lines. The material is Rodier's double quadrangle cloth, with a leather collar



Blue serge is better than much fine cloth of gold when Doeillet uses it for a June dress. The waist-coat is of butter-yellow linen and the narrow panels of the skirt disclose a narrower foundation underneath



Premet expresses his belief in the return of normal social life by a dancing dress with a narrow slip of shrimp-pink moiré silk, draped and tuniced with red-brown net. The embroidery is worked in tubular glass beads and old-gold thread



"Étincelle" justifies its name by the gleam of the gold guipure which Jenny uses for the long body and the short sleeve. The black-satin drapery is caught up by the three velvet anemones in front, and in back falls from the shoulders in a straight Watteau panel



Renée, formerly with Premet, continues her designing ways in an establishment of her own on the Avenue Champs Élysées. One of her most successful models is shown here—a dress of white organdy trimmed with gossamer frills and deep-rose-colored silk jersey braid



"Pax," an evening gown by Marthe Wingrove, brings wide gold gauze in its train. The tunic and the long body are of fine malines, embroidered in an intricate design in gold



Under the influence of a Persian printed crêpe, Cheruit loops up the panels of a straight chemise dress into a semblance of a harem hem. Cheruit has a way of dealing with the narrow lines that keeps them from appearing scanty or constrained



# LINGERIE AND BLOUSES FOR THE TROUSSEAU

NOT even a woman can say the last word on the subject of lingerie and lingerie blouses. But you can count on this for the first note of approval of something new and unusual, such as the grape design on the kimono blouse below, the mandarin cut of the long blouse on the right, the outline of the yokes and collars, and the very French trimming of the lingerie. The divided petticoat at the bottom of the page is particularly comfortable under narrow skirts of silk or wool material. Under lingerie or tub dresses you need a slip or regulation petticoat with a second petticoat of saten underneath if the dress is very transparent.



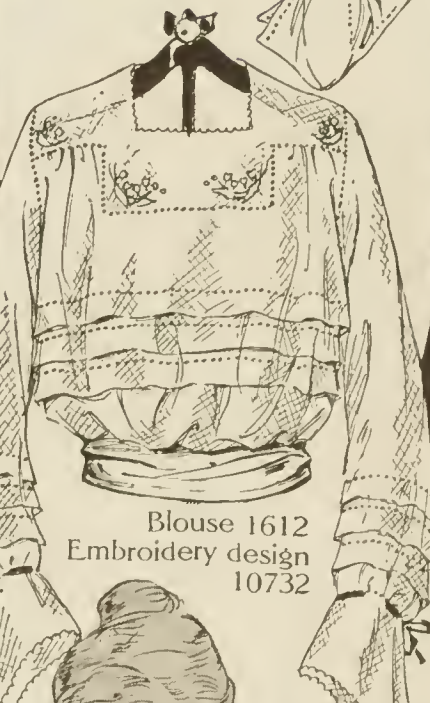
Blouse 1598  
Bag 10752



Blouse 1637



Blouse 1545  
Embroidery design 10749



Blouse 1612  
Embroidery design 10732



Blouse 1359  
Bead design 10730



Blouse 1562



Cap 9253  
Nightgown 1045  
Embroidery design 10627

Nightgown 1034

Nightgown 9768  
Embroidery design 10754



Combination camisole petticoat 1524



Envelope chemise 9828  
Embroidery design 10627



Camisole 1452  
Divided petticoat 9779  
Embroidery design 10551

Camisole 1452  
Step-in drawers 1701  
Embroidery design 10754

Step-in combination chemise and drawers 1182



# WHERE FASHIONS CHANGE

FASHION is always feminine but it differs in degree from one season to another. Now with the war over, it is not frivolously feminine but there is a gradual breaking away from severity in dress that is very pleasant. You see it in the new very short sleeve, the new lingerie dresses with their multiple tucks and ruffles and trimmings, in draperies, picturesque fichus, dolmans whose shape as well as name goes back to the excessively feminine era dominated by Queen Victoria. You see it too, in perfectly illogical but delightful things, like the jackets that slip on over the head and in waists and dresses that go back to bibs and pinafores.



Slip-off coat 1633  
Skirt 1527  
Embroidery design 10632

Wrap-coat 1662

Dress 1669

Waist 1703  
Skirt 1699

Dress 1715

Dress 1696  
Embroidery design 10736

Dress 1626



## SEEN IN THE AFTERNOON

Straight and Egg-Shaped Silhouettes



Waist 1708  
Skirt 1636

Smock 1694  
Foundation 9842  
Embroidery design 10736

Waist 1703  
Skirt 1699

Dress 1696

Waist 1159  
Skirt 1706

**1708—1636**—Figured chiffon cuffed and hemmed in taffeta gives a delightful frock for early Summer afternoons. The waist is prettily draped and the simple sleeve is cut in one with the body. An underbody is used over the French lining when the waist is made of transparent material. The skirt follows the lines of the graceful new egg-shaped silhouette.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 yards figured chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This waist, 1708, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; the skirt, 1636, for ladies of 35 to  $47\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip measure.

**1694—9842**—A long thin smock of chiffon becomes a delightful costume worn over a simple charmeuse foundation. The body is cut in one with the sleeves, and the smock is smart for women or young girls.

36 bust requires 3 yards chiffon 39 inches wide,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards charmeuse 40 to 45 inches wide for foundation. Bottom foundation  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This smock, 1694, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses. The foundation, 9842, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1159—1706**—Unusually simple in construction is this draped skirt and jumper waist. The drapery is in one piece and is tacked to a foundation, which comes just to the knee and is cut in two pieces. By using the selvedge on the straight lower edge of the drapery there are no edges to be hemmed except the one at the back. It is a delightful style for satin, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard or crêpe meteor, with sleeves of silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth or dotted net.

The silk dress is always extremely

useful and the transparent sleeves are cool and attractive for Summer wear.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for body,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards figured foulard 39 or 40 inches wide for skirt and jumper. Lower edge measures  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This waist, 1159, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1706, is correct for ladies of 35 to  $47\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip measure.

**1696**—Striped chiffon provides a charming medium for the draped surplice waist and tunic skirt. The one-seam sleeve is easy to make and the straight skirt and tunic are arranged at a slightly raised waistline. The dress can be made with a camisole lining. Silk crêpe, net, silk voile, chiffon cloth, organdy, cotton voile and batiste would be very pretty materials for it.

36 bust requires 5 yards chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

**1703—1699**—An adorable draped skirt and bib-like girdle make an unusual frock in satin and silk voile. The body is cut in one with the sleeves and can be made over a camisole lining. The skirt is two-pieced. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard silk voile 39 inches wide, 3 yards satin 39 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard satin 27 inches wide for facing.

This waist, 1703, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1699, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.



## SUMMER ESSENTIALS

Frocks and Sports Costumes

Dress 1676  
Braid design 10721

1676—Here is the simple one-piece frock at its best. It slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders, and the body is cut in one with the sleeves. A body lining can be used under satin, taffeta, charmeuse, foulard, linen, cotton jersey, cotton gabardine or gingham for a woman or young girl.

36 bust requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Braid design 10721 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is suitable for misses.

1607—Deep tucks in the straight skirt and narrow ones in the soft waist make an unusual dress. The sleeve is one-seamed and a triple tier of collars finishes the U neck becomingly. This dress is effective in organdy, cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, silk crêpe, net, point d'esprit or crêpe de Chine.

36-inch bust requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard. Bead design 10747 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

1277—1527—A coatee and narrow skirt give you the effect of the new sleeveless costumes. The coatee is extremely easy to make and the short sleeve is new. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and the slashes at the sides give extra freedom in walking. Use gabardine, serge, satin, faille, corded cottons, cotton gabardine, beach cloth, linen or cotton poplin.

Medium size and 38-inch hip require 5 yards shantung 32 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This coatee, 1277, is becoming to ladies. The skirt, 1527, is excellent for ladies of 35 to  $47\frac{1}{2}$  hip measure.

Dress 1607  
Bead design 10747

1598—1633—The new sleeveless slip-off coat and soft blouse are very smart for sports wear. Women and young girls use sports silk, satin, shantung, jersey, serge, linen or cotton gabardine for the coat.

36 bust requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard voile 39 inches wide for waist and ruffles,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard silk jersey 35 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard material 44 inches wide for collar.

This blouse, 1598, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses. The coat, 1633, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is suitable for misses.

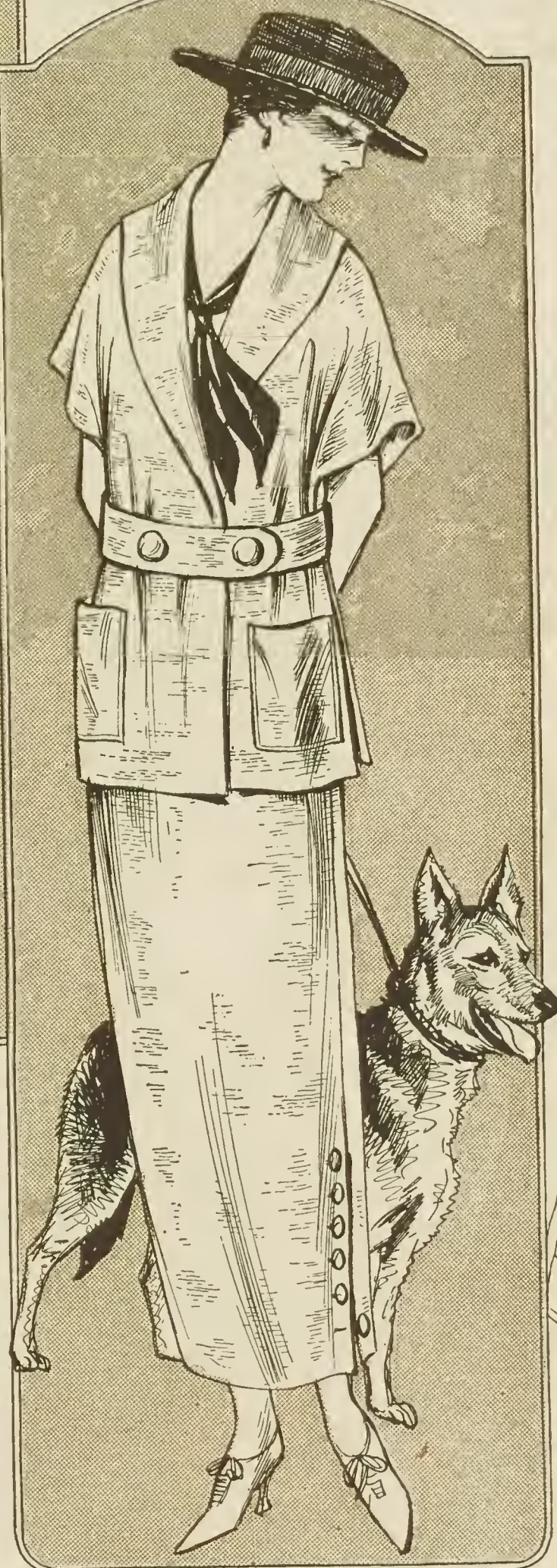
1712—Three deep bandings of fine tucks make an unusually graceful dress of crêpe de Chine. The waist has a broad, square collar, and a very new one-seam sleeve. The straight skirt is easy to tuck. Silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, organdy, batiste, cotton voile, lawn or mull would make a delightful dress for wear throughout the Summer. Tucks are used a great deal, and make a delightful trimming.

36-inch bust requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards lace insertion. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

Blouse 1598  
Slip-off coat 1633

Dress 1712

Coatee 1277  
Skirt 1527Blouse 1385  
Suspender belt 1692

1385—1692—The suspender belt and the soft blouse are a new note and are particularly attractive, as they bring the material of one's skirt up into the waist and give the effect of a complete costume. They are suitable for women or young girls and are usually made to match the skirt in silk, wool or cotton materials or in contrast over a dress of one color. The blouse closes in back and has one-seam sleeves.

36 bust requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard chiffon 39 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard satin 35 inches wide.

This blouse, 1385, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The suspender belt, 1692, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



# HERE IS THE CAPE AND CAPE WRAP

And The Soft Frock Beneath It



Short cape 1722  
Dress 1713

Wrap 1725



Cape wrap 1726

1722—1713—Moiré silk in one's cape and frock and white taffeta in the long plaited body of the dress make an unusually smart costume. The short cape of serge, gabardine, check, satin, taffeta, charmeuse or faille is an extremely fashionable and a very useful accessory. It is very good looking for tailored and afternoon wear. The dress is made with the long body that gives the slender, youthful lines becoming to women and young girls. The low shoulder-line is effective and the sleeve is one-seamed. The lower part is cut in two pieces with a very graceful outline at the top. You could combine taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or soft satin with silk crêpe; or linen, cotton poplin, cotton prints, gingham or chambray with organdy, batiste, cotton voile or handkerchief linen.

36-inch bust measure requires 2½ yards taffeta 39 or 40 inches for the body and sleeves, and 3½ yards of moiré silk 35 or 36 inches wide. The lower edge measures about 1½ yard.

This cape, 1722, is very graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is suitable for misses. This dress, 1713, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure; it is adapted to misses.

1724—Georgette crêpe puts an end to all Summer-frock discussions in a new dress that has just the right touch of embroidery and tucking. The closing is arranged at the back, and the round collarless neck is very fashionable and Summerlike. The flowing sleeve is especially effective in thin materials, and with its one seam is easy to make. The dress can be made with the camisole lining in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or net. You can also make the dress of taffeta, crêpe meteor or foulard, with silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silk voile in the waist and tunic. It is delightful in cotton voile, organdy, lawn, batiste or all-over flouncing. The tunic is straight and the deep tucks provide a charming and simple trimming. The foundation skirt has the popular narrow lines which are especially graceful under the soft tunic.

36-inch bust measure requires 5¾ yards of Georgette crêpe 40 inches wide. The lower edge of foundation measures about 1¾ yard. Embroidery design 10755 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is suitable and becoming for ladies of from 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

1723—Taffeta is used for a very unusual and a decidedly smart cape wrap. It is made on soft, becoming lines, and will appeal to the woman who likes something that is out of the ordinary, and is yet simple and wearable. The soft shirrings give a very becoming finish at the throat and the deep fringe offers a fashionable ending to the upper part of the cape. The construction of this wrap is unusually simple. The upper and the lower part of the wrap are sewed together in the front and back. It is particularly suitable for the silk materials that are being used so much this season and you could make this up in taffeta, satin or silk faille. This is the kind of a wrap that will suit a woman who wants more of a wrap than a loose cape but does not want anything as close fitting as a coat for Summer wear.

36-inch bust measure requires 3¼ yards of taffeta 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards of fringe.

This cape wrap is very becoming to ladies from 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

1725—The new wrap is a thing to take into account in the Summer wardrobe. This one is very picturesque, thoroughly indispensable and absolutely irresistible. It is also quite practical for Summer wear, for it makes a nice weight wrap and provides just the right amount of warmth on a chilly day without being burdensome. It is adjustable and can be worn in two different ways and gives one the feeling of owning another wrap simply by unsnapping the patent fasteners. The vest front is used a great deal in garments of this character and the narrow collar makes a very becoming and wearable finish at the throat. The wrap is draped up on the sides to form the armholes, and the drapery is held in place by the patent fasteners. This wrap is especially pretty for the silk materials like satin, taffeta, charmeuse, shantung and silk faille; it could also be made up in serge or gabardine, and the vest in contrasting color is striking.

36-inch bust measure requires 3¼ yards satin 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard velours 54 inches wide for the collar and vest front.

This wrap is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

1726—All the advantages of cape and coat are united in a new cape-wrap that is equally becoming and attractive for a woman or a young girl. The short effect in front is very smart and the long capelike back gives the graceful loose lines that are so suitable for Summer wear. You can adjust the long scarf collar to suit your own type in the most becoming manner. This cape can be cut from a fifty-four-inch material without any seams at the shoulders, or if you are using a narrower-width material you will have a seam at the shoulder. The yoke in the back gives it individuality and the belted-in lines in front are very good looking. Satin, taffeta, faille silk, serge and gabardine are suitable materials. Wraps of this order are extremely fashionable this Summer and this is one of the best and most graceful types. It is an especially nice weight garment for warm weather; and the adjustable collar is very practical for a wrap of this kind as it can be worn open or closed.

36-inch bust measure requires 4¾ yards of shantung 36 inches wide.

This cape wrap is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure and it is also adapted to misses.

Dress 1724  
Embroidery design 10755

Cape wrap 1723



# BATHING-SUITS FOLLOW LAND STYLES

## The Straight Effects and the Peg-Top

**1718**—Equally suitable and attractive for real sea bathing or in shore paddling is a new bathing-suit of flannel with narrow sash and fine pipings of taffeta. The suit is made with a simple long blouse that is finished with a deep scalloped lower edge. The round neck is new and the scalloped yoke-like trimming band makes an effective finish, but you could use the square-neck outline if you wished. The simple bloomers may be finished separately, or for greater safety you could sew them to an underbody. There is a very smart sleevelet. The cap is quite adorable and it is very easy to make. You could make this suit of serge, brilliantine, flannel or satin. This is about as simple a style for a bathing-suit as you could make for a youngster, and it does not require a very large amount of material.

A 10-year size requires 2½ yards of flannel 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard of taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide for sash and pipings, ¾ yard of white taffeta 32 or more inches wide for the cap, ¼ yard taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide for band and a bow.

This bathing-suit is nice and good-looking for girls of 2 to 14 years.



Bathing-suit and cap 1704

**1704**—A very smart bathing-suit with soft drapery is quite dressy enough for afternoon or morning bathing, and would appear well in the water or under a beach umbrella. The surplice waist is draped prettily about the figure and ties in a soft sash behind. The deep V outline is always becoming, and the arrangement on the shoulders makes an effective finish. The skirt cut in two pieces is gracefully draped and gives the new egg-shaped silhouette. The bloomers are made separately, and the width in the upper part gives plenty of freedom over the hips, but they are trim and close at the knee. You could use surf satin, taffeta or serge.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards surf satin 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting 35 or 36 inches wide, 1½ yard surf satin 32 or more inches wide for cap.

This bathing-suit is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also adapted to misses.

Bathing-suit and cap 1711

Bathing-suit and cap 1718

Bathing-suit and cap 1714

Bathing-suit and cap 1714

Bathing-suit and cap 1717

**1717**—Spotted foulard lightens the effect of a dark taffeta bathing-suit. The egg-shaped silhouette is becoming to women and young girls alike. The long body is cut in one with the sleeves and it slips on over the head. The lower part is cut in two pieces and the inside pockets give the popular stand-out effect that is used so much this season. The separate bloomers are easy to make and comfortable to wear. The cap is very jaunty-looking. Use surf satin, taffeta or serge, or combine surf satin, taffeta or serge with foulard, plaids, checks or stripes.

36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide, including cap and sash, 1¼ yard foulard 35 or 36 inches wide.

This bathing-suit is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also becoming to misses.

**1714**—The water-sprite appears at her best in a new suit of jersey banded with striped satin. The blouse can either slip on over the head or close on the shoulders, as you prefer, and there are adorable little sleevelets to finish the armholes. The bloomers are quite simple to make and very comfortable for swimming. The little cap is most becoming, and it completes the costume nicely. This suit for a woman or young girl could be made of surf satin, taffeta, brilliantine, jersey cloth or serge. Instead of the square neck you could use the new round outline, or the always becoming deep V shape.

32 inch bust measure or 15 to 16 years requires 3¾ yards jersey 35 or 36 inches wide for suit and cap, ¾ yard striped satin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This suit is pretty for misses of 32 to 34 inches bust measure, it is also adapted to ladies.

**1714**—Black satin and white braid put a new kiuk in a water-wave. The suit is extremely simple, both to make and to wear, and the long blouse has the slender graceful lines that are liked by women and young girls. You can either slip it on over the head or close it on the shoulders. The separate bloomers are cut on very good lines, and they are quite easy to make. The cap covers up the hair nicely and it is very becoming and pretty. You could make this suit of surf satin, taffeta, brilliantine, jersey cloth or serge. The applied trimming band at the neck makes a very effective and simple finish.

36 inches bust measure requires 3¾ yards surf satin 35 or 36 inches wide and ¾ yard of contrasting satin 35 or 36 inches wide for cap, ¼ yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for band and a bow.

This bathing-suit is extremely becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also becoming to misses.

**1711**—Dark brilliantine and plaid silk make a smart-looking suit for either water or beach bathing. The long blouse is finished with the fashionable vestee and slips on over the head. The little sleevelet is very effective and makes a good finish at the arm. The deep band at the bottom gives the new cuff-hem that is used so much this season. The bloomers are finished separately and the cap is quite striking. You could make the suit of surf satin, taffeta, brilliantine, jersey cloth or serge. The cuff hem and collar can be made of foulard, plaids, checks, stripes or contrasting material. This bathing-suit has very simple, straight lines that would be very becoming to either a young girl or a woman. It is extremely easy to make.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards brilliantine 44 inches wide, 1¾ yard plaid silk 35 or 36 inches wide.

This suit is becoming to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure; it is graceful for misses too.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 112





Dress 1678

Dress 1693

Dress 1688  
Slip 9842

## THE JUNE FROCK

### A MATTER OF TUCKS, FLOUNCES, CUFF HEMS, AND VARIED NECKS

**1678**—By row on row of ribbon a new frock achieves distinction in soft Georgette crêpe. The waist has a becoming long collar and narrow vest front, and the back comes over the shoulders. The sleeve is one-seamed and the dress can be made with a camisole lining. The skirt is straight and the very fashionable new ruffle, ruching, plaiting, fold or ribbon makes an easy trimming. Use silk crêpe, organdy, taffeta, cotton voile, lawn, mull, satin or taffeta with Georgette crêpe.

36 bust requires 3½ yards Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, 3¼ yards ribbon 6 inches wide for cuffs and sash, 15¼ yards ribbon 2 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1693**—A deeply cut draped jumper, and two slanting flounces soften the straight lines of a voile frock. The waist has a simple body that is in one with the sleeves, and a camisole lining can be used under it if you wish. The flounces have straight lower edges, and are easy to arrange over the straight skirt. The dress is particularly suited to bordered materials and you could also use taffeta, foulard, etc., with silk crêpe or net, or organdy, batiste, mull, stripes, etc. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

36-inch bust requires 2¾ yards plain voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 4¼ yards figured voile 39 or 40 inches wide.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

**1688—9842**—A roundly yoked collarless neck and a double set of deep tucks make a delightful frock for light chiffon. The waist has the simplest possible construction with its body and sleeves in one in the fashionable kimono style. The straight skirt is easy to tuck. The dress may be made with a body lining. It is pretty in organdy, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, fine dimity, net or crêpe de Chine. The slip makes an excellent foundation for lingerie dresses. Bottom of slip 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards figured chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide, ¾ yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide, 2¾ yards satin 36 inches wide for slip. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress, 1688, is very graceful for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The slip, 9842, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

**1665—1671**—An organdy blouse and a skirt of checks that comes up over the shoulders in the new suspender fashion has all the advantages of separate blouse and skirt but maintains the popular costume effect. The blouse has a very becoming collar and a sleeve with one seam. The skirt is cut in two pieces on the fashionable narrow silhouette. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, batiste or voile with skirt of serge, gabardine or satin. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, 3¼ yards checked cotton 35 inches wide.

This blouse, 1665, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1671, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

**1545—1692**—The suspender effect is one of the newest notes of the Summer blouse. It brings the skirt material up over the blouse and gives the effect of a complete costume. The suspenders are suitable too for women or young girls and are usually made to match one's skirt. The blouse slips on over the head with sleeves in one with the body.

36 bust requires 1½ yard silk crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, ¾ yard striped silk 32 or more inches wide. Embroidery design 10735 has been used to trim the blouse.

This blouse, 1545, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The overblouse, 1692, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

**1653**—On either side of the tennis net a new sports dress makes a great hit. The blouse is cut on the popular middy lines and slips on over the head. The long shoulder is comfortable and the cuff hem makes an effective trimming. The skirt is straight and is finished separately. You could make this dress of jersey cloth, shantung, sports silk, foulard, linen, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton poplin or cotton gabardine.

36 bust requires 5 yards sports satin 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting satin 35 or 36 inches wide for collar,

cuffs, belt and to face cuff hems. Bottom 1¼ yard.

This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure; it adapted to misses also.

**1621**—Foulard is used for a simple and unusually pretty frock made in shirt-waist fashion with a deeply flounced skirt. The back of the blouse comes over the shoulders like a yoke, and the soft fulness in front is very becoming. The one-seam sleeve is easy to make and the skirt is straight. The flounce is also straight and is arranged to give the popular peplum effect. Use tub silks, silk gingham, pongee, taffeta, gingham, chambray, cotton voile, dimity, lawn, batiste or organdy. Bottom 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards figured foulard 35 or 36 inches wide; ¾ yard plain foulard 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

**1567—1684**—The popularity of the sleeveless overblouse has grown to such lengths that this one extends into a new jumper dress. It is splendid for Summer as the separate blouse of crêpe de Chine, batiste or cotton voile which slips on over the head, can always be kept fresh. Women or young girls could make the dress of jersey cloth, taffeta, satin or charmeuse, linen, cotton poplin, etc.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard mull 35 or 36 inches wide, 3¼ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard. Embroidery design 10749 is used to trim the dress.

This dress, 1684, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also adapted to misses. The blouse, 1567, is correct for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

**1672**—Frilled batiste and soft English print make an adorable frock for Summer. The dress slips on over the head and the closing is arranged on the shoulders. The batiste upper part is cut in one with the sleeves in the new kimono fashion. The lower part could be cut in either two or three pieces. The dress is usually made with a body lining under satin combined with serge, soft twills, etc. You can also use linen, etc., with batiste.

36 bust requires 1½ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide including plaitings, 2¾ yards English print 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also suitable to misses.





Blouse 1665  
Skirt 1671



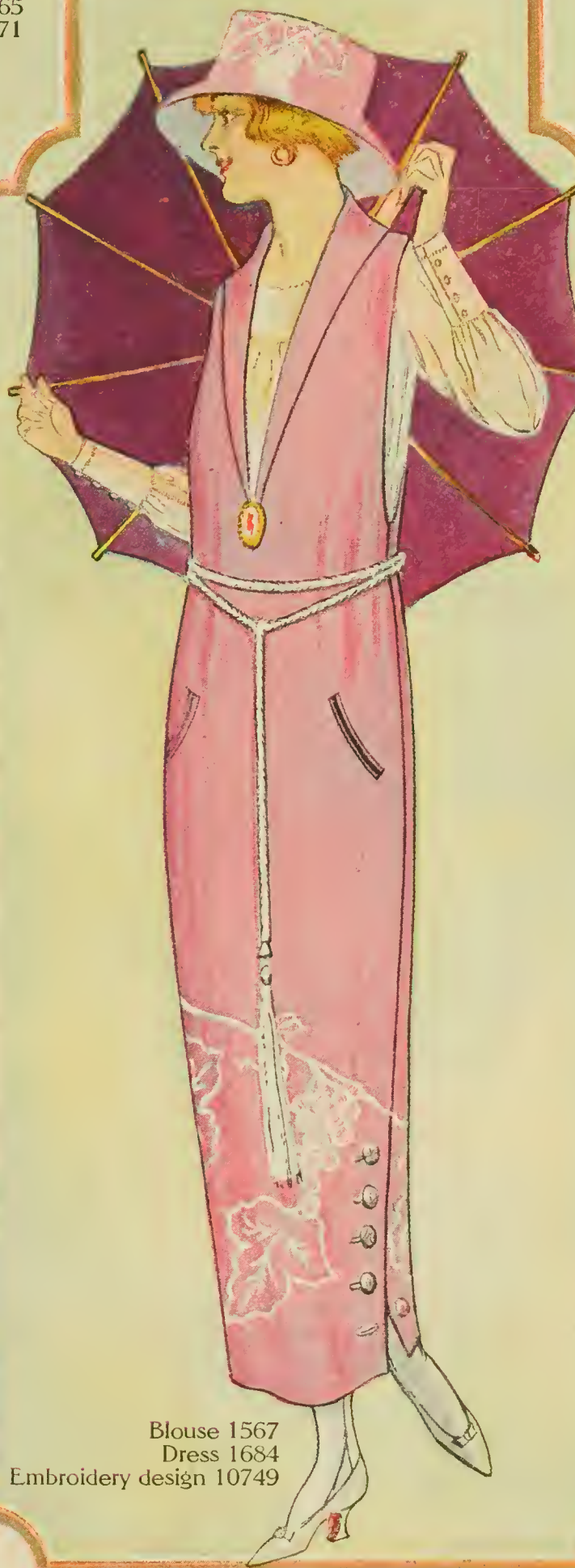
Blouse 1545  
Overblouse 1692  
Embroidery design 10735



Dress 1653



Dress 1621



Blouse 1567  
Dress 1684  
Embroidery design 10749



Dress 1672





Blouse 1689  
Skirt 1683

Blouse 1306  
Overblouse 1692  
Embroidery  
design 10726

Dress 1674

Waist 1660  
Skirt 1661

Dress 1651  
Embroidery design 10749

Dress 1624



## WAYS OF SOFT FROCKS AND SUMMER MATERIALS

## The New Overblouse and Suspender Dress

**1603—1673**—Three tiers of flounces and a becomingly collared deep vestee make a delightful linen dress. The use of the flaring cuff in organdy on the one-seam sleeve of the soft waist is new. The circular flounces which are cut in two pieces are arranged over a straight foundation skirt. You can use a body lining under crêpe de Chine, foulard or taffeta. Lowest flounce  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, cuffs and vestee,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards material 32 to 36 inches wide for foundation. Bottom foundation  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This waist, 1603, adapted to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1673, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

**1669**—The simplest of frocks adapts itself most cleverly to a delightful new grape embroidery. The dress has the fashionable collarless neck and the back closing makes a smart finish. The one-piece skirt is straight and you can trim it most effectively if you use the new braid, ribbon or ruching trimmings. The dress can be made with a body lining in satin, charmeuse, taffeta, tricolette, silk jersey, pongee; or without it, in linens, cotton jersey, etc.

36-inch bust requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard. The dress is trimmed by embroidery design 10749.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

**1689—1683**—In a new blouse and skirt costume, the taffeta is carried up into the suspenders to give the effect of a frock. The blouse is made in kimono style with its body and sleeve cut in one, and the bias back is especially nice for stripes. The dress is extremely easy to make, and would be pretty in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, pongee, cotton voile or batiste. The skirt is cut in two pieces.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide including plaitings,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This blouse, 1689, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1683, is graceful for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

**1686**—In a dress of figured voile the broad panel is cut in one with the front of the yoke and the sleeve is made with one seam. The dress is made in the popular one-piece style and the body lining could be used under foulard, satin, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, silk poplin or moiré. The straight skirt is cut on graceful, modified lines that are not too extremely narrow. You could use linen, cotton poplin, cotton voile, prints, gingham, chambray or cotton gabardine.

36-inch bust requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards figured voile 39 or 40 inches wide;  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard plain voile 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 34 to 48 inches bust measure.



Dress 1686

**1674**—The deep surplice closing of the draped waist and a wide tuck in the straight skirt make a rather unusual, simple frock. The body is cut in one with the sleeves in kimono style and the soft sash ends tie in the easy, *degagé* French fashion. The construction of this dress is extremely simple, and it is excellent for general wear. You can make it with a camisole lining in satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, foulard, tub silks, in dimity, prints, gingham or chambray. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

36 bust requires 5 yards striped tub silk 36 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard contrasting silk 32 or more inches wide.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

**1651**—Large scallops and dark grapes bring distinction to a frock of organdy. It has the effect of the smart long blouse and is very easy to make. The upper part is cut with the popular kimono sleeve, and the two straight flounces are used with a straight skirt. The dress is generally made with a camisole lining under organdy, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, flouncings, stripes, checks, plaids, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard figured organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for upper part and plaitings,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for lower body and flounces. Bottom of skirt  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard, lowest flounce  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard. Embroidery design 10749 is used to trim the dress. It is attractive for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 112

Waist 1603  
Skirt 1673

**1306—1692**—A deeply cut overblouse with a soft blouse beneath makes a delightful combination throughout the Summer. The overblouse of this type has a new outline, and is fashionable for women or young girls. It could be made of the same material as the skirt and worn over a separate blouse, or it could be of contrasting material over a dress of one color. The blouse closes at the back and the sleeve is one-seamed. It is suitable for silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, satin, batiste or voile.

36-inch bust requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide;  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10726 is used to trim the jumper.

This blouse, 1306, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The overblouse is adapted to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also correct for misses.

**1660—1661**—Charmeuse and figured silk voile are combined in a very unusual frock. The waist is made with the jumper draped to the figure and the one-seam sleeves are set into the camisole lining. This type of waist is smart with the very short French sleeves. The straight skirt has a charming drapery. Use charmeuse, taffeta, foulard, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust and 38 hip require  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide for jumper, skirt and side panel,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards silk voile 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

This waist, 1660, is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1661, is pretty for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

**1624**—Narrow frills take to the simplest of frocks in an adorable dress of fancy voile. It slips on over the head, and the waistline is drawn in by an elastic or drawstring. The body is cut in one with the sleeves and the skirt is straight. The new ruching and ruffle trimmings are easy to manage. You can use a camisole lining under foulard, satin, silk crêpe, cotton voile, gingham, chambray or prints.

36-inch bust requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 yard extra 39 or 40 inches wide for plaitings,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard material extra 39 or 40 inches wide for sash and plaitings to trim. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

Dress 1669  
Embroidery design 10749



# INTIMATE MATTERS TO WOMEN

## The New Lingerie And The Negligée Aprons For Work And A Frock For Play

**1664**—Efficiency in its most attractive and desirable form is shown in a work apron of plaid gingham. It is extremely neat and nice-looking, and while it requires only a very small amount of material, it gives ample protection to the front of one's dress or waist and skirt. It is very easy to make and to launder and it could slip right on over any kind of dress. You could finish it without the deep bib if you preferred. The generous-sized pockets are always convenient in a work apron. You could make this apron up in gingham, chambray or percale, and the edges bound in a contrasting color give an effective finish.

28-inch waist measure requires 2 yards of plaid gingham 27 inches wide, ½ yard chambray 32 inches wide to bind.

This work apron is especially adapted to ladies of 24 to 36 inches waist measure.

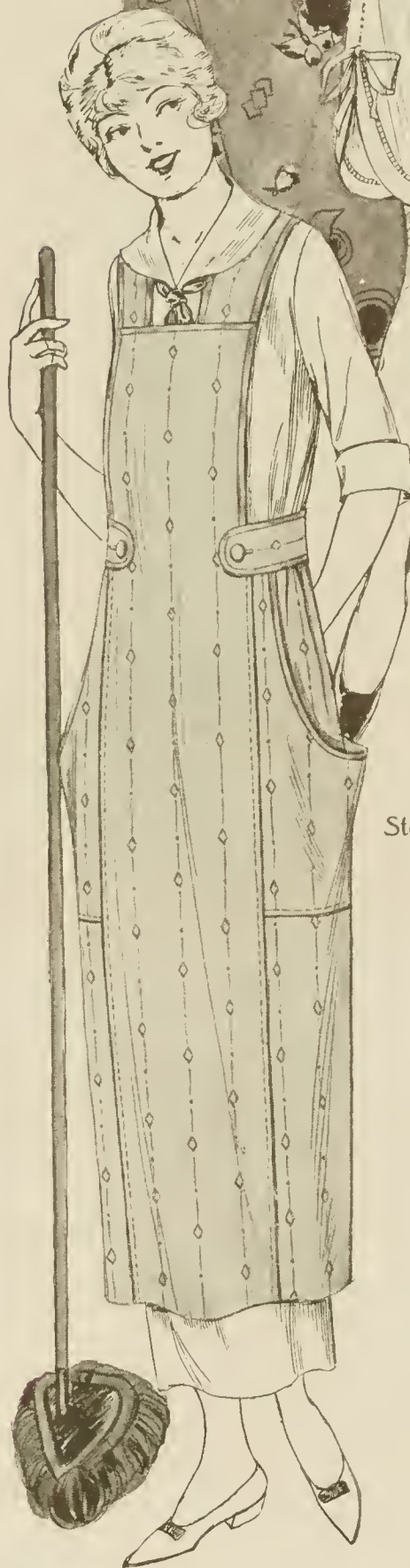
**1666**—First aid to the June housecleaning is a new work apron that will charm the housewife with its practical qualities and attractive appearance. It is quite a new type of apron and is being used a great deal at present. The princess front gives the long lines that are so popular in frocks and provides sufficient protection for the front of one's dress. It is an inexpensive apron to make for it requires only a small amount of material. You can make it up very easily and quickly. The large pockets are a great convenience and these two suggest the lines of the new egg-shaped silhouette. Gingham, chambray and percale are the best materials to choose for an apron of this type.

28-inch waist measure requires 3 yards of figured percale 36 inches wide.

This work apron is suitable for ladies of 24 to 36 inches waist measure.



Work apron 1664



Work apron 1666

**1681**—One tuck after another explains the attraction of a charming frock of organdy. The waist is made in the popular jumper style and the one-seam sleeves with the tucks down to the wrist are extremely new and smart. The dress can be made with or without the camisole lining, as you prefer, but it is generally used under the silk dress of silk crêpe, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or pongee. It is a particularly pretty style for cotton voile, organdy, batiste, lawn and handkerchief linen. The straight skirt is very easy to tuck and tucks are being used a great deal this season. They make a delightful and very inexpensive trimming with comparatively little work.

36-inch bust requires 6¾ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, ¾ yard taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide for sash. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

**8478—1701**—The foundation of success in one's Summer costumes is laid in the kind of lingerie that goes under one's frocks. A simple corset cover and new step-in drawers are delightfully cool and convenient for warm weather. The corset cover slips on over the head and is particularly nice under thin blouses. The straight outline illustrated is used under evening dresses. The drawers are new, and are cut in one piece; they are



Corset cover 8478  
Step-in drawers 1701

Long kimono 1702  
Embroidery design 10694

exceedingly easy to make. You could use crêpe de Chine, wash satin, batiste, nainsook or long-cloth for them and for the corset cover.

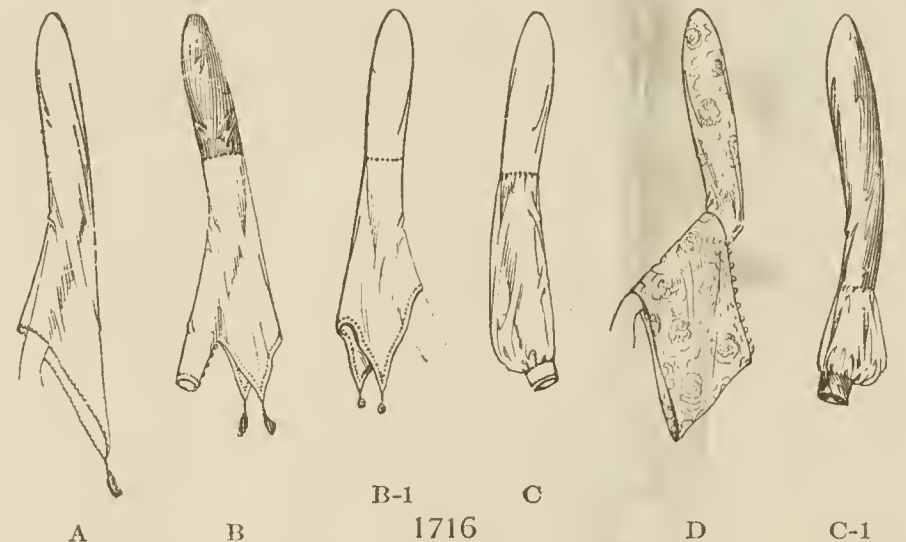
36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard flouncing 15 inches wide, 1½ yard batiste 35 or more inches wide. Bottom of each leg 30 inches.

This corset cover, 8478, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; the drawers, 1701, for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

**1702**—The warmest days have a cooler side when one slips into a dainty negligée for a few hours' rest. This long kimono is very simple in construction with its body cut in one with the sleeves. The slash for the sash makes a pretty finish. It is an indispensable garment, and it would be pretty in cotton crêpe, lawn, dotted swiss, crêpe de Chine, batiste or dimity. The sleeve is especially graceful.

36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards of dotted swiss 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard of organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard. The embroidery design 10694 is used to trim the kimono.

This kimono is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



**1716**—These sleeves are extremely new and smart. They are particularly graceful in thin materials such as tulle, silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth, net, or crêpe de Chine, cotton voile or batiste. The sleeves with the cap top could be made with the upper part of silk or satin and the lower part of a transparent material. They are to be sewed into a regulation armhole.

12-inch arm measure requires, view A, ¾ yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide. View B requires ¾ yard satin 32 or more inches wide for upper part, ¾ yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for lower part; view B-1, ¾ yard satin 32 or more inches wide for upper part, ¾ yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide for lower part; view C ¾ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part and wristband, ¾ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide; view C-1, ½ yard taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part and wristband, ¼ yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for lower part; view D ¾ yard figured foulard 35 or 36 inches wide.

Sleeves for ladies, 10 to 15 inches arm measure.

Dress 1681





Dress 1713

Blouse 1709  
Skirt 1609  
Embroidery design on hat 10749Blouse 1698  
Skirt 1671

## THE BLOUSE ABOVE THE SKIRT

### The Silk Frock and the Lingerie Blouse

**1713**—Plaits in the body and frills for the trimming make a smart dress. The long body has the new low shoulder line and the sleeve is one-seamed. The lower part of the dress is two-piece and the bib-like outline at the top is very pretty. The arrangement of the pockets suggests the new silhouette. Women and young girls use taffeta, crêpe de Chine or soft satin with silk crêpe, or linen, etc., with batiste.

36 bust requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for body and sleeve,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide including sash and platings. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is suitable for misses.

**1709—1609**—A soft blouse and a cuffed skirt make a charming Summer costume. The blouse front is cut in one with the collar, and the sleeve is made with one seam. The skirt has a straight lower edge. Use crêpe de Chine, silk shirtings and dimity, linen, cotton voile or batiste, with a skirt of sports silk, tub silks, organdy, batiste or gingham.

36 bust and 38 hip require  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard contrasting organdy 39 or 40 inches wide,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards sport satin 32 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This blouse, 1709, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1609, is graceful for ladies of 35 to  $47\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip measure.

**1698—1671**—A separate skirt and a simple blouse are an excellent formula for a morning costume. The blouse is pretty in crêpe de Chine, wash silks, batiste, cotton voile and dimity. It has an unusual closing line and a one-seam sleeve. The skirt is cut in two pieces on simple narrow lines. Use serge, charmeuse, sports silks or linen.

36 bust and 38 hip require  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards moiré silk 35 to 44 wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This blouse, 1698, is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; the skirt, 1671, for ladies of 35 to  $47\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**1689—1668**—A kimono blouse and the shallow plaits of the skirt are a happy combination. The blouse is easy to make and the bias back is smart cut in stripes, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, batiste, dimity or plaids. The plaits in the skirt are narrow and give a box-plait effect. The skirt has a straight lower edge. Use serge, foulard or satin.

36 bust and 38 hip require  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard figured chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

This blouse, 1689, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1668, is correct for ladies of 35 to  $49\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip measure.

**1665—1679**—In a new shirt-waist costume the blouse has a becoming fulness in the front and back which is gathered into a yoke on the shoulders. The sleeve has one seam. The skirt is cut in six pieces on very good-looking, straight, conservative lines. Use wash silk, batiste or dimity for the blouse with a skirt of serge, satin, taffeta, etc.


36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards voile 39 or 40 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard. The bag is adapted from bag 10752.

This blouse, 1665, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1679, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 55 inches hip measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 112

Blouse 1689  
Skirt 1668Blouse 1665; skirt 1679  
Bag 10752





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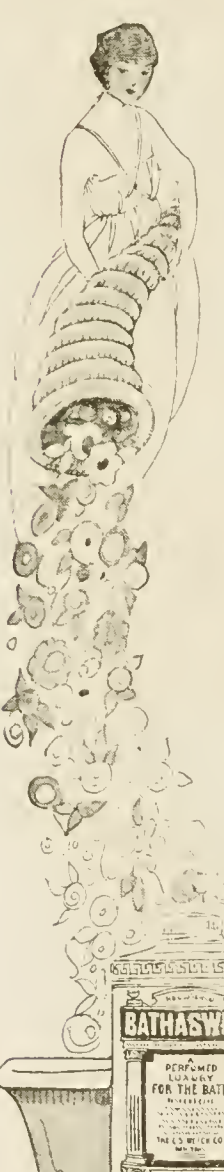
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Dress 1645

Shirt-waist 9377; Dress 1684  
Embroidery design 10731

Dress 1667  
Embroidery design 10712

Dress 1600

## SUMMERTIME IN Slim Young Lines, Soft

**9377—1684**—A jumper dress is a new note in warm-weather costumes, worn with a simple shirt-b blouse. The jumper dress is in one piece and is good looking for women and young girls in taffeta, satin, charmeuse, shantung, etc. 16-year blouse and 32 bust or 15 to 16 year dress requires 2¼ yards batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¾ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This shirt-waist, 9377, is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also suitable for small women. The dress, 1684, is graceful for misses of 32 to 34 inches bust; it is also correct for ladies.

**1645**—Two deep flounces give a double reason for the attraction of a new frock that is extremely graceful for the small woman as well as the young girl. The waist has one-seam sleeves and the skirt is straight, as well as the flounces. The camisole lining may be used under organdy, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, flouncings or silk crêpe.

16 years requires 3½ yards novelty voile 39 inches wide, ⅞ yard plain voile 39 inches wide. Bottom skirt 1¼ yard. This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is becoming to small women.

**1667**—A bolero jumper and the new stand-out effect in the skirt make an irresistible frock for the young girl. The sleeves are set into the lining. The straight lower part of the skirt is buttoned to the two-piece yoke. Use batiste, lawn or organdy with gingham, chambray, prints or linen.

16 years requires ¾ yard lawn 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¼ yard. Embroidery design 10712 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is splendid for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also adapted to small women.

**1600**—Tucks and a soft tunic are ways to make the Summer all it should be in a frock for the young girl or small woman. The waist has one-seam sleeves, and the tunic is straight. The foundation has an Empire waistline. Use voile, batiste, organdy, lawn, silk net, silk crêpe or taffeta.

17 years requires 5¾ yards dimity 32 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 39 inches wide, 1½ yard material 35 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Bottom of foundation 1¾ yard.

This dress is becoming to misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also adapted to small women.



1645      1672      1600      9377      1684      1667





Dress 1677

Dress 1610

Dress 1687  
Bag 10742

Dress 1682

Dress 1691  
Embroidery  
design 10755

## MAID AND FROCK

### Flounces and Draperies

**1677**—A soft frock of silk crêpe and satin dances its way into the young girls' favor. The waist has a becomingly draped girdle, and side body is cut in one with the soft sleeve. The two handkerchief tunics on the straight skirt make an adorable dress for a young girl or small woman. Use tulle, chiffon or silk crêpe with satin, taffeta, silver cloth or flowered silk or lace flouncings.

17 years requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards silk crêpe 39 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards satin 35 to 40 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This dress is becoming to misses of 16 to 19 years; it is suitable for small women also.

**1610**—A soft net fichu crosses itself demurely in the front of a very Summer-like frock. The Empire waist has a collarless neck and little puff sleeves, and tucks trim the straight skirt prettily. Young girls or small women could use silk crêpe, silk voile, taffeta, flowered silks, point d'esprit, cotton voile, batiste, organdy or handkerchief linen.

16 years requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard net 60 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This dress is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is correct for small women too.

**1687**—Tucks, and then more tucks, make a delightful dress for the young girl or the small woman. The Empire jumper is prettily draped, the sleeves are made with one seam, and the skirt is straight. You could use silk crêpe, silk voile, silk net, messaline, taffeta, cotton voile, batiste, mull, etc. The bag is adapted from bag 10742.

17 years requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This dress is excellent for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is suitable for small women too.

**1682**—Figured foulard drapes itself up into an irresistible frock for the young girl and the small woman. The becoming little Empire waist is cut in one with the sleeves in new kimono style. The skirt is two-pieced, and the camisole lining is generally used under dresses of taffeta, foulard, satin, cotton voile or serge. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

17 years requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards foulard 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard silk 27 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard net 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also adapted to small women.

**1691**—Three circular flounces and a draped jumper make a delightful frock for taffeta, satin, foulard or silk gingham, combined with silk crêpe, for the young girl or small woman. The one-seam sleeves are set into the lining, and the foundation skirt is straight. The circular flounces are cut in two pieces.

17 years requires 4 yards linen 35 inches wide, 1 yard lawn 35 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard contrasting 35 inches wide for band,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards material 27 inches wide for foundation. Bottom of foundation  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard; lower flounce  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard.

This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is adapted to small women.



1677



1610



1682



1687



1691

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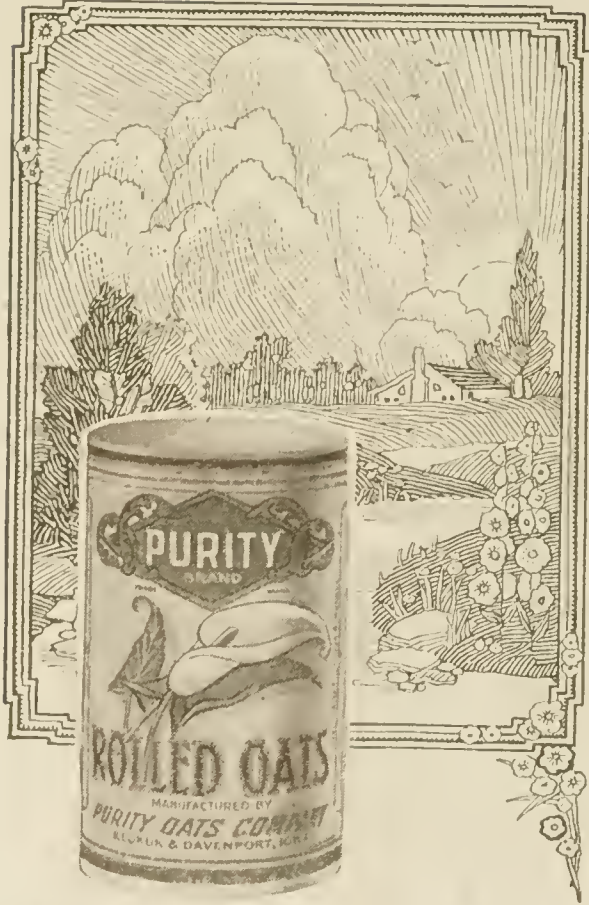
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## CAPES AND DRESSES



Shirt-waist 9377  
Coat 1633  
Skirt 1634



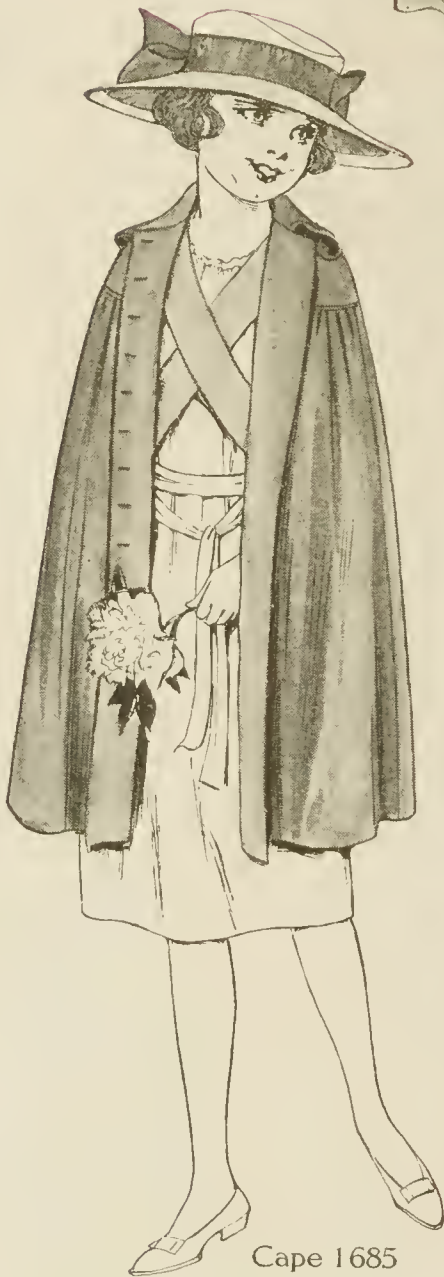
Dress 1707



Dress 1697



Cape 1659



Cape 1685



1685



Dress 1721; hat 1640  
Embroidery design 10738



1721

1697—A new coat dress has the popular straight box lines in its white vested waist, and the separate skirt is cut in two pieces. The dress can be made with a body lining in shantung, taffeta or satin. You can also use linen, cotton gabardine, etc.

16 years requires 3½ yards cotton jersey 35 or 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting jersey 27 or more inches wide. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

This dress is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also correct for small women.

1707—Suspender dresses are the smart thing for young girls or small women. The blouse cut in one with the sleeves is pretty in batiste, dimity or lawn, with the straight one-piece skirt of gingham, linen, chambray, cotton prints, etc.

17 years requires 1½ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¾ yards gingham 32 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is graceful for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is adapted to small women.

1685—The long silk cape is just as essential for little sister as big. This one has a becoming fullness below the round yoke and straps inside that hold the cape nicely. The collar is convertible. Use serge, gabardine, light-weight velours, checks, pongee, broadcloth, taffeta or satin.

12 years requires 2¾ yards faille silk 35 or 36 inches wide.

This cape is splendid for girls of 4 to 14 years.

1659—A dark cape and a white vest front make a picturesque costume for young girl or woman. The soft gathers are graceful below the round yoke. Use light-weight velours, serge, broadcloth, satin, taffeta or faille.

17 years requires 1½ yard silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 3¼ yards pongee 35 or 36 inches wide.

This cape is graceful for misses of 32 or 34 inches bust; it is suitable for ladies.

1721—1640—The new kimono-sleeve blouse appears in a linen dress with a trim little Scotch hat. The blouse slips on over the head, and the skirt is straight.

11 years requires 1⅝ yard linen 35 inches wide, 2½ yards contrasting linen 35 inches wide for skirt and sash; ⅝ yard material 22 inches wide for hat.

This dress is good for girls of 4 to 15 years; the hat is nice for children and girls, 1 to 11 years.



9377



1634



1633



1659



1707



1697



## FOR HOLIDAY TIMES



**1647**—Soft jumper and frilled skirt make Summer entirely worth while for the young girl. The Empire line is becoming to small women too. The sleeves are set into the body lining and the skirt is straight. Use batiste, or foulard or satin with silk crepe.

17 years requires 1 yard organdy 39 inches wide,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards voile 39 inches wide for jumper, skirt in full length and frills. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

It is nice for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

**1676**—Very slim and straight is the young girl in her simple one-piece frock which slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulders. The body is the new kimono style cut in one with the sleeves. Use linen, cotton jersey, cotton poplin, gingham, satin, taffeta, charmeuse or foulard.

32-inch bust or 15 to 16 years requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards cotton 35 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

This dress is splendid for misses of 32 to 34 inches bust. It is correct for ladies.

**1690**—Straight peplums on the sides and a simple waist make a decidedly becoming dress for the junior. The sleeves are one-seamed and the peplums are used over the straight skirt. Use gingham, chambray, prints, linen, cotton poplin, dimity, pongee or lawn.

14 years requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards figured voile 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard contrasting 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls of 8 to 15 years.

**1670**—English print collared and cuffed in white linen makes a pretty frock for the junior. The front closing is simple and attractive and the sleeve is made with one seam. This is splendid for gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, etc.

11 years requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards English print 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is nice for girls of 6 to 15 years.

**1695**—A batiste guimpe and a linen dress give your small daughter the new jumper dress. Use linen, cotton poplin or chambray for the smocked dress; gingham or the new prints without the smocking; and lawn, batiste or dimity for the guimpe.

9 years requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard batiste 35 inches wide for guimpe,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard linen 35 inches wide for dress and sash.

This dress is pretty for girls of 4 to 12 years.



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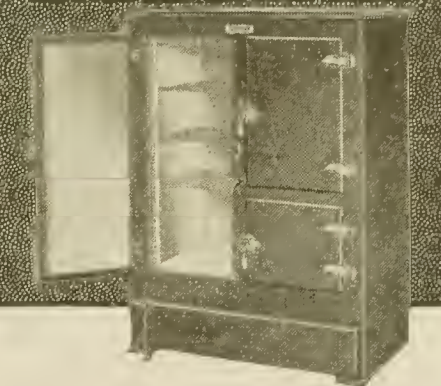
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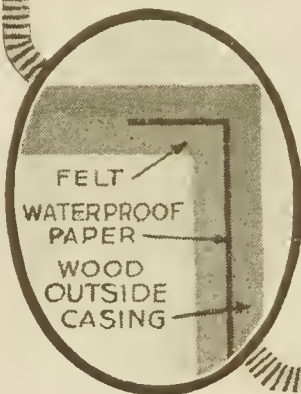
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## VACATION IS HERE

The Young Person Prepares for Play



Dress 1710

**1710**—An unusual yokelike trimming piece makes an adorable dress. It slips on over the head, and the one-seam sleeve and straight skirt are easy to make in gingham, chambray, cotton prints, linen, lawn or nainsook.

9 years requires 2½ yards English print 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard chambray 32 inches wide, 2¼ yards ribbon 3½ inches wide for sash.

This dress is very becoming to girls of 6 to 14 years.

Dress 1657

Dress 1630

Dress 1705



Dress 1719  
Embroidery design 10708



1700

Dress 1700; Smocking design 10744

**1705**—The guimpe dress has a graceful jumper that may be cut on the bias, making a very effective-looking dress. The straight skirt is gathered to the jumper at the becoming Empire waistline. The blouse has one-seamed sleeves. Gingham, chambray, prints, linen and cotton poplin are pretty with a blouse of nainsook, lawn, batiste or dimity.

6 years requires 1½ yard handkerchief linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1¾ yard gingham 32 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls of 3 to 12 years.

**1719**—A jumper dress of linen and guimpe of nainsook prove a delightful combination for Summer. It is one-piece, and the little guimpe is cut in one with the sleeves. Linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, cotton prints and piqué are nice with a guimpe of nainsook or lawn.

12 years requires 1¼ yard nainsook 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1¾ yard ribbon 4 inches wide for sash.

This dress is becoming to girls of 4 to 14 years.

**1630**—Wide scallops, square collar and deep flounces make a success of a new challis frock. The waist has a round yoke and the little short sleeves are one-seamed. The skirt is straight. This would be extremely pretty for graduation and for party wear, or you could make it up quite simply. It is nice in organdy, batiste, cotton voile, net, lawn or flouncings.

12 years requires 4½ yards challis 27 wide, 8 yards ribbon to bind.

This dress is nice for girls of 8 to 15 years.

**1657**—Tucks above and tucks below the ribbon sash sweeten life for the junior. The waist has a round neck and simple one-seam sleeves. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist to give the impression of the one-piece dress. Use organdy, batiste, voile, lawn, mull, swiss, crêpe de Chine, net and silk crêpe.

10 years requires 3½ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide including frills and sash.

This dress is attractive for girls of 10 to 15 years.

**1700**—Suspender effects are very new for big girls and little ones. This plaid dress is made with a wide pointed belt and a straight skirt. The batiste blouse has a simple one-seam sleeve and a round neck. Use gingham, chambray, linen, prints or cotton poplin with a blouse of nainsook, batiste or lawn.

10 years requires 1¼ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards gingham 27 inches wide. Smocking design 10744 trims the dress.

This dress is nice for girls of 4 to 12 years.



1710

1719

1705

1630

1657



## YOUR BOY AND GIRL

Fashion Looks Ahead to Summer



Dress 1680



Little boys' suit 1675

Overalls  
5555  
Embroidery  
design 10453Dress 1720  
Embroidery  
design 10453  
Hat 10750

Dress 1639

Dress 1715  
Embroidery design 10753

1680—This jumping-jack finds a smart costume in a dress that is just right for galatea, chambray, repp, poplin, piqué, linen, drill or serge. The diagonal line is effective and the straight separate trousers are cut with an extra width that is very comfortable.

2 years requires 1½ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting linen 35 or 36 inches wide, ¼ yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for trousers.

This dress is nice for a boy of 1 to 3 years.

1639—Flowered voile, an Empire waist and three straight ruffles bring out the smiles with any girl. The little body is cut in one with the sleeves and is finished with the new round neck. The straight ruffles are very easy to make. This is a delightful dress for net, organdy, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, lawn and flouncing.

12 years requires 2¾ yards voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 1½ yard material 32 inches wide for skirt.

This dress is pretty for girls of 8 to 15 years.

1720—Linen is used for this little one-piece dress and embroidered hat. The dress slips on over the head and is pretty in linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, serge, checks or plaids.

4 years requires 1½ yard linen 32 inches wide, 1½ yard ribbon 3 inches wide; ¾ yard linen 20 inches wide for hat. Embroidery design 10453 trims the dress. Embroidery design 10750 is used for the hat.

The dress is pretty for girls of 1 to 10 years.

1715—Ruffles—lots of them—make a gay little frock for party wear in net, silk crêpe, organdy, batiste, swiss and lawn. The simple little body is cut in one with the sleeves, and the skirt is straight. The new ruffle, rucheing or ribbon trimming is easy to manage and makes a very smart finish.

10 years requires 3¾ yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide including ruffles. Embroidery design 10753 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is splendid for girls of 4 to 15 years.

5555—Overalls are at their best when one is excavating the beach or planting the nation's potato crop in the garden. These overalls are very simple and easy to make and do not require very much material. Denim, khaki and duck are the best materials to use for them.

2-year size requires 1½ yard drill 27 inches wide. Embroidery design 10453 is used to trim the overalls.

These overalls are suitable for boys of 2 to 12 years.



1680

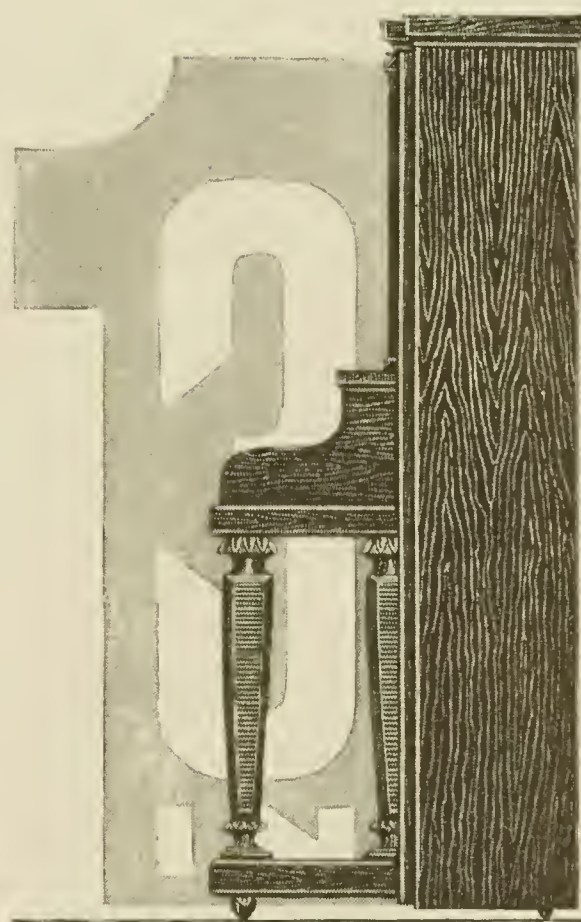
5555

1639

1720

1675

1715

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# CHANGING THE PAST TENSE TO

FASHION GOES THE RIGHT WAY FOR WOMEN

BY ELEANOR

white embroidered organdy above and below the waistline and in the lower part of the sleeve. Agnes of Paris did this in a very charming dress that has been much admired this season. It would be a pretty idea to use for silk gingham, for the whole dress can be tubbed. If you want something quite new, you would go back to a material that is quite old—if you happen to have any—and use plain challis with a figured, polka-dotted or plaid challis. With this combination you will have a more becoming dress

but if you are making something over you are more likely to have two materials that you will want to use together. For town wear you can make use of light-weight serge or jersey cloth for the skirt, with taffeta or foulard, checked or plaid silk for the blouse. This makes a fairly cool dress of the type women use all Summer. Colored shantung in the skirt would be good-looking with the natural color in the blouse, or you can use the darker color in the blouse, if you prefer.

Now for the tub materials. This dress is very nice for white and colored linen, cotton poplin or cotton gabardine. It also makes a nice dress for gingham and chambray. The skirt is straight so that the dress launders very easily.

ILLUSTRATION 4 has an egg-shaped silhouette arrived at by means of pockets that flare away from the long body. The apron panels at the front and back are good-looking and give a little individuality to this very popular form of chemise dress. This is a style that is rather better in two materials than in one, for the contrast brings out the cut of the skirt. In the illustration, I have shown



Ill. 1  
Dress 1623



Ill. 2  
Dress 1619



Ill. 3  
Dress 1653



Ill. 4  
Dress 1620

IT IS fortunate, from the standpoint of your own special thrift campaign, that fashion has not been in an expansive mood for several seasons back. You can always cut down a full dress into a narrow one, at the same time getting rid of worn places, but it isn't possible to reverse the operation. You can see from these illustrations how easy it is to eliminate the shabby lower edge of a skirt by cutting it off—getting your correct length by means of a long body. A new panel does away with a spotted front breadth, and a new blouse makes a new dress of a last year's separate skirt.

IF A soft answer turns away wrath, a soft lingerie dress certainly dissipates much of the discomfort of hot weather. One does not mind an 80°-in-the-shade day if the dress that goes with it is altogether delightful. I am sure you will agree with me that the frock in Illustration 1 answers this description. It is as simple as it can be and does not require a bit of trimming, for the arrangement of the two materials has the effect of trimming the dress. I have suggested it here for the remodeling of a last year's dress of figured cotton voile, using a plain voile for the lower part of the waist and sleeves and for the upper part of the skirt. You can combine a white or colored voile in the same way, or two colors of batiste or organdy. You can use a colored cotton, gingham or silk gingham with batiste or cotton voile. For a tub dress gingham would be pretty with chambray, or you could use a last year's linen of a light weight with some of this year's English print.

For a silk dress you can take satin, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or checked silk and use it with silk crêpe. If you have a plain silk in the upper and lower part of the dress, you could have the rest of it of foulard. This is a very easy dress to make, especially if you put the parts together with machine hemstitching. It is a little newer to use fagoting, but of course this means more work. Cording is also smart, and it gives you a chance to introduce a note of color if you wish to do so. The lower part of the dress is straight, so that you can use it in cutting down any straight skirt of last year. It would have to be cut down, of course, because the styles of this Summer are decidedly narrower than they were last. The sleeve has a new version of the wide lower part that is very becoming. If you want a French combination for the dress, you could make the upper and lower part of navy-blue taffeta and use

if you make the collar and lower part of the sleeves of organdy.

PARIS is using panels on many of her Summer dresses. The dress in Illustration 2 is particularly French, for the panels are used over a long body and give something of the effect of a redingote or a coat dress. It is a becoming style, because it makes you look slender. I have suggested it for your last year's linen dress remade with a new body of organdy with the collar and the trimming on the panels of English print. The combination of dark blue and white would be very smart, but of course you can use any color. The skirt and panels can also be made of gingham, chambray or cotton poplin with the body of voile, batiste or organdy. The panels can be embroidered or braided, or trimmed with rows of flat braid or with a corded piping of a contrasting color.

For a silk dress it is quite possible that you may have satin, foulard, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor for the skirt and panels. If you use silk voile, silk crêpe or marquisette for the body, you will have a very cool dress. Or if you want to be quite French you might make the body of good quality all-over eyelet embroidery with any of these silk materials in the skirt and panels.

THE dress in Illustration 3 is very nice for morning wear, shopping, business, or if you are in the country, for sports, boating, etc. The upper part is a blouse cut in middy fashion and worn over a narrow skirt—the blouse and skirt can match—

it in a gingham, which can be either silk or cotton, with a body of white batiste or organdy. You can use the same combination for chambray, cotton poplin, linen or cotton gabardine. In a plain material you have an excellent chance to use braid or embroidery to any extent you like. You can limit it to the top of the panels and the pockets or you can use a wide band at the bottom in one of the bold, open patterns which work up quickly.

For a silk dress you can make the lower



1623

1619

1653

1620



# THE PRESENT IN YOUR DRESSES

WHO HAVE GOOD FROCKS TO MAKE OVER

CHALMERS

part of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, shantung, foulard, stripe, plaid or check silk, with the upper part of silk crêpe. There is a round collarless neck if you prefer it, and many women do.

ILLUSTRATION 5 is one of those adaptable styles that would look very tailored in serge, very soft in silk. I have shown it here in foulard, with the front panel and sash of plain satin or taffeta. The dress can also be made in plaid or checked silk, combined with plain silk or satin.

For your cotton materials you can combine gingham with chambray, white linen or cotton poplin with colored, or white gabardine with either colored or figured gabardine. The pinafore effect that you get by the panel and sash is quite new and very good style. You could trim the panel with embroidery or braiding, or with rows of flat braid.

It might easily happen, in cutting down a last year's one-piece dress, that you would have sufficient material for the entire dress, with the exception of the vest front and the trimming for the sleeves. This is a good style to use for gingham or chambray either alone or together. If you like the high collar, this one is convertible and has a very smart turnover when it buttons high at the throat.

For silk materials you can combine satin, taffeta or shantung with a body of foulard, checked or plaid silk. You can



Ill. 5  
Dress 1596

IN ILLUSTRATION 6 you have an egg-shaped silhouette in an especially nice form for tub materials, for it is simply buttoned to the body. It is a rather convenient arrangement for laundering. For the early Summer you can use a colored linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or repp for the skirt with the same material in white for the body. Later, if you wish to, you can use the same lower part with a lighter body of handkerchief linen, or the whole dress could be made in handkerchief linen, white with a color.

Ill. 6  
Dress 1604

also use colored shantung with the natural silk or silk gingham with the body of white handkerchief linen.

ANOTHER version of the egg-shaped silhouette is shown in Illustration 7. You will see by the back view that the lines of the dress are pretty well broken, so that it adapts itself to odd pieces of material. If necessary, the panels can be pieced at the waistline and the piecing seam covered with the belt. Here I have shown the dress in a checked silk over satin or taffeta. You can use foulard or plaid silk in the same way, with either taffeta or satin. Taffeta is rather cooler for Summer. Two colors of shantung could be used very nicely for this style.

In the tub materials you can use gingham with chambray, colored cotton with white cotton, or colored linen with white linen. This is a good dress for either town or country, but it is especially nice for town, where the heavy cotton materials stand the wear and tear of the hot day that makes a thinner dress look wilted and discouraged.

SUMMER promises to be a gayer season than usual this year, because our men are coming back from abroad with a tremendous appetite for all the pleasant things they missed while they were in France. They are particularly keen about dancing, and you had better look to your Summer evening frocks now. Undoubtedly you have several left over from before our entry into war which can easily be made over. Evening materials, even silk crêpe and chiffon, are surprisingly



Ill. 8  
Waist 1614; skirt 1661

durable, especially since short skirts have been the fashion and they no longer get torn at the bottom. The evening dress that I have shown here has a jumper that gives the new low waistline. The skirt drapery is a separate piece which can be made from a transparent material to match the sleeves and side body. For the jumper and narrow foundation skirt you can use satin, charmeuse, taffeta or flowered silk. This is a very lovely style for brocade and metal cloth, but you are not likely to be using such elegant materials at this season. The kimono sleeve and

the drapery should be made of silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth, silk net or tulle. The sleeve can be made in a shorter length if you like.

For any of these dresses you may have to buy new material for part of the dress, or you may have material in two dresses that can be combined in one. In re-making material that has been used before, freshen it in every way, so that it will look like new. Many silk materials, taffeta, for example, plaids and checks can be used on the wrong side. Satin can't, of course, but the right side can be cleaned, if necessary, and a careful pressing will do wonders. Silk should be pressed with a warm iron, never a hot one. Cotton materials must be pressed, and if they are plain materials they can be dyed if they have faded. The light-colored silk crêpes can be washed and are surprisingly strong.

AFTER your old material has been ripped apart and pressed it must be cut down to the new silhouette. If your remade dress has the right width of skirt, the straight, wide waist, new neck and sleeves, it will be a new dress.

As to the length of skirts, Paris has abbreviated its dresses at every possible point. They are almost always collarless, the sleeves come just below the shoulders, and the skirt is from twelve to fourteen inches from the floor. The best-dressed women in New York have kept to a medium length, about eight inches from the floor for the street, and ankle length for the house or evening. It is short enough to be comfortable and it is very much newer than the extremely long skirt, affected by some Americans, which looks like a resurrection of the narrow dresses of five or six years ago.

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## LAST YEAR'S FROCKS THAT ARE THIS YEAR'S

BY MARJORIE

STYLES and smiles are closely related subjects especially when one is young in years but as old as Eve in all feminine traits. You won't be a popular mother if you try to hand down seventeen-year-old Mary's last Summer's linen "as is" to going-on-sixteen Margaret. But if you have the trick of turning the rejected linen into one of the new slip-on dresses or of giving it the hip-flare of the egg silhouette even sixteen-year-old feelings will be flattered instead of outraged.

We have had coat dresses before, but a coat waist, Illustration 1, is something new. It is actually a little coat worn with a vestee, and the arrangement gives the effect of a suit but makes no demand for a supply of separate blouses. For your daughter, I have shown it in Illustration 1 in a dress that combines two materials. She might have the jacket of a last year's suit, which is too small to use as a coat but which would answer nicely as a waist, especially as the vest gives a new width across the chest. Both the vest and the coat come below the waistline so that if you are using a last year's skirt and find that it is too short, you can piece it at the top. The piecing seam will not show. For the light wool dress that one needs even in Sum-

mer, you might use a serge, tricotine, gabardine or twill jacket for the waist, with a plaid, striped or checked skirt. This makes a nice costume for traveling and will be very useful in the early Fall when your daughter goes back to school.

THE new suspender belts and jumpers bridge the chasm between the dress and the separate skirt. They give the look of a complete costume and the convenience of the separate blouse. In Illustration 2, I have shown one of the jumper over-blouses. For making over its length below the waist is useful for it gives you a chance to piece the too-short skirt at the top. It can also be lengthened by piecing it under the jumper. You could use a skirt of white linen, cotton gabardine or cotton poplin with a jumper of the same material in a color, or you could have the color in the skirt and the white in the jumper if you preferred. You can use a gingham jumper with a chambray skirt, or if you are using a new material for the jumper it would be smart to make it of English print. If you have enough gingham for the skirt, the jumper can be of chambray. If you have a last Summer's silk dress to make over you can use it for the overblouse and skirt. It would be very pretty in charmeuse, satin, foulard, taffeta striped, plaid or checked silk, and the dress could be worn with fine lingerie blouses or with blouses oforgette crêpe or net.

If you have a one-piece silk dress of striped, plaid or checked silk to lengthen you might make an overblouse of serge, gabardine, wool jersey, tricotine or twills for the occasional cold day.

I SPOKE a minute ago about the new jumper style and I have shown one in a dress in Illustration 3. So many girls broaden out at this age and need new width across the chest and shoulders and new length in the sleeves. If you require new length in the bottom as well you could add a cuff hem very easily to a last year's one-piece dress. Removing the sleeves and cutting out the armhole in jumper fashion gives you the new style but the dress itself must be narrowed down to the 1919 silhouette. You can use the jumper dress for linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, gingham or chambray and also for silk materials and the light-weight woolens. Taffeta is quite as light and quite as cool as linen, and saves laundry bills. Shantung of course is a Summer material and satin and charmeuse and foulard are nice for afternoon dresses worn over blouses of net or silk crêpe. For a Summer in Maine or Canada your daughter would have a good deal of use for a dress of this type in light-weight serge, gabardine, tricotine, poplin, twills, jersey cloth, stripes, checks or plaids.

IN ILLUSTRATION 4 I have shown a very pretty dress for a junior which can be lengthened a few inches at the bottom by means of a new band. For extreme cases, the old skirt can be used for the peplums and band at the bottom with an entirely new skirt of contrasting material. If the sleeves are outgrown they can



Ill. 1  
Dress 1663



Ill. 2  
Overblouse 1692  
Dress 1373  
Embroidery design 10748



Ill. 3  
Shirt-waist 9377  
Dress 1684

mer, you might use a serge, tricotine, gabardine or twill jacket for the waist, with a plaid, striped or checked skirt. This makes a nice costume for traveling and will be very useful in the early Fall when your daughter goes back to school.

While you have to have a dress of this kind in the Summer, you do not wear it a great deal, so that you will find it perfectly fresh for the Autumn. For general Summer wear you will be more apt to use a combination of two colors of linen or cotton. I have shown the dress here with a coat waist of dark-blue linen, and the skirt of white linen, and the vestee and collar in fancy check. You could do the same thing with cotton poplin, gabardine or repp. You can also use a plain linen or cotton material with a striped, checked or plaid. This is a good dress to use for taffeta, satin or shantung. You



Ill. 4  
Dress 1690

Ill. 5  
Dress 1616



# CAPABLE OF DEVELOPMENT INTO FASHIONS

MAY

simply be cut to elbow length and finished with a cuff. I have shown the dress in plain voile with fancy voile in the skirt. You could do the same thing with lawn or with gingham or chambray. Colored linen can be remade with white linen or with one of the new prints. You can also use colored poplin with white. Colored pongee is pretty with the natural colored silk or with a figured pongee, and white and colored batiste can also be used together.

ILLUSTRATION 5 is a good way to make use of one of the straight little dresses of last Summer that your daughter has outgrown in style as well as length. If the hem in the original dress does not give you enough length for the panels you can trim them at the bottom with two or three rows of flat braid or insertion making use of one row for piecing. This is an adaptable style that can be used for gingham with chambray, colored linen or poplin with white or for the fine lingerie materials. For example, you can use plain voile with figured, striped or checked voile, colored voile with white, plain lawn with fancy lawn, colored batiste or organdy with white batiste or organdy.

THE dress in Illustration 6 takes care of your child both as to new length and new breadth. A band at the bottom and a new guimpe at the top give you a new and larger size in an old dress. It also gives you a dress that can be made from small scraps of material that will otherwise go to waste. You can use chambray with linen both for the waist and skirt, colored linen, poplin or batiste with white, or plain-colored lawn with dimity. For the separate blouses you can use nainsook, lawn, batiste, dotted swiss or dimity. If you want a wool slip-on dress for your little girl you can use serge with a plaid or checked material with wash blouses of crêpe de Chine or of China silk.

THE dress in Illustration 7 has the new, very short French sleeve, a kimono sleeve too, and a suggestion of the Russian line in the side closing of the blouse. You can lengthen outgrown skirts at the top and use them with different blouses. You can use colored linen, colored cotton poplin or colored repp with white; gingham and chambray skirts, with blouses of cotton print, or gingham skirts with blouses of unbleached muslin or white skirts with the new English prints. If unbleached muslin is used it should be trimmed with embroidery or braiding matching one of the colors in the gingham.

THE separate skirt from last Summer, even if it is hopelessly outgrown, can be used for the better part of a new dress following the plan I have suggested in Illustration 8. The old skirt can be cut down to the new narrow lines and buttoned to a new yoke. There will be enough skirt material left to furnish you with the belt, collar and trimming bands on the sleeves. The little bolero jumper

could match the yoke, and the sleeves can be of any fine white material. The skirt can be of linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp, or chambray with the yoke and bolero of cotton print. A colored material can be used with white and you can also use gingham with chambray. For an afternoon dress, taffeta, shantung or satin would be very smart with a yoke and bolero of foulard, and the sleeves of silk crêpe or silk voile. In cotton materials the sleeves could be of lawn, organdy or cotton voile.

THE smock has the advantage for growing girls of hiding the piecing seam, if you wish to lengthen the skirt at the top. The blouse in Illustration 9 is very lovely in either batiste or cotton voile, trimmed with embroidery or braiding or with beading to weight the material so as to make it fall in perfectly straight lines. These blouses can be worn with skirts of linen, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, repp, piqué, chambray or gingham. For a little afternoon dress, if you have the silk or satin for the skirt, you can make the smock of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, foulard or net. For these materials the skirt would be of satin, taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or messaline.



Ill. 10  
Dress 1672



Ill. 8  
Dress 1667



Ill. 9  
Smock 1694  
Skirt 1466  
Transfer 10745



Ill. 6  
Dress 1627

Ill. 7  
Dress 1721

ILLUSTRATION 10 has the new kimono sleeve and the back closing. You can take an outgrown one-piece dress drop it to the correct length by means of the new body at the top. If you haven't a one-piece dress you can get the effect of one by piecing the upper and lower part at the waistline and covering the piecing with the belt. You can make the dress of linen, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, gingham or chambray with the upper part of batiste, dimity or cotton voile. Linen or cotton gabardine would be smart with the body of cotton print. With a gingham in the lower part, the upper part could be chambray. If you have silk to consider you can use satin, charmeuse, taffeta or shantung for the dress with the body of foulard. Or a checked or plaid silk would be pretty with the upper part of taffeta.



1721



1627



1667



1672



1694



1466

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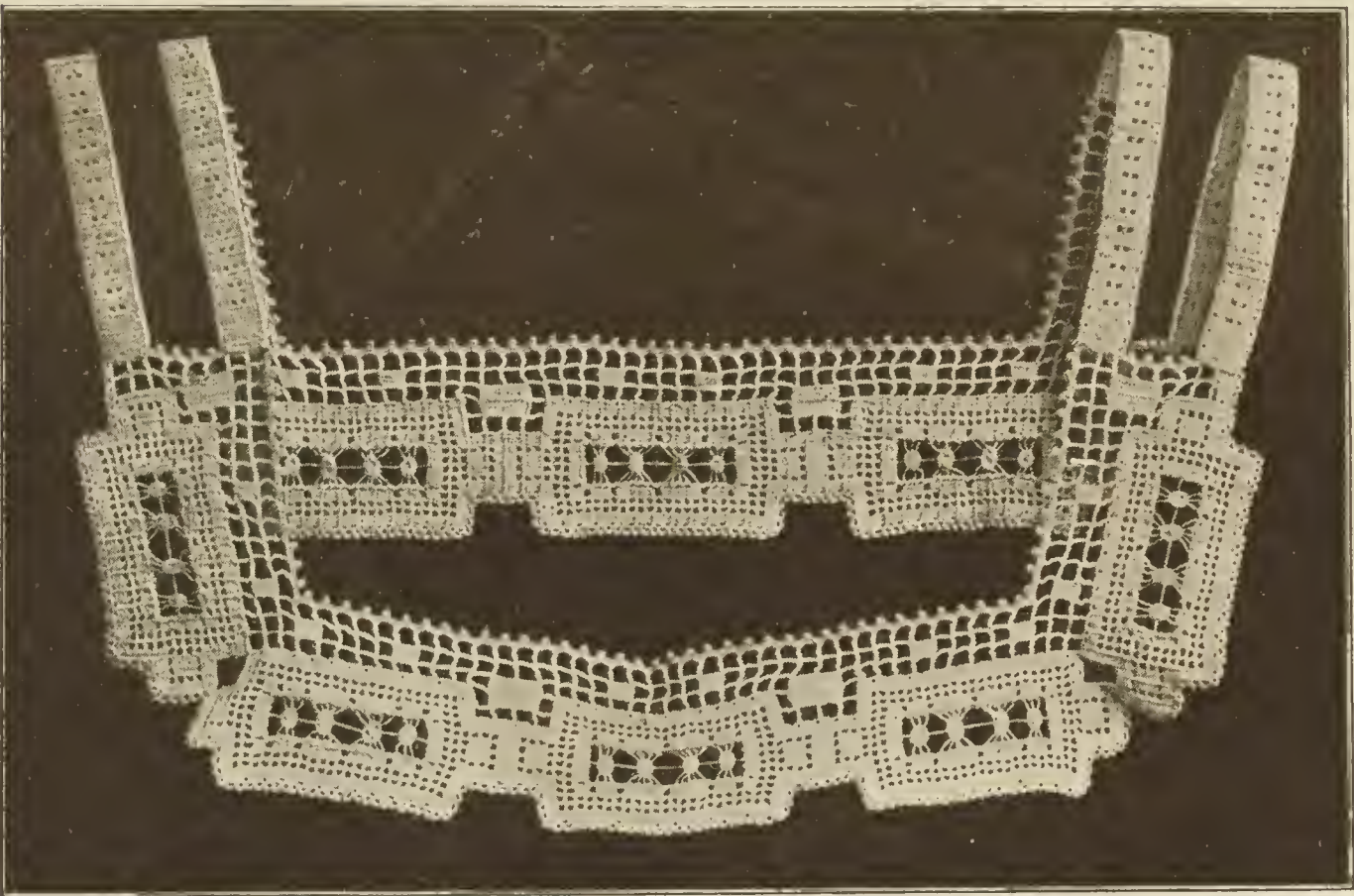
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# A NEW YOKE FOR THE JUNE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

Filet Crochet Appears in a Lingerie Yoke

BY MARIE ASHLEY



A NEW yoke of very beautiful filet crochet carries out the best traditions of the June bride's wedding trousseau. The design is particularly lovely in its lacy medallion-like motifs, and the yoke is suitable for night-gowns, camisole tops or chemises, etc. Filet crochet is used a great deal in yokes and edgings for fine lingerie this Summer, and it makes a particularly delightful trimming. Women are taking up their fancy-work again with new skill and dexterity acquired by months of war-time knitting.

Number 70 white crochet cotton, for the yoke, number 80 pink crochet cotton for the edge and spider webs, number 10 steel crochet-hook.

The yoke should be crocheted very tightly. Begin at 1 on the large illustration, chain 21, turn, skip 3 sts. next the hook, work 1 d. c. into every stitch of chain to form 6 solid squares, 3 ch., turn.

Second row—1 s., (4 d. c. worked close side by side form 1 solid square, if two or more s. follow consecutively work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end. The first solid square of a row is composed of a chain and 3 d. c.), 2 ch., skip 2 sts. of previous row, 1 d. c. into next st.

to form 1 o., 3 more o., 1 s., 3 ch., turn. Third and fourth rows—1 s., 1 o., 2 s., 1 o., 1 s., 3 ch., turn.

Fifth row—12 more chain, turn, 5 s., 4 o., 1 s., add 4 s. at end of row as follows; 3 ch., work 3 d. c. down side of last square. (3 Ch., turn, work 3 d. c. over last 3 sts.) Repeat between parentheses twice, 3 ch., turn.

Now follow the small squares of the diagram to the center front (omit the spider-webs in the center of each oblong until later) turn and work back on the diagram to first row. This will make 3 oblong motifs in a row.

Make another just like it. When both are completed join thread at x, ch. 21 and make another oblong. Make a similar oblong on each end of both strips.

Now work large squares. Join thread in second row of last oblong. (5 Ch., skip 2 solid squares on first oblong, 1 tr. c. into next st.) Repeat between parentheses 11 times, 8 ch. 1 d. c. into same stitch, 5 ch., skip 2 squares down side of oblong 1 tr. c. into next st., skip 2 squares down to corner and 2 squares across, 1 tr. c. into next st. (5 ch., skip 2 squares, 1 tr. c. into next st.) Repeat between parentheses once. Skip 2 squares up side of next oblong, 1 tr. c. into next st., 5 ch., skip 2 squares, 1 tr. c. into corner of oblong, turn and work 7 tr. c. over space between oblongs. (See illustration.) 4 Ch., sl. st. into large o. at corner. Continue to work

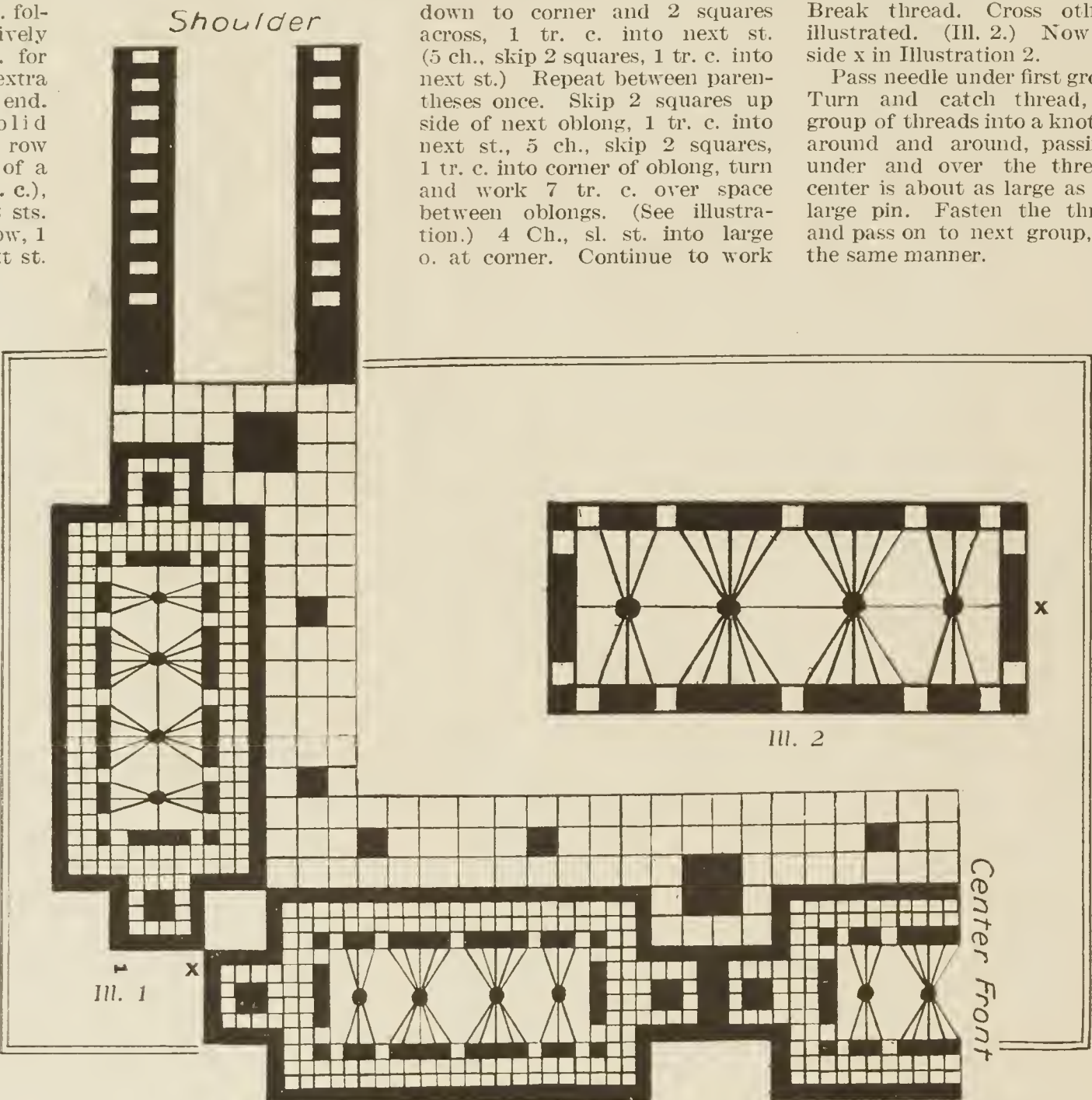
across top of oblongs following diagram to center and back on same line. When next to last o. is finished, work 1 tr. c. into side of yoke, ch. 5 and work next row continuing to follow diagram until all large squares are completed, then work the shoulder-straps in small squares, following diagram and joining one end to front and one to back of yoke.

Around the outside of front and back sections make (5 ch., tightly, sl. st. into next filet square.) Repeat parentheses around shoulder-straps and around the space in the center of each oblong.

With color (work 3 s. c. 3 ch. p. 3 s. c. into each large o.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around inside of neck.

When the yoke is finished baste it down on a piece of cardboard and work the spider-web in with a needle and colored thread as follows: Join thread in first o. from upper corner, cross to second o. from lower corner catch back in center of 2 s., cross straight up to center of 2 s. in upper row, take a stitch in corner of next s., cross to corner of second s. of lower row. Break thread. Cross other thread as illustrated. (Ill. 2.) Now join thread inside x in Illustration 2.

Pass needle under first group of threads. Turn and catch thread, drawing the group of threads into a knot. Now weave around and around, passing the needle under and over the threads until the center is about as large as the head of a large pin. Fasten the thread in center and pass on to next group, working it in the same manner.

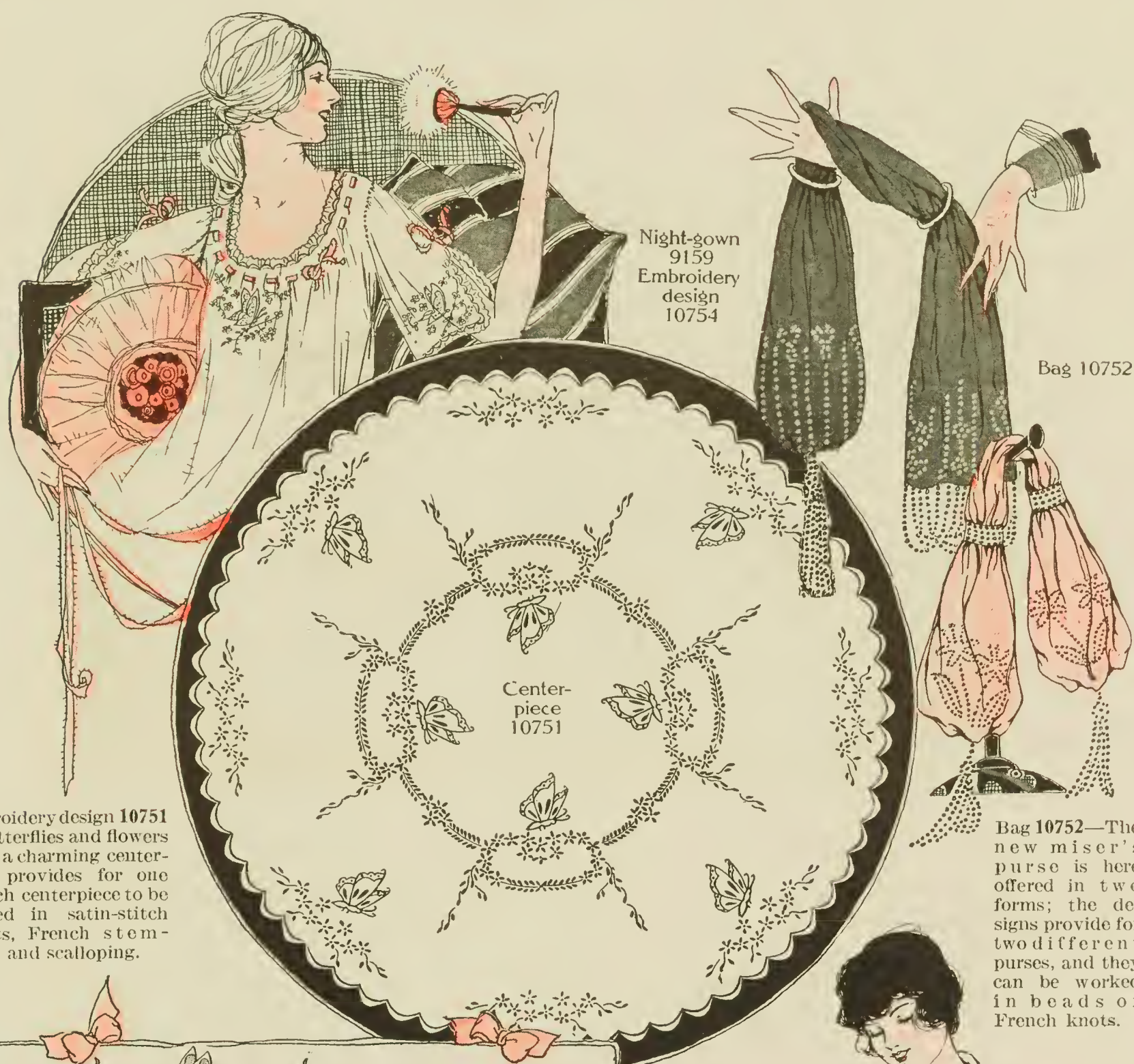




# BACK TO OUR NEEDLEWORK

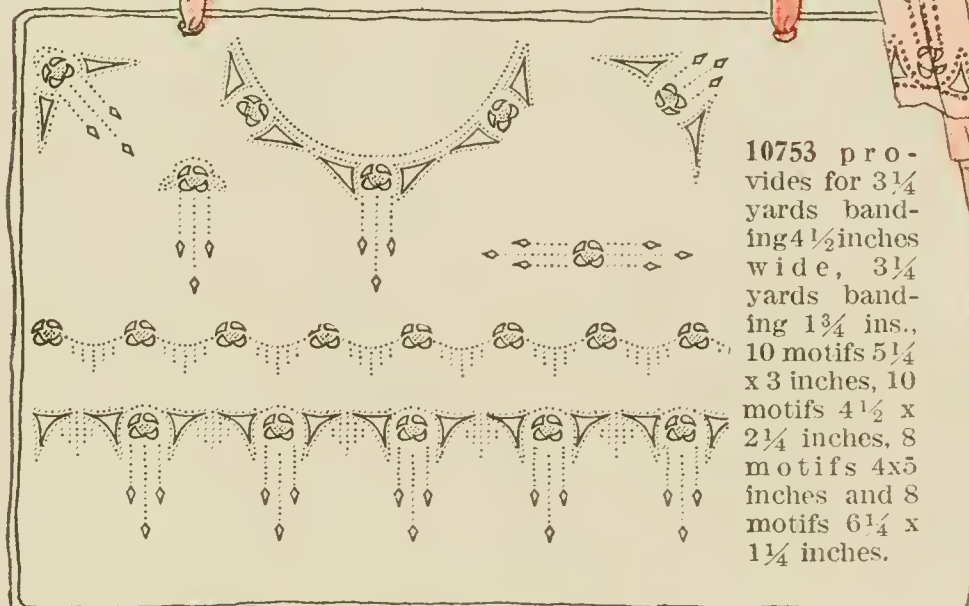
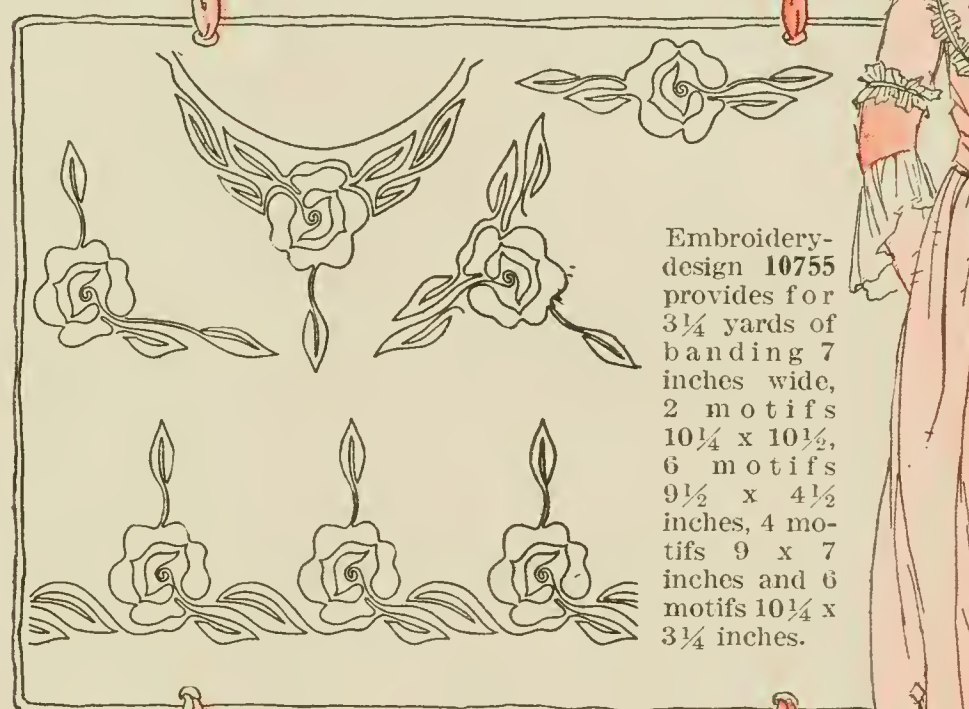
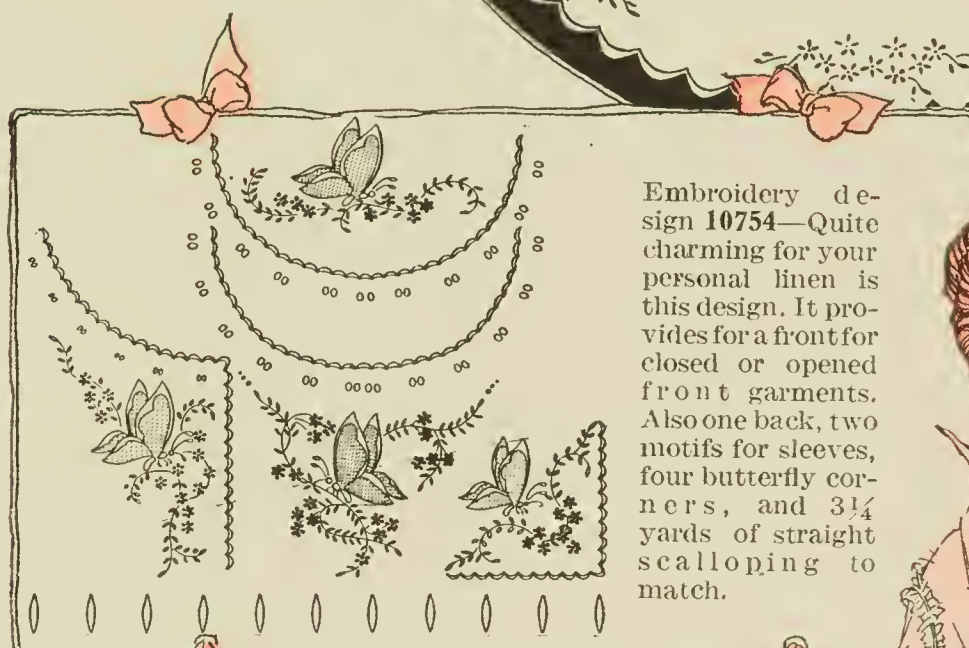
Released War Knitters Take up the Thread of New Embroideries

BY MARIE ASHLEY



Embroidery design 10751—Butterflies and flowers make a charming center-piece, provides for one 54-inch center-piece to be worked in satin-stitch eyelets, French stemming and scalloping.

Bag 10752—The new miser's purse is here offered in two forms; the designs provide for two different purses, and they can be worked in beads or French knots.



Dress 1696  
Embroidery design 10753

The lingerie dress on the left is trimmed with a combination of beads and embroidery in which a little of both goes a long way.

Dress 1619  
Embroidery design 10755

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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98 AND 99

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 90 and 91



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 92 and 93



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 94 and 95



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 96 and 97



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 98 and 99







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